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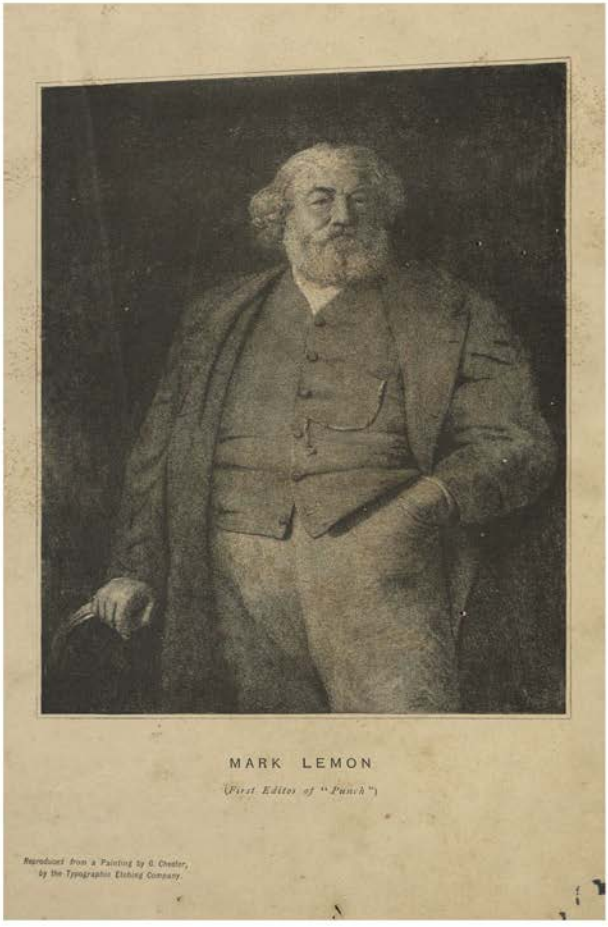

MARK LEMON

(First Editor of "Punch")

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MR. PUNCH'S

VICTORIAN ERA

An Illustrated Chronicle

OF

FIFTY YEARS OF THE REIGN OF

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

109419

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FROM THE CONTEMPORARY PAGES OF "PUNCH"

WITH A PROLOGUE (1837-41)

VOL. I.

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MR. PUNCH'S VICTORIAN ERA.

PROLOGUE. 1837—1841.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA acceded to the throne upon the death of William IV., on the 20th June, 1837. The first number of *Punch, or the London Charivari* bears date the week ending July 17th, 1841. It is only of the first four years of the reign of Victoria, therefore, that the pages of *Punch* hold no record. The events of those four years may be briefly summarised, as a preliminary to taking up the story from the contemporary chronicle of the *Punch* Volumes.

The PRINCESS ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA was niece to the deceased King, being the daughter of his brother the Duke of Kent. She was born at Kensington Palace on May 24th, 1819, and was consequently, at the time of her accession, little more than 18 years of age. But although she was but a girl in years, subsequent events proved that both by nature, character, and judicious training she was well fitted for the great part she was so suddenly called upon to play. Mr. Justin M'Carthy in his "Short History of Our Own Time" says:—"She was well brought up; both as regards her intellect and her character, her training was excellent. She was taught to be self-reliant, brave, and systematical. Prudence and economy were inculcated on her as though she had been born to be poor. One is not generally inclined to attach much importance to what historians tell us of the education of contemporary Princes or Princesses; but it cannot be doubted that the Princess was trained for intelligence and goodness."

These traits of character, and these advantages of training, have during fifty blameless and prosperous, though often anxious and burdensome years, borne excellent fruit, to the contentment and great gain of the people the youthful Princess was summoned to rule.

The striking circumstances attending that summons have now often been narrated, and more than once pictorially displayed. A picture by Henry T. Wells, R.A., in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition shows the girlish Queen hastily summoned from her chamber, with hair unbound and feet in slippers, to meet at early morning the messengers of state, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley) and the Lord Chamberlain (the Marquis of Conyngham), who had hurried from Windsor to inform her of the death of her uncle and her own accession. Though so young, so startled, in deshabille and in tears, she is represented as having comported herself collectedly and with dignity, like one born to the purple and prepared for the golden burden of the Crown.

Lord Melbourne was the Prime Minister of the day. No time was lost. The Privy Council assembled at eleven o'clock of the same day. At that hour the new Queen, attended by her mother the Duchess of Kent, and her officers of state, entered the Council Chamber, the Lord Chancellor administered the customary oaths, and the Queen received the oaths of allegiance of those present. Thus commenced the long and glorious reign whose Jubilee we are now celebrating. In her reply to the declaration of allegiance Her Majesty expressed a hope that "she should find in the purity of her intentions, and in her zeal for the public welfare, that support and those resources which usually belong to more mature age and to longer experience," expressed her firm "reliance upon the wisdom of Parliament and upon the loyalty and affection of her people," and her resolve "steadily to protect the rights and promote to the utmost of her power the happiness and welfare of all classes of her subjects." The story of her prolonged reign, even as here summarised, will show that the modest hope was happily realised, the womanly reliance well placed, and the Royal resolve carefully observed.

At the time of Her Majesty's accession the Whigs were in office, Lord Melbourne being Prime Minister, and Lord Palmerston Foreign Secretary. Lord Melbourne's Administration had come into power in April, 1835. The young Queen regarded her first counsellor with that affection which his kindly if somewhat epicurean character was well qualified to inspire in a Sovereign youthful, of gentle nature and a woman. The influence which the Whig Premier had every opportunity of exercising upon the Queen naturally excited some jealousy, but Lord Melbourne does not appear to have used that influence excessively or unfairly, whether for personal or for party purposes.

The Proclamation took place on the 21st June, being first read in the courtyard of St. James's Palace by Garter King-at-Arms, in the presence of the Queen, who appeared at a window of the Palace, accompanied by Lord Melbourne and Lord Lansdowne, President of the Council. Everywhere the Proclamation was hailed with satisfaction and with loyal effusion. If the effusion might be thought to be emotional or conventional, there is every reason to believe that the satisfaction was sincere and deep-seated.

The England which this gentle yet dignified and intelligent girl of 18 was so suddenly called upon to rule, was a peaceful and, in large measure, a prosperous realm. Twenty-two years had passed since the Battle of Waterloo, and five since the passing of the first Reform Bill. The one event had secured to England external peace and national security, the other had given her internal concord and civic repose. What Lord Wellton and his army had done for the kingdom, Earl Grey and his supporters had achieved for the Commonwealth. The struggle against aggressive despotism without, and the struggle in favour of long-delayed Reform within, were alike over. The voice of the People, whether in complaint of suffering or injustice, or in expression of desire or determination, could now make itself audible and to a certain extent effective in the British House of Commons. It was no longer necessary for distressed Manchester workmen, like the so-called Blanketeers of 1817, to shake the nerves of the governing classes by the desperate project of walking up to London to plead their cause in person with the authorities. Another Peterloo massacre was not regarded as a probability of the early future in these happier times. The *vox populi*, most dangerous when most carefully gagged, could now find something like free expression without insurrection or incendiarism. Of the state of things which had existed in the country only seven years previously, some idea may be gathered from the words of Mr. W. N. Molesworth ("History of England from the year 1830—1874," chap. 1, p. 32). "Trade, manufactures, agriculture,—all stagnated. Many parishes were reduced to such a state of pauperism that the whole property within their limits was insufficient for the maintenance of their poor; and assistance had to be sought from neighbouring parishes already overburdened with the expense of supporting their own paupers. Landlords could not obtain their rents; farmers were impoverished; the agricultural labourer, whose wages were often eked out from the poor-rates, received just enough to enable him to procure for his family and himself the barest necessaries of life. The manufacturing operatives of Lancashire and Yorkshire were, in many instances, receiving only threepence and fourpence a day, for more than twelve hours' labour." And the Marquis of Blandford, in the House of Commons, had ascribed the "awful and alarming state of universal distress in which the landed, commercial, and all the great productive interests of the country" were involved, to the fact that the House was nominated for the greater part by certain proprietors of close and decaying boroughs, and by a few other individuals, who, by the mere power of money employed in means absolutely and positively forbidden by the laws, had obtained a "domination also expressly forbidden by Act of Parliament, over certain other cities and boroughs of the United Kingdom."* In fact, as Mr. Molesworth says, "Wars, national debt, increase of population, corn-laws, mal-administration of the poor-laws, and other legislation or hindrance of legislation, had reduced the great mass of the people, and especially the agricultural labourers, to the verge of starvation and despair. They were going mad with misery." †

But wars, those at least on a large scale, and involving

* Molesworth, chap. i., p. 33. † *Ibid.* p. 53.

national danger, had now ceased; Parliamentary Reform, long delayed, had come at last; the excessive predominance of the landed interest and of class prejudice had been shaken if not destroyed; the day of scientific improvement and of social amelioration had dawned upon a lately darkened and distracted country, and though abuses yet lingered and suffering still existed, the beginning of what may be called the Victorian Era was for England a time of comparative peace, of reviving prosperity, and, especially, of abounding hope.

Taxation had been reduced and re-adjusted; the Factory Bill had been passed, the abolition of Slavery in the West Indies and other British Dependencies had been achieved, the new Poor Law, which the Duke of Wellington called "the best measure ever devised," had been passed, as also that for the Reform of Municipal Corporations, and in many other ways the presence of fresh life and a new ameliorating impulse in society and the State had been manifested, as well by numerous though as yet unsuccessful tentatives in the direction of improvement, as by reforms carried to a complete issue. The Church was quickening with new vitality; ecclesiastical reform was "in the air," the Bill for admitting Dissenters to University degrees had passed the Commons, though rejected by the Lords; the questions of Church Rates and Tithes had been attacked. More important still, as fruitful in even more far-reaching results, Science was awaking to new and astonishing activities, and we were "within measurable distance" of discoveries and applications which were destined to change the whole face of the country, the whole structure of society and the whole character of civilization.

This then was the pregnant and hopeful epoch when Queen Victoria acceded to the throne of the United Kingdom,

"I have no small talk, and Peel has no manners," said the Duke of Wellington, and he and the Tories thought that the accession of a female sovereign was unfavourable to their chances of regaining power. At that time the commencement of a new reign involved the necessity of summoning a new Parliament. Parliament was prorogued on the 17th July by the young Queen in person. "It will be my care," said Her Majesty in her first Royal Speech, "to strengthen our institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, by discreet improvement wherever improvement is required, and to do all in my power to compose and allay animosity and discord." The course thus early foreshadowed has been adhered to. Later on in her reign her Poet Laureate was able to say with more than mere courtly optimism:—

> "And statesmen at her council met
> Who knew the seasons when to take
> Occasion by the hand, and make
> The bounds of freedom wider yet
>
> "By shaping some august decree,
> Which kept her throne unshaken still,
> Broad-based upon her people's will,
> And compassed by the inviolate sea."

Great, however, and beneficent in their action, more especially upon the middle classes, as had been the late reforms, political and social, the working classes of this country felt strongly, and even angrily, that their particular claims and their especial interests had received less than their due measure of consideration. "The working class," says Mr. Justin M'Carthy, "in the opinion of many of their ablest and most influential representatives, were not merely left out, but shouldered out." Their political enfranchisement and their social amelioration were to be the work of later days.

They did not, however, sit down quietly under their disabilities. They had ardently espoused the cause of the Reform Bill of 1831; but they felt that they had been disregarded by its authors. The operatives of the large towns were restlessly dissatisfied, and what became known as Chartism was the result. The Chartist agitation disturbed the country for some years.

Before the end of August the elections were over. They went rather in favour of the Tory, or as it was just now beginning to be called, the Conservative Party. In the last Parliament there were 356 Liberals and 302 Tories. To the new Parliament only 336 Liberals were returned as against 322 Tories. Parliament assembled on the 20th November, and was opened by the young Queen in person. In the Commons Mr. Wakley moved, and Sir W. Molesworth seconded, an amendment to the Address in favour of certain points of the Charter, viz., the Ballot, and shorter Parliaments. The Government opposed it on the grounds that to urge Reform further at the present time would be destructive of the stability of our institutions, and a breach of faith towards those who were parties to the late Reform Act. This announcement gave great dissatisfaction to the working men and to many Radical Members of the House. An impression prevailed, too, in some quarters, that the influence of Lord Melbourne rather checked than encouraged the Queen's popular sympathies. So a conference of Members of Parliament and working-men leaders was held, at which a programme of Reform, afterwards known as "the Charter," was prepared. These were its demands, or "points":—

1. Manhood Suffrage.
2. Annual Parliaments.
3. Vote by Ballot.
4. Abolition of Property Qualification.
5. Payment of Members.
6. Equal Electoral Districts.

These were then denounced as exceedingly revolutionary proposals. Most of them may now be said to be virtually in peaceful operation. The not altogether unreasonable demands of the Chartists, however, were very often supported by seditious speech and by violent action.

It was in this brief preliminary session, on the 7th December, 1837, that Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, whose name will hereafter so often appear in these pages, made that celebrated first speech of his, the story of whose discouraging reception, premature termination, and proud concluding boast, has too often been told to need repetition here.

The remainder of the session was chiefly occupied in the discussion of the Civil List and other pecuniary questions raised by the accession of a new Sovereign. This discussion was signalized by an angry altercation between the Premier (Lord Melbourne) and Lord Brougham, the two noble Lords bandying charges of courtier-like sycophancy, Lord Brougham charging Lord Melbourne with having hinging knees and a tongue attuned to courtly airs, whilst the latter retorted that Lord Brougham himself was well skilled at glozing, flattering and bending the knee.

On the 23rd December, Parliament was prorogued by the Queen to the 16th January.

1838.

THE opening year was disturbed by the tidings of the insurrection in Canada. On the 16th January, when Parliament reassembled, Lord John Russell carried a motion for an address to the Queen, in which was expressed "our deep concern that a disaffected party in Canada should have had recourse to open violence and rebellion, with a view to throw off their allegiance to the Crown," and Her Majesty was assured that "while this House is ever ready to afford relief to real grievances, we are fully determined to support the efforts of Her Majesty for the suppression of revolt and the restoration of tranquillity."

The grievances complained of by Canada were thought by many to be very real indeed, and the insurgents did not lack sympathisers in this country. It was in Lower Canada, inhabited chiefly by persons of French descent, that the insurrection broke out, the complaints being of arbitrary treatment and unjustifiable restriction of their liberties. The insurgents were suppressed, and subsequently Lord Durham was sent out as Governor-General and High Commissioner to adjust the affairs of the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada. By action too dictatorial Lord Durham made himself personally unpopular, and soon had to resign. His policy, however, based upon the principle of giving to the Colonists the largest possible powers of self-government, was generally acted upon, and was splendidly successful.

On the 28th of June the Coronation of Queen Victoria took place. It was a magnificent ceremony, attended by a superb popular pageant. It was said at the time that the people were "coronation-mad." They poured into the streets in enthusiastic multitudes, to see the first public procession which had paraded the metropolis since the time of Charles the Second. It left Buckingham Palace about 10 o'clock, and passed by way of Constitution Hill, along Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, Charing Cross, and Parliament Street, to Westminster Abbey, where the ceremony was to take place. The choir rolled out the anthem "I was glad," the Westminster boys chanted "Vivat Victoria Regina." "Sirs," said the Archbishop of Canterbury, "I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm; wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?" All present responded with a shout of "God save Queen Victoria!" a cry repeated later from every corner of the crowded Abbey, when the Archbishop, taking the crown from the Dean of Westminster, placed it upon the head of the young Queen. After the administration of the sacrament Her Majesty was invested by the Lord Chamberlain with her Royal robes, and proceeded to the west door of the Abbey wearing them and the crown, holding in her right hand the sceptre with the cross, in her left the orb. Then the Royal procession returned to the Palace, the people acclaiming their new Sovereign, and greeting with loud cheers the Duke of Wellington, Marshal Soult, Wellington's old Peninsular antagonist, who had been sent here to represent the French Government at the Coronation, and other popular personages in the procession.

In the evening the Queen looked out from the Palace window at the display of fireworks in the Green Park. The rest of the week was given up to dinners, balls, and festivities of all sorts, including a great fair in Hyde Park, to which day by day swarmed multitudes of the populace of London and its visitors.

Meanwhile the Melbourne Ministry was losing ground. Projects of Reform filled the air, but the energy to bring to fruition seemed everywhere lacking. A Ministry of somnolent, good-natured do-nothings was not likely long to retain popularity or power. On the 16th August, Parliament was pro-

rogued by the Queen in person. It was felt that the recess was a reprieve for the Melbourne Ministry, and probably little more.

On the 13th August the Select Committee appointed "to inquire into the present rates and mode of charging postage, with a view to such reduction thereof as may be made without injury to the revenue: and for this purpose to examine especially into the mode recommended for charging and collecting postage in a pamphlet published by Mr. Rowland Hill," had issued their report, which was generally favourable to Mr. Rowland Hill's plans.

1839.

PARLIAMENT was opened on the 5th February by the Queen in person. In the Royal Speech reference was made to the steps taken for the protection of British interests in Afghanistan, to the disturbances in Canada, and to the Chartist agitation.

Early in the year the Opium dispute with China became greatly aggravated. The Imperial Commissioner Lin, on the 18th March, issued an edict prohibiting the importation of opium into Chinese ports under severe penalties. This edict was deliberately evaded by our traders, and although the English Government appointed superintendents to manage our commercial relations with China, misunderstandings and disputes were of constant occurrence, and these ultimately led to the Opium War between ourselves and China. On the 22nd March, Superintendent Elliott requested all the ships of Her Majesty's subjects at the outer anchorages to proceed forthwith to Hong Kong, and, hoisting their national colours, be prepared to resist every act of aggression on the part of the Chinese Government.

On May 1 the ship "Tory" left England with the first company of emigrants for New Zealand, a memorable landmark in the history of British colonization. On the 1st of the following June the inhabitants of Melbourne in Australia celebrated the second anniversary of their city, in which plots of land had advanced in price from £7 to £600.

Meanwhile the Melbourne Ministry were losing ground daily. On the 7th May, in consequence of securing a majority of 5 only on a proposal to suspend the constitution of Jamaica, they announced their resignation. Sir Robert Peel undertook to form a Ministry, but stipulating for some changes in certain offices of the Royal Household, the appointments for which the Queen insisted upon reserving for herself, the negociations fell through and the Melbourne Ministry was recalled. Her Majesty's resolve not to allow the change of Government to interfere with the ladies of her Court of course gave great offence to the Tories at this time. Public opinion was much divided on the question, and the death of Lady Flora Hastings, of the Duchess of Kent's household, which was believed to have been hastened by certain baseless charges made against her by the ladies of the Court, added to the acerbity with which this matter was debated.

The Budget was introduced on the 5th July. It showed a deficiency. In connection with his financial statement the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed a resolution: "That it is expedient to reduce the postage on letters to one uniform rate of one penny, charged upon every letter of a weight to be hereafter fixed by law." This proposal was opposed by the Tories, but the Postage Duties Bill passed the House of Commons on the 29th July, the Lords on the 8th August, and received the Royal assent on the 17th of the latter month.

Parliament was prorogued by the Queen in person on the 27th August. The Royal Speech referred to the dispute with Persia, and the consequent advance of the Indian army across the Indus into Afghanistan, which was being conducted with success, and had already resulted in the storming of Ghuznee, a frontier fortress in Afghanistan. An outrage had been committed on the British Minister at Teheran in November of 1838, and as no redress could be obtained, and our terms, including an apology for the outrage and the withdrawal of the Persian garrisons from the places which they had occupied in Afghanistan, had been rejected, the army of the Indus had advanced into Afghanistan. Cabul had been captured and entered by Shah Soojah, accompanied by the British Envoy and a squadron of British Cavalry, on the 7th August. Dost Mahomed Khan had taken to flight, and his army had been dispersed. The army of the Indus was now detained in Afghanistan to support Shah Soojah's claim to the throne of that country.

The Royal Speech also expressed the great pain with which the Crown "had been compelled to enforce the law against those who no longer concealed their design of resisting by force the lawful authorities, and of subverting the institutions of the country." This referred to the Chartist disturbances which had been rampant in various parts of the country all through the year, assuming in Birmingham and other places the form of serious riots. Four of the Chartist rioters had been tried and sentenced to death, though afterwards reprieved.

On the 28th August was commenced a piece of antique pageantry, which although partially robbed of its splendour by

unfavourable weather, excited immense public interest. This was what was known as the Eglinton Tournament, an elaborate "revival" of the old mediæval pastime, which was held at Eglinton Castle, the tilt-yard being constructed upon a lawn near "the Castle of Montgomery." The forms and proceedings of the ancient Tourney were carefully imitated, there were lists, knightly encampments, tents, equestrian joustings and sword encounters in true Ashby-de-la-Zouch fashion. Lady Seymour was Queen of Beauty, and the Marquis of Londonderry, King of the Tournament. The Earl of Eglinton (Lord of the Tournament), among others, tilted against the Marquis of Waterford (Knight of the Dragon); and Prince Louis Napoleon, then an exile in this country, engaged in a broadsword fight with Mr. Lamb (Knight of the White Rose). Despite bad weather and some inevitable derision, the pageant and its old-world sports drew over 100,000 visitors on the opening day, and were regarded with curious interest and sympathetic amusement by a society from which the forms if not the spirit of Chivalry had long departed.

About this time M. Daguerre's new invention of sun-pictures, the precursor of the subsequent wide and rapid development of the photographic art, attracted much attention in Paris. The first experiment in England, says "Annals of Our Time," was made on the 13th September, when M. St. Croix exhibited the instrument and process in presence of a party of scientific men and artists.

On the 10th October Prince Albert and his brother, the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg, arrived in this country on a visit to the Queen. It had already been rumoured that there was some probability of a matrimonial alliance between the youthful Queen of England and this young German Prince, a rumour justified by Her Majesty's announcement on the 14th October, to Lord Melbourne, of her intention to ally herself in marriage with her cousin, Prince Albert, "presently on a visit to Windsor with his brother Ernest." Lord Melbourne received the information with satisfaction. "I think," said he, "it will be very well received, for I hear there is an anxiety now that it should be, and I am very glad of it." "You will be very much more comfortable," added the genial nobleman, "for a woman cannot stand alone for any time, in whatever position she may be."

Prince Albert was the second son of her mother's eldest brother, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Saalfeld, and consequently Her Majesty's kinsman. He was born at Rosenau on the 26th August, 1819, and was therefore three months younger than the Queen, having now just entered on his 21st year. He was handsome in person, well educated, accomplished, and, as subsequent events proved, gifted both with force of character and sweetness of nature.

In accordance with Royal etiquette, the young Queen had of course, in this case, to take the initiative, a trying ordeal which she passed though with delicacy and tact. On the 15th October, on his return from hunting, Prince Albert was summoned to the Queen's room, where he found her alone. The news of his good fortune was gracefully conveyed to him. Where, as in this case, both sides feel the promptings of genuine affection, difficulties of form are soon surmounted. "Victoria," wrote Prince Albert to Baron Stockmar, "is so good and kind to me that I am often at a loss to believe that such affection should be shared by me." On her side, the Queen, with that simple sincere directness which characterizes all her utterances, writing on the same day to her uncle, the King of the Belgians, said, "I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can." The Prince probably was at once too gallant and too sensible to regard it as "a sacrifice." Never, however, have Royal espousals been attended by more favourable omens. "We also think it better," added the Queen, "and Albert quite approves of it, that we should be married very soon after Parliament meets, about the beginning of February."

On the 23rd November, at a special meeting of the Privy Council at Buckingham Palace, Her Majesty read a brief declaration of "her intention to ally herself in marriage with the Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha."

1840.

On the 10th of January of this year Rowland Hill's system of Penny Postage came into operation. On the very first day the number of letters sent from London is recorded as having been something like four times the average quantity, a favourable augury for the success of this great popular reform.

On the 16th January Parliament was opened by the Queen in person. In the Queen's Speech formal notification was made of the projected marriage of Her Majesty with Prince Albert. Some discussion arose as to the necessity of describing the Prince as "Protestant" in the Address; it was ultimately agreed to do so, and an annual allowance of £30,000 was voted to be granted to him on his marriage with the Queen.

On the 6th February Prince Albert arrived in this country; the next day he was royally welcomed at Buckingham Palace,

and the Lord Chancellor administered to him the oath of naturalization. On the 7th the treaty of marriage was signed in London, and on the 10th the ceremony was solemnized.

It took place in the Chapel Royal at St. James's, and was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Royal pair on their return to Buckingham Palace were enthusiastically cheered by a huge holiday-making multitude. Thence, later in the day, they proceeded to Windsor, where they were welcomed by a throng of wildly cheering Eton boys in white gloves and wedding favours. They remained at Windsor Castle for three days, and then returned to Buckingham Palace. The young Queen's happiness in her new relationship, and the confidence and comfort she felt in the companionship and counsel of the Prince Consort, were manifest to all, and have since been amply testified to both by herself and by other intimate observers of the early hours of her wedded life. "Such a new thing," writes Lady Lyttleton, "for her to *dare* to be *unguarded* in conversing with anybody; and with her frank and fearless nature the restraints she has hitherto been under, from one reason or another, must have been most painful."

On the 10th June, a demented pot-boy, named Edward Oxford, made a mad attempt upon the life of the Queen by firing a pistol at her as she was out driving with Prince Albert up Constitution Hill. Her Majesty, who bore herself bravely, was not injured, and the youth Oxford, who proved to be a crackbrained enthusiast, was placed in a lunatic asylum for life.

Meanwhile the Melbourne Ministry had become more and more weakened and discredited, Time after time they had been placed in a minority. A motion brought forward by Sir James Graham condemning in no measured terms their policy in China, was only defeated by a majority of ten. Still they clung to office.

On the 6th August occurred Prince Louis Napoleon's attempt on Boulogne. Landing at that place with 58 followers the Prince repaired to the barracks, where he endeavoured to secure the support of the soldiers. Failing in this he marched through the town, issuing high-sounding proclamations. He drew little support, however; the National Guard were mustered; retreating from them the Prince and his party were driven back to the sea, and in an attempt to reach the steamer the Prince and others were thrown into the water. The Prince was picked up and taken prisoner. The whole affair was a grotesque fiasco, and exposed the Prince, who had long been an exile among us, to much ridicule in this country. A little later he was tried for the offence by the Court of Peers of France, found guilty, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in the frontier fortress of Ham.

On the 11th August, Parliament was closed by the Queen in person; Prince Albert being present, seated near the throne.

On the 3rd November, Dost Mahomed Khan surrendered to Sir William Macnaghten at Cabul, bringing the war in Afghanistan to an end. The policy of our advance into that country was a matter of much dispute, although our arms were crowned with success. The Russians had pushed an expedition into Central Asia; it was felt by Burnes and others that this foreboded the approach of their frontiers to ours, and possible future collisions. Burnes held that Russia's attack on Khiva was justified by the law of nations, but thought that the time chosen wore a bad appearance, as suggesting that Russia was advancing her forces to counteract our policy. The Court of Directors of the East India Company, at the close of the year, addressing the Government on the subject of the British position in Afghanistan, expressed its opinion that for many years to come the restored Afghan monarchy would have need of a British force in order to maintain peace in its own territory, and prevent aggression from without.

Our difficulty in Egypt had also been practically settled by the end of 1840. The Pasha of that country, Mehemet Ali, had revolted against the Sultan, and with the aid of his warlike son, Ibrahim Pasha, nearly succeeded in making himself master of Syria. A convention had been entered into between England, Austria, Prussia and Russia on one side, and Turkey on the other, for the pacification of the Levant. France somewhat strangely stood aside, but gave verbal assurances of sympathy. The propositions submitted by the Powers to Mehemet Ali were rejected by him. The allied fleet, under Admiral Stopford, bombarded and captured St. Jean d'Acre on the 3rd November, and on the 27th Commodore Napier entered into a convention with Mehemet Ali, in which the latter agreed to "evacuate Syria, restore the Turkish flag, and receive Egypt as an hereditary fief of the Porte." The attitude of France during these events was very equivocal, and much soreness on her part survived the Egyptian settlement.

1841.

"ON the whole," says Mr. Molesworth, "the year 1841 opened auspiciously for the Government. Abroad victory had crowned their arms, and success had attended their diplomacy. The objects for which they had contended might

not be very desirable, but at all events they had been attained, and this was all the great mass of the English people cared to know about the matter. The agricultural, manufacturing and commercial interests were all prospering, and peace and contentment seemed everywhere to prevail. It was therefore seen with little disappointment that the Queen's Speech of this year was more barren of promises of those progressive reforms which the opinion of the country demanded than even the Royal Speeches of previous years had been. The Whig Government had evidently made up its mind to rest and be thankful . . . . . It was evident that the Government was now resting on the favour of the Queen, rather than on the support of the House of Commons and the people."

That "rest," however, was not destined to be long unbroken, and the "thankfulness" was undoubtedly a little premature.

Parliament was opened by the Queen in person on the 26th January. The Government on the 16th February was defeated by a majority of 31 in a House of 223, on Mr. Cresswell's motion for a committee on the Danish claims, and on the 25th they only secured a narrow majority of 5 (299 to 294 votes), on the second reading of Lord Morpeth's Irish Registration Bill. A little later (April 30th) their Budget showed a deficiency of about two millions, and the proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Baring) for meeting this deficiency by an alteration in the sugar duties, were rejected by the House by a majority of 36. The Ministry were expected to resign, but did not do so.

The Opposition became impatient of this prolonged clinging to office in spite of repeated defeats. On the 24th May, Sir Robert Peel gave notice that he would, on the 27th, move a resolution of want of confidence in the Melbourne Ministry, in these words:—"That Her Majesty's Ministers do not sufficiently possess the confidence of the House of Commons to enable them to carry through the House measures which they deem of essential importance to the public welfare, and that their continuance in office under such circumstances is at variance with the spirit of the Constitution."

In the debate which ensued, Mr. Disraeli, notorious a little later for his virulent attacks upon Sir Robert Peel, delivered a glowing eulogy upon that statesman, who, he said, "placed in an age of rapid civilization and rapid transition, had adapted the practical character of his measures to the condition of the times," had "never employed his influence for factious purposes," and "whether in or out of office, had done his best to make the settlement of the new Constitution of England work for the benefit of the present time and of posterity." The warm panegyrist of to-day was soon to be the savage and unscrupulous assailant.

On the 4th June the debate on the vote of no confidence was concluded, and the Government found themselves in a minority of *one* (312 for, 311 against). This was too much even for the Melbourne Ministry, and on the 7th Lord John Russell announced their intention to advise a dissolution and the calling of a new Parliament as early as possible. *Punch's* first important political Cartoon in apt illustration of this crisis, showed "Hercules (Sir R. Peel) tearing Theseus (Lord John Russell) from the Rock (the Treasury Bench to which he had grown."

Mr. Punch's Victorian Era.

1841—1887

✦ 1841 ✦

JULY 17.

"PUNCH" and the Elections were the only matters which occupied the public mind on July 17, 1841. So says the *Introduction* to Volume I, of *Punch, or the London Charivari*. The first number of this new humorous journal, this *Guffawgraph* as the writer of its first Preface named it, bore date "for the week ending July 17, 1841." The Elections were then in full progress, Parliament having been prorogued on the 22nd of the previous month.

AUG. 24.

PARLIAMENT was opened by Commission, having on the 19th assembled to elect a Speaker, the Right Hon. Charles Shaw Lefevre. The result of the General Election gave a total of 368 Tories as against 292 Liberals. An amendment to the Address, negativing the confidence of the House in the Melbourne Ministry, having been moved by Mr. T. S. Wortley, the Government, in the division which took place on August 28th, found themselves in a minority of 91. On the 30th, therefore, Lord John Russell announced in the House that the Ministry only held office until their successors were appointed.

AUG. 31.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, sent for by the Queen, undertook to form a Ministry.

(*See Cartoon, "The Letter of Introduction."*)

THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

SEPT. 3.

AT a Council held at Claremont this day, the new Ministers were sworn into office. First Lord of the Treasury, Sir Robert Peel; Lord Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst; President of the Council, Lord Wharncliffe; Home Secretary, Sir James Graham; Foreign Secretary, Lord Aberdeen; Leader in the House of Lords, without office, the Duke of Wellington.

Peel had now, as *Punch* observed, been called in as State physician, "in a regular way," and as the previous Ministry had held office for ten years, the Tories, or as they were now beginning to call themselves, Conservatives, were naturally elated at the prospect of the possession after so long waiting, of "place, power and patronage."

(*See Cartoon, "The Royal Red Riding Hood, and the Ministerial Wolf."*)

OCT. 7.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued by Commission. Its first session had been brief and unfruitful, and the Whigs derisively called it the "Do-nothing Parliament."

NOV. 2.

AT Cabul some 300 men, moved by a seditious letter written by Abdoolah Khan, attacked the residence of Sir Alexander Burnes, our Agent there, and murdered him and others. This led to a serious insurrection in Afghanistan against the English and Shah Soojah, whom we had seated on the throne in place of Dost Mahomed.

NOV. 9.

THIS day was rendered memorable by the birth of an heir to the Crown, the Queen being, at twelve minutes before eleven in the morning, safely delivered of a son, the Prince of Wales. Loyal *Mr. Punch* celebrated the happy occasion by a "Poem to the Princelet," from which the following is a quotation:

HUZZA! we've a little prince at last,
A roaring Royal boy;
And all day long the booming bells
Have rung their peals of joy.

And the little park-guns have blazed away,
And made a tremendous noise,
Whilst the air hath been fill'd since eleven o'clock
With the shouts of little boys;
And we have taken our little bell,
And rattled and laugh'd, and sang as well,
Roo-too-tooit! Shallaballa!
Life to the Prince! Fallalderalla!

THE ROYAL RED RIDING HOOD, AND THE MINISTERIAL WOLF.

1842

THE year 1842 opened with a Tory Administration, a deficient revenue, war in the East, where the British forces early in January commenced their disastrous retreat from Cabul, distress and dissatisfaction amongst the working classes, Chartist Conventions and Anti-Corn-Law Conferences.

These things, and the growing disunion between the agricultural and manufacturing interests (said *Mr. Punch* in his *Introduction*) "were matters of no mean import, when arrayed in the face of an active and clever Opposition, notwithstanding the fact that the Administration commanded large majorities in both Houses of Parliament."

JAN. 17.

THE Foundation-Stone of the new Royal Exchange was laid by Prince Albert.

JAN. 25.

CHRISTENING of the Prince of Wales was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with water brought from the river Jordan in 1825.

FEB. 3.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person. Her Majesty's Speech (says *Mr. Punch's* Introduction) "was delivered with the grace peculiar to that Royal Lady, and the Address in both Houses carried unanimously."

THE MODERN CERES.

FEB. 9.

SIR ROBERT PEEL introduced his new Sliding Scale of Corn Duties to the House of Commons. This was an attempt to give some satisfaction to the Anti-Corn-Law party, by a "Sliding Scale" of duties on corn, without adopting their remedy of total repeal. It failed in its object, however, giving satisfaction to no side. Mr. Cobden denounced it as an insult to a suffering people.

(See Cartoon, "The Modern Ceres.")

FEB. 14.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL moved an amendment hostile to Sir Robert Peel's new Corn-Law Scheme, but the Ministers secured a majority of 123 on the division. Later Mr. Villiers moved the immediate repeal of the Corn Law, which amendment was also lost by a large majority. The country, however, was thoroughly dissatisfied. Anti-Corn-Law meetings multiplied, and Sir Robert Peel became so unpopular in consequence that his effigy was burnt in several places.

MARCH 11.

SIR ROBERT PEEL introduced his Budget. It included an Income Tax of sevenpence in the pound. The main design of the Budget, he said, was the taxation of wealth, and the relief of manufacturing industry. "There were many long faces on Saturday morning," said *Mr. Punch à propos* of this announcement. "Friday's sun rose upon Sir Robert as the tutelary genius of England; in his right hand he held the golden key of abundance. Saturday came, and the Prime Minister was the despoiler of men's cupboards, for the key had fallen from his grasp, and in his hand was a mortal pistol whereon was written —*Income Tax!*" *Punch* however admitted that Sir Robert Peel "has looked a great evil boldly in the face, and has proposed an unpopular but sufficing remedy," and he prophesied that "Respectability" (now in a great huff with poor Sir Robert) will "smooth his wrinkled front," and, after some qualms, resolve to return as fair an account of income as his conscience will permit, and (though it will be a trial to the temper and the pocket) to pay the sevenpence in the pound like a Briton and a man." The Ministerial financial scheme, though meeting with some opposition from the Liberals, was carried both in the Commons and the Lords practically unchanged.

Lord Brougham, in dealing with Sir Robert Peel's proposals, took occasion to compliment the Queen on volunteering to subject her income to the Tax.

(*See Cartoon*, "*The Queen's Sevenpence.*")

THE QUEEN'S "SEVENPENCE."

APRIL 29.

THE new Corn Law Bill received the Royal Assent. It had been vigorously, though vainly, opposed in the House by the Corn Law Repeal party, but although the docile Government majority easily succeeded in forcing it virtually unchanged through both Houses, it was unpopular in the country, the Repealers looking upon it as a paltry compromise, and even the Agriculturists being dissatisfied with it as granting too much.

The Government financial schemes, moreover, including the imposition of the Income Tax at the New Tariff, excited much opposition, both from the Corn Law Repealers and the Chartists, it being urged that the sufferings of the people at large made it imperative to remove all restrictions on the importation of corn and the reduction of taxation.

(*See Cartoon*, "*The Tight Shoe.*")

MAY 2.

A DEMONSTRATION of Chartists took place in London. They mustered in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and proceeded to Westminster to present to the House of Commons their monster petition, said to have 3,317,702 signatures, which was borne on the shoulders of 16 men, and had to be broken up into sections before it could be carried into the House.

The *Times* thus described the scene:

"On entering the House this evening, the first object that attracted attention was the Chartist leviathan petition, which was lying in a heap—*rudis indigestaque moles*—at the foot of the table. It appeared that the parties to whom the task had been entrusted *had not taken an accurate measurement of the lower door leading into the House of Commons*, which was too narrow for the admission of this *mons papyri*. It was necessary in consequence to take it to pieces, and the *disjecta membra* were *carried into the House piecemeal*."

Mr. Duncombe moved that the petitioners be heard at the bar by counsel, but after some discussion this was negatived by 287 against 49.

THE TIGHT SHOE.

No one knows where the shoe pinches but he who wears it.—PROVERB.

JUNE 7.

LORD ASHLEY obtained leave to bring in a Bill for restricting the employment of Women and Children in mines, collieries and factories. A Special Commission had been appointed to inquire into this subject, and Lord Ashley, making use of the shocking revelations thus brought to light, presented a powerful and pathetic picture of the sufferings and demoralization incidental to a system of labour in favour of which nothing reasonable could be advanced.

JUNE 30.

THE measures which were passed in the first full Session of the new Conservative Ministry up to the end of June, 1842, were (says the Political Summary prefixed to *Punch's* third volume)—

The Repeal of the Corn Law and substitution of the Sliding Scale.
The Imposition of the Income Tax.
The New Tariff, and
Lord Ashley's Bill for restraining the employment of Women and Children in Mines and Collieries.

Lord F. Egerton endeavoured to bring in a Bill to legalize marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, but leave was refused, and this often-attempted often frustrated amendment of our English law failed, as it has since so many times failed, to commend itself to the majority of our legislators.

JULY 3.

An attempt upon the life of the young Queen was made by a deformed and probably insane youth named Bean, who presented a pistol at Her Majesty as she was going from Buckingham Palace to the Chapel-Royal, St. James's. The pistol missed fire, however. The would-be assassin escaped for the time, and in the search for him a number of hunchbacked people were arrested on suspicion.

JULY 12.

Sir Robert Peel, in consequence of this attack, brought in a Bill for the Protection of the Royal Person, whereby the crimes of intending to hurt or alarm the Queen were to subject the offender to seven years' transportation or imprisonment with corporal chastisement. This Bill—received with universal satisfaction—rapidly passed through all its stages, and speedily became law.

A POLITICAL PARALLEL.

"The Danaides were said to be condemned to fill with water a vessel full of holes, so that the water ran out as soon as poured in—their labour was, therefore, infinite."

AUG. 12.

Parliament was prorogued by the Queen in person. The close of the Session had been preceded by a vehement discussion between Lord Palmerston, who in a review of the Session sharply assailed the home and foreign policy of the Government, and Sir Robert Peel, who undertook their defence. Mr. Cobden rebuked both speakers for lending themselves to party quarrels, to the neglect of the distress of the country which would haunt them in their retirement.

(*See Cartoon, "A Political Parallel."*)

The country indeed was in a troubled condition. The Corn Law compromise of the Government had given no satisfaction, and meetings against it were held in many parts of the country. Mr. Bright told the people that they themselves had the power to compel a settlement. A body of Anti-Corn-Law Delegates, 144 in number, obtained an interview with Sir Robert Peel, who refused to give them promise of immediate relief. Mr. Villiers' motion that the House should resolve itself into a committee to consider the laws relating to the importation of corn, had been lost on a division by 117 to 231 (July 11th). At Sheffield it was reported that 10,000 people were suffering extreme distress, furnaces were idle, poor rates though high failed to produce adequate returns. Shopkeepers and operatives were anxious and excited, the military in some cases having to be called out. Strikes and disturbances of a serious character occurred in the manufacturing districts; mobs attacked mills, forced entry into workhouses, and paraded the streets demanding "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work." The Government had to take special measures to deal with these outbreaks, the result of prevalent dis-

tress and general dissatisfaction. It was felt that their parliamentary action had been inadequate to the crisis, and that their sympathy with the distressed condition of the people was imperfect and unfruitful.

AUG. 26.

THE war with China was brought to a successful close by Sir Hugh Gough and Sir W. Parker, and a Treaty of Peace was concluded with the Emperor on August 26 by Sir H. Pottinger. Its chief stipulations were payment by the Chinese within three years of 21,000,000 dollars, the opening of the ports of Canton, Amoy, Foo-chow-foo, Ningpo, and Shanghai to British merchants, and the cession to England of the Island of Hong-Kong.

Early in the succeeding year (March 3) the first instalment of the Indemnity, amounting to one million pounds sterling, was delivered at our Mint in five waggons, each drawn by four horses, and escorted by a detachment of the 60th Regiment ("Annals of Our Time"). "The war," said *Mr. Punch*, "bequeathed by the Whigs to Sir Robert Peel, returns to the Minister a very handsome profit on the ball and powder expended in this great moral lesson on the uneducated Chinese."

"Rejoice, great Mistress of the Sea,
The Afghans and Chinese are whacked;
All hail, tremendous fall in teas:
Welcome, ye dollars nicely sacked.
Boil, Britannia—thy kettle boil away,
Sing, Roo, too, tooit-toit-tooit-tooit, tol di day!"

(*See Cartoon, "The Presentation of the Chinese Ambassador."*)

THE PRESENTATION OF THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR.

AUG. 29.

ON this date the Queen and Prince Albert started for their first visit to Scotland. Their stay on this occasion was short, and the Queen, in expressing her regret at its brevity, warmly acknowledged the enthusiasm of her reception by her Scottish subjects. She returned to London on the 16th September.

SEPT. 30.

HEARGUS O'CONNOR, a leader of the Chartists, was arrested on the charge of exciting to sedition in Manchester and other places during the disturbances in August, of which some account has already been given (August 12).

DEC. 6.

THE American President, in his Message to Congress, referred to difficulties which had arisen between the United States and certain

European Powers as to the right of search in connexion with the slave trade. One of these Powers was England.

Lord Ashburton had been appointed (January 28) to proceed on an extraordinary special mission to the United States, relative to certain disputes which had arisen between England and America with respect to the north-west boundary of the two countries and the "Right of Search" for slaves, and the extradition of criminals. He succeeded in making a Treaty which was ratified by the two Governments, and was regarded pretty generally as an amicable and mutually satisfactory settlement of the points at issue. It was signed at Washington by Lord Ashburton on the part of the British Government, and Mr. Webster on that of America, on August 9th. The terms of the Treaty were however by some considered unfavourable to this country, and Lord Palmerston subsequently called it a "capitulation." This point of view seems to find expression in *Mr. Punch's* cut.

(*See Cartoon, "Fair Rosamond; or, the Ashburton Treaty."*)

One remarkable feature in American history this year, says *Mr. Punch* in his *Summary*, was the deliberate repudiation by several States of their public liabilities; they urging as a plea for non-payment that the bonds were not transferable and could be only recoverable by the original holders! the truth being that many States, especially that of Pennsylvania, were bankrupt. The shock given to American credit was very serious.

FAIR ROSAMOND; OR, THE ASHBURTON TREATY.

DEC. 31.

THE year closed with unfavourable omens. The revenue tables for the quarter closing to-day (says Irving's "Annals of Our Time,") "exhibit an alarming decrease of £940,062. There was also a decrease over the whole year of £824,275 in the Customs, £1,173,614 in the Excise, £218,346 in the Stamps, and £209,319 in the Taxes." The requirements of the new Income Tax Schedules excited much impatience, which found angry voice at public meetings. In a number of *Punch* for this month appeared a poem entitled "The Song of the Tulip," suggested by the announcement that a tulip bulb, called the "Citadel of Antwerp," had lately been sold for £650. This seemed to indicate that wealth abounded almost to superfluity in some quarters. Nevertheless distress was general, and riotous assemblies were of almost daily occurrence. The Anti-Corn-Law League was increasingly active, and had resolved to raise a fund of £50,000 for furthering their cause. The menacing state of affairs in Afghanistan threw additional gloom over the last days of the year 1842.

1843

THE year opened gloomily with a declining revenue and widespread public distress. A reduction of two millions and a half per annum in Excise, nearly as much in Customs, and a falling off in Stamps and Taxes, promised ill for national prosperity. *Mr. Punch* represented the young Queen as Young Mother Hubbard going to the Cupboard, the National Exchequer, and finding it bare of provision for her "poor dog," John Bull.

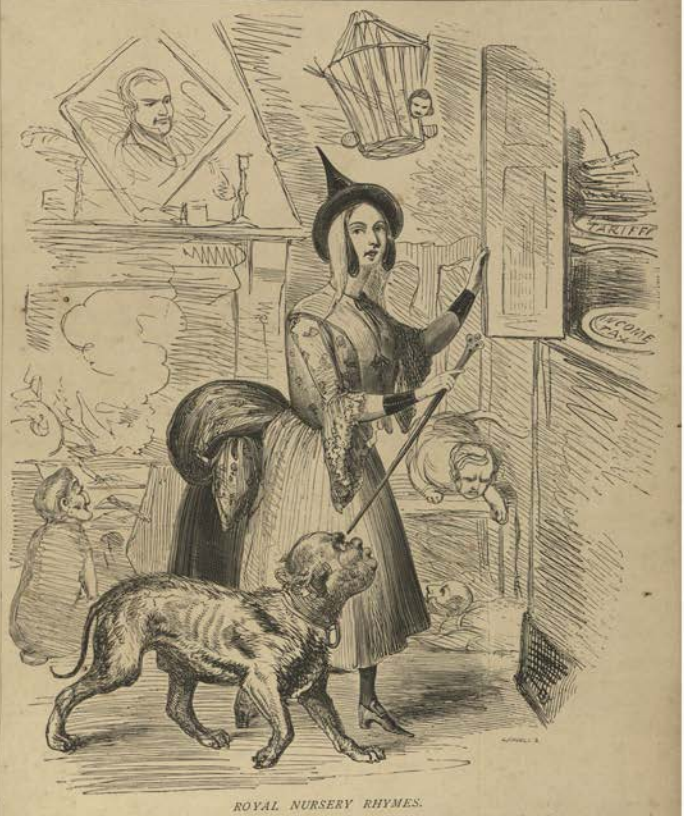
(*See Cartoon, "Royal Nursery Rhymes."*)

JAN. 9.

"THE present year is and shall be the great Repeal year," said Daniel O'Connell in a letter read at the Weekly Repeal Meeting, held at Dublin on this date. *Mr. Punch's* view of the prospect was indicated in a Cartoon entitled "The Repeal Farce," representing O'Connell as the old woman who has killed the goose "Union" with the knife of Repeal, in search of the golden secret of National Prosperity.

FEB. 2.

PARLIAMENT was opened by Commission. The Queen's Speech referred with satisfaction to the termination of the wars with China and with Afghanistan, and, with less complacency but the usual official hopefulness, to diminished revenue and popular distress. *Mr. Punch* summarized the Royal Speech in the following verses:—



ROYAL NURSERY RHYMES.

Young Mother Hubbard she went to the cupboard
To give her poor dog a bone:
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

PEACE WITH CHINA.

Our foes in China, Pott's drubb'd in all quarters,
They'd no'er so fine a whacking from the Tartars;
And, Sirs, they must (How proud I am to say it)
Down with the dust, and tax our tea to pay it.
Sing Pekoe and Congou, Green Hyson and Gunpowder;
And let your cheer be, hear! hear! hear! Shout louder, boys, and louder.

GLORY IN INDIA.

AIR—"*King Death.*"

We've gather'd fresh wreaths of glory
On the ramparts of far Cabool;
And though every leaf be gory,
We'll rejoice in our own misrule.
Hurrah! hurrah!

* * *

PEACE AND PLENTY.

AIR—"*God Save the King!*"

He who Elijah fed,
Still doth his bounty shed,
Swelling our store.
Heed not the selfish few,
Who e'er one theme pursue,
Claiming what is your due!—
God, change the poor!

REVENUE AND SUPPLIES.

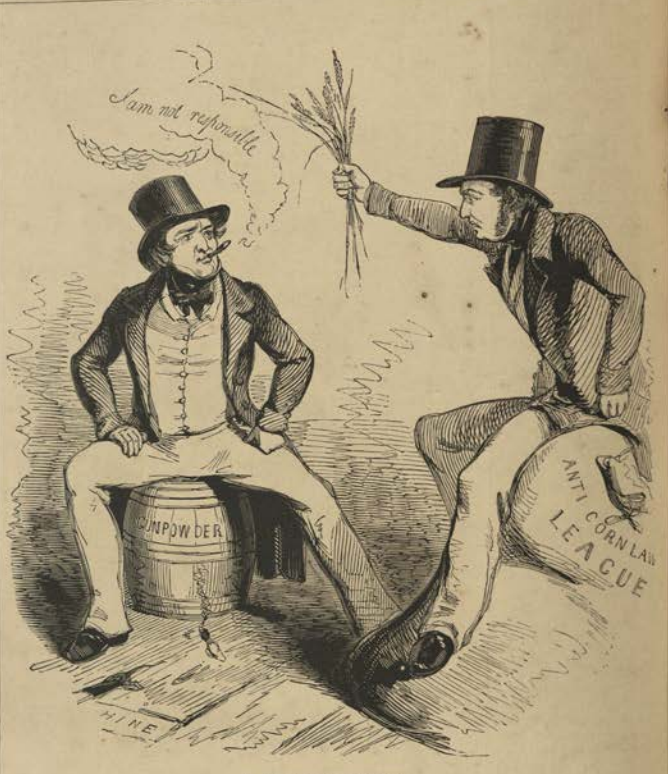
AIR—"*I've no Money.*"

We've no money! no, you see,
Some must quickly furnish'd be,
If you beg or borrow.
'Tis in vain for you to say,
'People won't their taxes pay!'
What's the use of lawyers, pray?
So summons them to-morrow!

FEB. 13.

ON this day commenced (on a motion of Lord Howick's for a Committee of the whole House to consider the reference in the Queen's Speech to the depression in trade), a long and warmly conducted debate, in which Mr. Cobden, the great Free Trade champion, took a leading part. Advocating the principles of the Anti-Corn-Law League, he asked Sir Robert Peel what he meant to do "with capital melting away, pauperism rapidly increasing, and foreign trade declining." He declared that he should hold Sir Robert Peel "individually responsible" for the distress of the country, an expression which greatly excited the House and moved Sir Robert Peel to warm retort and indignant repudiation. Lord Howick's motion was ultimately lost by 306 to 191 votes, but the feeling in the country in favour of the abolition of the Corn Duties was daily growing in strength, and the League, with the powerful and eloquent aid of the two friends—Richard Cobden and John Bright—was working its way towards an early, though as yet scarcely anticipated, triumph.

(See Cartoon, "A Pleasant Position.")



A PLEASANT POSITION.

Sketched in the House of Commons, Friday, February 17th, 1843.

MARCH 9.

MR. VERNON SMITH moved in the House of Commons a vote of censure on Lord Ellenborough's Proclamation, as seeming to countenance idolatry in India. On a division the motion was negatived by 242 to 157 votes. Mr. (afterwards Lord) Macaulay, Mr. Hume, Sir George Grey, and Lords Palmerston and Russell spoke in favour of, Lord Stanley, Sir Robert Peel, and others against it.

The Campaign in Afghanistan, which had been marked by such disastrous incidents as the retreat of the British Army from Cabul, when of 4,500 fighting men and 12,000 followers only one man, Dr. Brydone, reached Jellalabad alive; the surrender of Ghuznee to the Ghilzies, and the death in the hands of Akbar Khan of Major-General Elphinstone, the commander of the British forces in Afghanistan, had been brought to a triumphant close by the efforts of Generals Pollock, Nott, and Sale. During its course the much talked of sandal-wood gates of the Temple of Somnauth, originally "taken from India by one conqueror," had been "restored to it by another," being removed from the tomb of Sultan Mahmoud at the village of Roza, by the British. They had in 1025 been taken by Mahmoud of Ghuznee from an ancient temple at Guzerat. Subsequently, in a Proclamation issued to the Princes, chiefs and

people of India by the Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, the latter said:—"My brothers and my friends, our victorious army bears the gates of the Temple of Somnauth in triumph from Afghanistan, and the despoiled tomb of Sultan Mahmoud looks upon the ruins of Ghuznee. The insult of 800 years is at last avenged."

This and other passages in the Proclamation were thought to pay too much deference to what Lord John Russell called "a gross and idolatrous worship" and so compromise the dignity of a Christian Government. The document indeed was received in this country with a chorus of combined ridicule and condemnation, though Lord Stanley thought it only resolved itself into "a question of taste."

MARCH 21.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Poet Laureate, died at Keswick, aged 69.

William Wordsworth was gazetted Poet Laureate to Her Majesty on 6th April.

MARCH 25.

ON this date took place the ceremonial opening of the Thames Tunnel. This subway under the river between Wapping and Rotherhithe had first been opened to the public on the 1st August of the preceding year, on which occasion, we are informed, ("Annals of Our Time,") about 500 persons passed through it.

AFTER THE ORIGINALS IN THE QUEEN'S COLLECTION.

(A Travesty of QUINTIN MATSYS' well-known Picture of "The Two Misers.")

APRIL 25.

THE QUEEN, at five minutes past four on this morning, was safely delivered of a daughter, the Princess Alice Maud Mary.

Her Majesty's steam yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, was launched at Pembroke Dockyard on the same day, the occasion being one of great ceremony and much popular enthusiasm.

MAY 8.

THE Annual Budget showed a deficiency of £750,000 in Customs, and £1,200,000 in Excise, against which was to be placed £2,580,000 uncollected Income Tax.

(See Cartoon, "After the Originals in the Queen's Collection.")

MAY 18.

ON this day, after what has been called the "Ten Years' Conflict," a disruption took place in the Church of Scotland. At the meeting of the General Assembly, Dr. Welsh, the retiring Moderator, announced that "in consequence of certain proceedings affecting our

rights and privileges, proceedings which have been sanctioned by Her Majesty's Government, and by the Legislature of the country," the seceders had resolved upon "separating in an orderly way from the Establishment." This originated the Free Church of Scotland.

JUNE 10.

On this day occurred great disturbances at Carmarthen, caused by the violent proceedings of "Rebecca and her Daughters." The singularly named Rebecca Riots at this time greatly agitated Wales. The agitation was an outbreak on the part of the people in opposition to what they felt to be the grievance of the Turnpike System, by which they were subjected to increasingly numerous toll-bars and burdensome tolls. They applied in a grotesque fashion the following passage from Genesis :—"And

REBECCA AND HER DAUGHTERS.

Tollisher . . SIR R. P—L. *Irish Rebecca . .* D— O'C—L. *Rebecca's Daughters by* MEMBERS *of the* REPEAL ASS—N.

they blessed Rebekah, and said unto her . . . let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them." In pursuance of the curiously twisted meaning of this passage they called themselves Rebeccaites, and "Rebecca and her daughters" dressing themselves in female garb made nocturnal attacks upon the turnpike gates. These attacks led to sanguinary conflicts with the police and soldiers, and were not suppressed without much difficulty. A commission of inquiry into the alleged grievances of the farmers and labourers was appointed, and measures were taken to abate them.

At this time the National Repeal Association in Dublin was in full activity, and *Mr. Punch* illustrated the efforts of O'Connell and his followers in favour of Repeal by a common incident in the proceedings of the Rebeccaites. O'Connell as Rebecca, supported by members of the Repeal Association in semi-female disguise, is making a violent attack on the Union Toll Gate.

(*See Cartoon, "Rebecca and her Daughters."*)

JULY 3.

An exhibition of Cartoons with a view to the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament was opened in Westminster. There were 140 subjects, and three prizes of £300, three of £200, and three of £100, were awarded to

the most successful competitors.

Aug. 4.

Lord Brougham, in the House of Lords, called attention to an article in the *Examiner*, which he held to be libellous as charging him with insinuating that Mr. Cobden had recommended private assassination, and as implying that he (Lord Brougham) was subservient to the Tories from hope of official preferment at their hands.

The political vagaries and mental versatility of Lord Brougham made him at this time a favourite subject with the caricaturists, and *Mr. Punch*, in particular, made him for some years a constant butt. A Cartoon entitled "A Scene in Westminster Circus," so cleverly hit off the characteristics of this extraordinary man that it became exceedingly popular, and was modelled in plaster of Paris and sold by the image-men. A later Cartoon, "The Image-Seller," made effective use of this latter fact, representing the versatile and irrepressible Peer as vending images of himself in all sorts of guises.

(*See Cartoon, "A Scene in Westminster Circus."*)

Aug. 7.

Mr. John Bright (who on the 25th July had been returned for Durham City) made his first speech in the House in support of Mr. Ewart's resolution in favour of the reduction of duties on the raw materials of manufacture and food stuffs. He said that he would be glad to see Sir Robert Peel disconnect himself from a party with which he did not agree, bear in mind the source from which he had sprung, and be, not only what he was termed, the Queen's Minister, but the People's Minister also. In this his first oration the great tribune struck the very key-note of his policy as a public man—solicitude for and confidence in the people.

A SCENE IN WESTMINSTER CIRCUS.

Clown to the King (aq.)—"Now, Mr. Wellington, is there anything I can run for to fetch—for to come—for to go—for to carry—for to bring—for to take," &c. &c. &c.

Aug. 9.

In the debate on the third reading of the Arms (Ireland) Bill, Mr. Disraeli made some striking and significant remarks on the Government's Irish policy. "Ireland," he said, "had arrived at the state which required a great man to have recourse to great remedial measures. You must re-organise the Government, and not the Government alone, but the whole social state of Ireland. No merely temporary measures of relief or of coercion would be of any avail. If he were to use a harsh term he should call the Arms Bill, as applied to the present state of Ireland, contemptible; but the opposition to it had also been contemptible. Some measures there were

which to introduce was disgraceful and to oppose degrading. He believed that a time would come when a party would be formed in this country on the principle of justice to Ireland—not by quailing before agitations, but by "really putting an end to that misery which long misgovernment had produced."

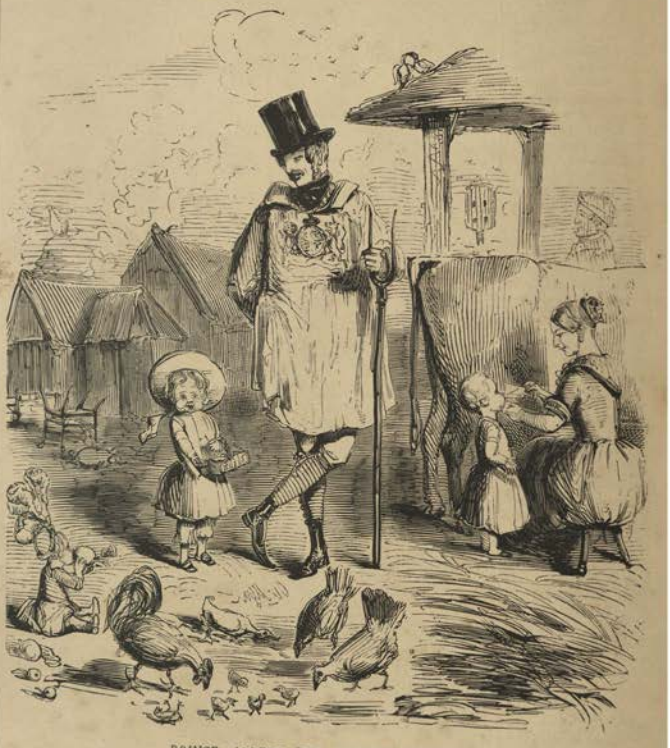
Not the only occasion on which Mr. Disraeli displayed, in speech at least, a breadth of mind and statesmanlike sagacity in advance of the time, and in striking contrast to the shortsighted and prejudiced views of many of his political contemporaries. Had Ireland been dealt with in the spirit of this speech, many a painful page in the history of the Victorian Era might have remained unwritten.

Aug. 15.

A great Repeal Demonstration was held at Tarahill, attended, it is said, by above a million people. O'Connell, addressing this vast multitude, said: "I believe I am now in a position to announce that in twelve months more you won't be without hearing an hurrah for the Parliament on College Green." This confident hope was not destined to fulfilment.

Aug. 24.

Parliament was prorogued by the Queen in person. In the Queen's Speech, Her Majesty declared her firm intention to "maintain inviolate that great bond of connection between the two countries," —the Legislative Union.



PRINCE ALBERT THE BRITISH FARMER.

"Prince Albert has turned his attention to the promotion of agriculture, and if you have seen, as most probably you have, an account of the sale of Prince Albert's Stock, and the prices they fetched, I have not the slightest doubt you will give one cheer more to Prince Albert as a British Farmer."—Sir Robert Peel's Speech at Tamworth, October 2, 1843.

Sept. 2.

The Queen and Prince Albert, on their visit to France, arrived at Treport, where they were received by the King and Queen of the French. *Mr. Punch* ridiculed what he called "the absurd reports of the French Press that Her Majesty had come over to France for the purpose of getting Louis Philippe to sign a Treaty of Commerce."

Oct. 14.

In consequence of his action in connection with recent great Repeal meetings in Ireland, O'Connell was charged with conspiracy and misdemeanour. On the 23rd October, when presiding at the opening by the Repeal Association of Conciliation Hall, Dublin, O'Connell said, "I wish that the first sentence which I have to utter in this Conciliation Hall, formed now as it is into an assembly, shall be this truth—that there is but one way to obtain the Repeal of the Union, and that is by strictly peaceable means. My second sentence, and

the only one I shall utter before I hand in the money, is that the Repeal is certain." The Grand Jury brought in a true bill against the great agitator, and it was arranged that the trial of him and the other parties implicated should commence on the 15th of the following January. Again, on the 23rd November, O'Connell issued a warning to the Irish people against violence. "Every man," he said, "who is guilty of the slightest breach of the peace is an enemy of mine and of Ireland. This is my advice: No Ribandism! No Billy Smiths! No bonfires! Peace, quiet, and tranquillity; and within twelve months the Repeal of the Union will be at hand."

(*See Cartoon, "The Irish Frankenstein."*)

It was to "Punch's Triumphal Procession," a seasonable budget of prose and verse published at the Christmas season of this year, that Thomas Hood contributed his immortal "Song of the Shirt," from which the following passages are quotations:

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crying aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

THE IRISH FRANKENSTEIN.

"O! Men, with Sisters dear!
O! Men! with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

* * * * * *

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sate in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

1844

"AT the commencement of the year 1844," says *Punch's* Political Summary, prefixed to his 6th Volume, "the country was generally thriving and peaceful, and the improvement of trade, combined with an increasing revenue, reanimated the spirits of the community, whose patience had been sorely tried by want of employment, and its consequent depression."

The state of Ireland, however, and of commerce still caused considerable anxiety, and the two great Repeal agitations, that conducted by O'Connell and by the friends of the Anti-Corn-Law League, still agitated and from time to time convulsed the country.

JAN. 6.

MR. PUNCH, in his sheet of "Twelfth Night Characters," graphically celebrated and caricatured some of the conspicuous personages, great and little, wise and foolish, of the hour.

"Daniel O'Diddle" is of course O'Connell.

"Mrs. Tittle-Tattle Vaux:" Lord Brougham.

"Yankee-Doo" signifies America, and refers to the recent repudiation by several States of their public liabilities, which had given a great shock to American credit.

"Apollo Peripatetic" is Mons. Jullien, a very popular conductor of Promenade and other Concerts.

"Spinning Jenny Ceres:" Mr. Cobden.

"Mother Goose of Lincoln" is Colonel Sibthorpe, the eccentric Member for that place.

DANIEL O'DIDDLE.

My countrymen—that they may pay the rent,
To live upon potatos are content.
And I resort to vegetable means;
For when I feed on them, I live on *Greens*.

MRS. TITTLE TATTLE VAUX.

They say I'm often out a little,
When I indulge in harmless prattle.
The truth, if spoken to a tittle,
Would put an end to half my tattle.

YANKEE DOO,

To lengthen life, a hint we get
Direct from the United States:
'Tis said that even "Nature's debt
American repudiates.

APOLLO PERIPATETIC.

I'll go from Covent Garden, do not doubt,
When there appears a worthier lesseé.
Some managers have humbugs great turn'd out—
And any manager may turn out me.

SPINNING JENNY CERES.

In spite of Peel's vast leagues of corn,
As Ceres I must reign;
"Lend me your ears," and I'll be sworn
My *tracts* shall bring you grain.

MOTHER GOOSE OF LINCOLN.

Though goose-like habits I display,
The eggs "Sib's" *genius* would lay
Are such as would be fitted best
To help *a mare* to fill *her nest*.

JAN. 15.

THE trial of Daniel O'Connell and eight others, charged with conspiracy and misdemeanour, in connection with the recent Repeal agitation in Ireland, commenced in Dublin. The Right Hon. R. L. Sheil, the great Irish orator, made an eloquent and impassioned appeal in defence of John O'Connell, son of the Great Liberator. A singular incident occurred at the trial. The Attorney-General, affronted at something said in the address of Mr. Fitzgibbon, counsel for one of the traversers, challenged him during the adjournment. Mr. Fitzgibbon made known the fact in open Court, and a mutual friend of the two parties having, with the sanction of the Court, mediated between them, the Attorney-General withdrew the note, and the matter was settled. The affair called attention anew to the still lingering practice of duelling, which *Punch* had already frequently and pungently ridiculed.

FEB. 5.

MR. GLADSTONE, the "rising hope" of the Tory party, who had lately been appointed President of the Board of Trade (*vice* Earl of Ripon) with a seat in the Cabinet, "obtained the appointment of a select committee to consider the standing orders relating to Railways, with a view to new provisions in future Railway Bills for the improvement of the railway system" (Irving's "Annals of Our Time").

This is the first conspicuous mention of a Statesman who was destined to play so important a part in the History of the Times of Queen Victoria, and in the pages of *Mr. Punch*.

FEB. 8.

LORD ASHLEY moved an address to the Crown praying that Her Majesty would be

THE IRISH TOM THUMB.

(SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM THE DESIGN OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.)

King Arthur . . . *Sir R. Peel.*	*Noodle (his original Character).* *Sir J. Graham.*	*Glumdalca (with the Song of "Who fears to speak of '98")*
Tom Thumb (1st time) . *Mr. Attorney Smith.*	*Doll Dialogue (by desire)* . . . *Lord Brougham.*	*Mr. O'Connell.*

"graciously pleased to take into her consideration the situation and treatment of the Ameers of Scinde; and that she will direct their immediate restoration to liberty, and the enjoyment of their estates, or make such provision for their future maintenance as may be considered a just equivalent." Serious charges were made concerning the conduct of the Scinde war and the alleged harsh treatment of the Ameers, but the House rejected the motion by 202 to 68, and motions for the thanks of Parliament to the gallant and generous Sir Charles Napier, the hero of Scinde, were brought forward in both Houses.

FEB. 12.

THIS was the twenty-fifth day of the trial of O'Connell and the other traversers. O'Connell was found guilty on all the eleven counts relating to conspiracy, and each of the others on one or more counts. Appeal was made however on behalf of the prisoners, and sentence was deferred.

(*See Cartoon*, "*The Irish Tom Thumb.*")

FEB. 13.

ON the motion of Lord John Russell for a Committee of Inquiry commenced an earnest and important debate on the condition of Ireland. The Ministry was attacked on this as Ministries on so many subsequent occasions have been attacked, for attempting suppression of disaffection and disorder without granting redress of wrongs, for illegal tampering with jury lists to secure conviction, and for arbitrary dismissal of magistrates. It was in this debate

that Macaulay, after describing Ireland as the "one vulnerable spot near to the heart" of the otherwise almost invulnerable England, said, "I trust that the number and respectability of those in whose company I shall go into the lobby, will be such as to convince the Roman Catholics of Ireland that they need not yet relinquish all hope of obtaining relief from the wisdom and justice of an Imperial Parliament." Mr. Disraeli, in the same debate, said, referring to Ireland, "the duty of an English Minister was to effect by policy all those changes which a revolution would effect by force." The motion of Lord John Russell was rejected by a majority of 99, after a debate lasting nine nights. O'Connell came from Ireland to join in the discussion. At this date, as for so many years after, the Irish question was regarded as an eternal and insoluble problem.

(*See Cartoon, "The Modern Sisyphus."*)

THE MODERN SISYPHUS.

"Sisyphus is said to be doomed for ever to roll to the top of a great mountain a stone, which continually falls down again."

Sisyphus . . Sir R. P—l. The Stone . . D. O'C—ll. The Furies . . Lord J. R—ll, S—t, &c.

APRIL 25.

It may be noted as a sign of the times and an indication of the gradual change in public opinion respecting that conventional un-christian "Code of Honour" which *Punch* had again and again denounced, that under this date the following entry appears in Irving's "Annals of our Time:"—"Amended articles against duelling issued from the War Office. They declare that it is suitable to the character of honourable men to apologise and offer redress for wrong or insult committed, and equally so for the party aggrieved to accept frankly and cordially explanation and apologies for the same."

APRIL 26.

Sir Robert Peel, in answer to Mr. Macaulay, said that the Court of Directors of the East India Company had exercised the power which the law gave them to recall Lord Ellenborough, Governor-General of India. He was replaced by Sir H. Hardinge. This gave satisfaction to those who had attacked Lord Ellenborough on account of his much discussed "Proclamation."

JUNE 6.

The Royal Assent was given to Sir James Graham's Bill for Restrictions on Labour in Factories. Lord Ashley's amendment, proposing to limit the hours of labour to ten daily, had however been rejected. Lord Brougham, to the surprise of the public, was found opposing

this Bill; and, indeed, about this time generally supported the Government. He was consequently the object of much opprobrium, it being asserted that he was trimming with an eye to the woolsack. In *Punch's* pages, as usual, he was the butt of plentiful satire, both with pen and pencil.

(*See Cartoon, "The Polka."*)

The Polka was the terpsichorean rage of the time. *Mr. Punch*, in a parody of Byron's "Maid of Athens," entitled "Pretty Pol-ka," represents the Sentimental Young Lady at the close of the season 1844, singing:—

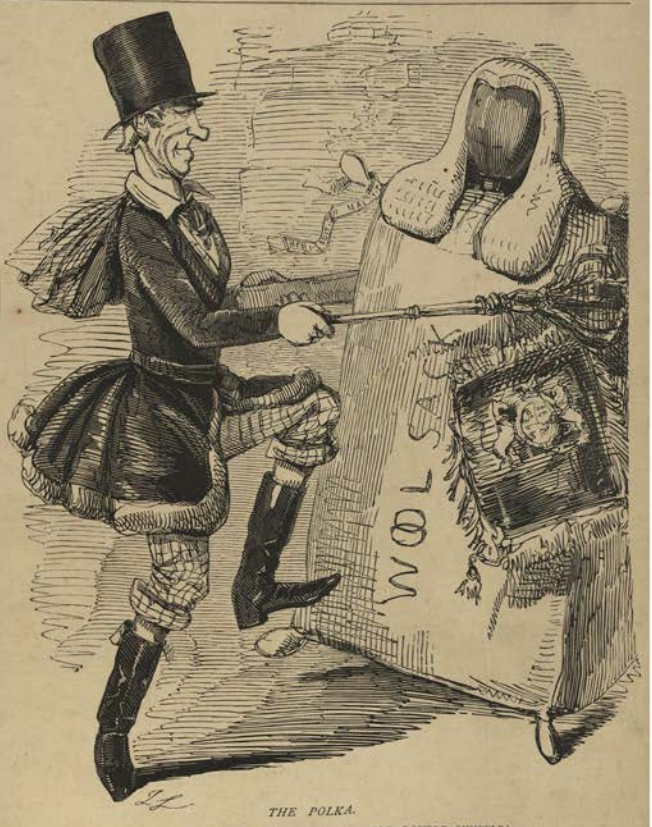
PRETTY POL-KA.

Darling Polka! ere we part
Hear th' outpourings of my heart!
Since the season now is o'er,
Wretched I can Polk no more.
Hear my vow before I go,
Polka *μοῦ σᾶς ἀγαπῶ*!

By those steps so unconfined,
By that neat kick-up behind,
Coulon's hop, and Michau's slide,
Backward, forward, or aside,
By the alternate heel and toe,
Polka *μοῦ σᾶς ἀγαπῶ*!

By the waltz's giddy round,
By the galop's maddening bound,
By the obsolete quadrille,
Polka mine? "I love thee still."
Compared with thee each dance is slow,
Polka *μοῦ σᾶς ἀγαπῶ*!

Happy season! thou art gone,
I, alas! must Polk alone!
Though the country now I roll to,
Almack's holds my heart and soul too.
Can I cease to love thee? No!!
Polka *μοῦ σᾶς ἀγαπῶ*!



THE POLKA.

(A NEW DANCE, INTRODUCING THE OLD DOUBLE SHUFFLE.)

At this time Anti-Slavery Meetings were numerous, and the phrase "Am I not a Man and a Brother?" the appeal of a shackled negro in a popular picture of the time, was much on the lips of platform orators. The phrase afforded *Mr. Punch* the title for a Cartoon directed against Lord Brougham, whose anti-slavery ardour political exigencies were suspected to have temporarily abated. Lord Brougham was to have presided at a meeting at Exeter Hall, but excused himself on account of Privy Council duties. *Punch* represented the typical chained negro making the usual appeal to the noble lord, who was turning away derisively.

In the following verses *Mr. Punch* indicated his opinion that there was slavery needing sympathy somewhat nearer home:

THE WHITE SLAVE.

Oh! weary goes the scrubbing-brush upon the dingy floor,
And sorely weary are the hands that scrub for evermore;
It's scrub, scrub, scrub, from Monday morn, right on to Friday night,
Scrub, scrub, as soon as daylight breaks—scrub, scrub, by candle-light.
I'm sick to death of cleaning with its everlasting rout—
I'm sure my life's no good to me, 'cept on my Sunday out.

Ah! folks may talk of factory girls, and what they have to do,
And make a dreadful fuss about the women-miners too—
And bring in bills to Parliament, and talk a lot of stuff—
They'd better let them all alone—I'm sure they're well enough.
If they have extra work to do, don't they get extra pay?
But here, my mistress thinks there is no extra to the day.
She rings me up at five o'clock, and often three or four,
And keeps me scrubbing till I drop asleep upon the floor.
The factory engines and their din can't be as bad, I'm clear,
As mistress' screaming, scolding voice for ever in my ear.
Those mines must be a Paradise down underneath the ground,
With nothing in the world but coals, or dirty stones all round!—
There's not a bit of scrubbing there, no chests nor tables bright—
For dirt can't be distinguished in the dingy candle-light,
And nobody would think of cleaning, even if it were.
Oh dear!—for what there might to do, I wish *I* could be there!
If gentlemen would look at home who talk of factory work,
They'd see their household servants slave worse than the heathen Turk.
They'd better mend their own concerns, and lighten servants' cares,
Than lay down laws for other men about their own affairs.
And while they talk of needlework, and minute-makers too,
Calling the nation's eyes to look at what these women do,
Bidding young ladies calculate the cost of each new dress,
By weary hands, and worn-out eyes, and so say—I confess
I wish when such sit down at home, in nicely furbished rooms,
They'd count the cost of cleanliness in work, instead of brooms—
And recollect that where they lounge, so pleasantly at ease,
"*White Slaves*" have toil'd and moil'd for hours, sometimes upon their knees.
I wish I were the scrubbing-brush itself, I do declare,
For then I might scrub all my life, and never know one care.
But now I am so weary, that I can't enjoy my bed;
I go to sleep the very instant I lay down my head.
And as to lying there at morn—why, I'd defy the lark
To wake before my mistress rings; I wish that bell—hush—hark!—
I hear her voice upon the stairs, she's coming up this way.
My goodness! if she comes in here, whatever will she say?
I'm sure I shan't get this room cleaned before the clock strikes two,
And she expects it done by twelve—she's here!—What shall I do?

"*BROTHER, BROTHER, WE'RE BOTH IN THE WRONG.*"

JUNE 7.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS of Russia was at this time on a visit to the Queen, being the guest of Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace. It was during this visit that after conversation with the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and others, the Emperor became consenting party to a "Memorandum" relating to the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and the common interest of England and Russia in its maintenance. This Memorandum was not made public at the time, but more of it was to be heard in after years.

Mr. Punch in his Cartoon for this week drew a parallel between the Czar's difficulty in Poland and the Queen's in Ireland, and suggested that

faults of policy and miscarriages of justice were at the bottom of the evil in both cases.

[See Cartoon, p. 28, "Brother, Brother, we're both in the Wrong."]

JULY 1.

THE great "Running Rein" case heard in the Court of Exchequer. A horse bearing that name had won the Derby, but it appeared upon investigation that it was not "Running Rein" at all, but an older horse, originally called "Maccabeus," passed off as the one entered for the Epsom race. The case created a great scandal, and Mr. Baron Alderson in directing the jury made some remarks, on which *Mr. Punch* felt called upon to comment somewhat adversely.

JULY 2.

MR. DUNCOMBE moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the department of the Post Office usually called the Secret or Inner Office. This arose from the fact that the Government had been charged with opening private correspondence for what they alleged to be State purposes. Sir James Graham, who was Home Secretary at the time, said that by the Act of 1837, Secretaries of State were permitted to empower the Post Office authorities to open letters, and he admitted that he had given a warrant to open the letters of a person whom he refused to name, but who was understood to be Joseph Mazzini, the Italian patriot. The matter gave rise to much excitement both within the House and amongst the outside public, for although the Ministry justified the practice on the plea of State exigencies, the espionage involved was distasteful to the country. *Mr. Punch* gave expression to the popular view in his Cartoon "Paul Pry at the Post Office," and elsewhere. A Secret Committee was appointed to conduct the inquiry, but a Bill subsequently introduced by Lord Radnor for the abolition of the practice never got beyond a second reading.

(See Cartoon, "Paul Pry at the Post Office.")

PAUL PRY AT THE POST OFFICE.

AUG. 6.

THE QUEEN, who was staying at Windsor Castle, was at ten minutes to eight on this morning safely delivered of a son, Prince Alfred Ernest Albert. *Mr. Punch*, in honour of the event, issued the following Proclamation:—

"*Punch* has it in command to announce, that in celebration of the birth of the Infant Duke of York, Roast Beef and Plum Pudding will be distributed on Sunday next to the inmates of every Poor Law Union throughout the kingdom.

"*Vivant Regina et Princeps.*"

SEPT. 4.

THE judgment of the House of Lords on the Writ of Error in the case of O'Connell and others *v.* The Queen being in favour of O'Connell, he and the other prisoners were released.

OCT. 6.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, the King of the French, on this day landed at Portsmouth on a visit to Queen Victoria.

OCT. 28.

THE New Royal Exchange was opened by the Queen with great ceremonial. The City Authorities, headed by the Lord-Mayor, Mr. Magnay, joined the procession at Temple Bar. After the opening ceremony the Queen expressed her intention to "confer the dignity of a baronet" on Mr. Magnay. Adjournment was then made to a banquet spread for over 1,300 guests. It is recorded that the Queen "joined with vivacity" in the toast to the City of London.

(*See Cartoon, "The Grasshoppers' Feast."*)

In the guise of a parody of the "Butterfly's Ball," *Mr. Punch* thus described the festivities:—

THE GRASSHOPPERS' FEAST.

(A PROPHETIC VISION OF MONDAY, THE 28TH.)

PRAY come, call your cabs, and away, one and all,
The QUEEN BUTTERFLY opens the GRASSHOPPERS' HALL;
The trumpeter civic has summoned the crew,
And Her Majesty can't be kept waiting for you."
So squeaked *Mr. Punch*, and no sooner had said,
Than his merry Contributors after him sped;
And on the smooth pavement, the kerb-stone beside,
Beneath a tall lamp-post, the storm that defied,
Saw the Children of Rank and the Tenants of Place
Repair with their presence the gala to grace
Of the Grasshopper princes of poetry renown,
Good legemen and true to the BUTTERFLY'S crown.
And there were the Grasshoppers standing in files,
Their jolly round faces all beaming with smiles:
City Marshal, Remembrancer, Chamberlain big,
And the Chaplain with gown, and Recorder in wig;
And there, with his mace, stood the Mace-bearer stout,
And the bold Lumber Troopers, rigg'd famously out.
The windows were crowded, the balconies crammed,
Poor ladies were jostled, fat gentlemen jamm'd;
And the banners, drums, trumpeting, cannon, and cheers,
Would have dazzled your eyes and confounded your ears.
First came the QUEEN BUTTERFLY, fairer ne'er flew,
On a mou-rose to breakfast off nectar and dew;
Her Majesty looked so remarkably well,
That she seem'd to be fresh from her chrysalis shell.
The Grasshoppers' Chief, with his courtliest speech,
Helped her up the Hall steps with a rev'rence at each;
And with equal profusion of smiles and of bows,
The next in command did the like by her spouse.
Her spouse, the MOTH CONSORT, renown'd for his HAT,
(Though we're happy to say he didn't wear *that*);
Then the Ministers came, and the Lordlings that sport,
Gay creatures of air, in the BUTTERFLY'S Court.
And there came the gallant old CHANTICLEER, who
Won the main that came off upon famed Waterloo;

THE GRASSHOPPERS' FEAST.

QUEEN BUTTERFLY RECEIVED BY LORD GRASSHOPPER.—MONDAY, OCTOBER THE 28TH, 1844.

And there was the GOOSE, waddling in on his legs,
First Lord of the Treasury's rich golden eggs:
And there crept the SNAKE, all so cunning and sly,
The Parjet-Law Champion—the Post-Office Spy:
And there came the WASP on his versatile wing,
Who assails friend and foeman alike with his sting,
The WASP OF THE NORTH, with perpetual hum,
Whom nothing can ever persuade to be dumb:
Then a crowd of strange creatures, of every size,
Of all kinds of shapes, and of all sorts of dyes;
State Locusts were there upon pensions that gorge,
Fine birds with fine feathers? Bath, Thistle, and George;
Creeping things of the Earth that wind up the back-stairs,
And Spiders that spread in the Law Courts their snares,
Grave Owls of the Bench with significant looks,
Parliamentary Jack-daws and clerical Rooks.
DUKE PEACOCK was there and LORD TURKEYCOCK too,
In orders and ribands, green, yellow, and blue.
The LOBSTER his brother the SEA-CRAB brought there,
Who promised for once not to swagger nor swear;
The POLITICAL RAT had crept out of his hole,
And walked in by the side of RED TAPIST, the Mole:
And GRUB the old Tory, fat, burly and big,
Came crawling before CATERPILLAR, the Whig.
So then they all enter'd, the great and the small,
And the BUTTERFLY open'd the Grasshoppers' Hall.
She wished them prosperity, health, and success;
And the Grasshoppers thanked her; they couldn't do less.
If they clipp'd the Queen's English a little; what then?
Your Grasshoppers ne'er talk exactly like men;
If they "put their foot in it," as some people say,
Why isn't that always the Grasshoppers' way?
If they bunglingly managed or awkwardly spoke,
The mistake only tended to heighten the joke.
The BUTTERFLY fluttered her pinions with glee;
The GOOSE cackled blithely the pageant to see;
The WATERLOO COCK crowed aloud with delight;
And the SNAKE hiss'd his pleasure as well as he might;
The GRASSHOPPERS' chirrup was noisy as gay,
And the WASP, for once, buzzed in a good-humour'd way.
A Snail, one SIR PETER, was said to advance
And offer to end the affair with a dance,
But the uproar was such that he pull'd in his head;
"And now," said the QUEEN, "we'll adjourn to the 'spread.'"

DAN SERENADING LORD JOHNNY.

WAKE, Johnny! wake, and again combining,
Soon into power we'll steal;
Where we first hatch'd our plots designing,
Our compact we'll reseal.
Dost thou not feel thy heart inclining
A *little* to "Repeal?"
My Lord John! my Lord John! my Lord John!
One look, though a wink, sly and funny,
Try it on, try it on, try it on,
The "Repeal Cap" will fit ye, my honey:
Arrah faith!

Too long have we, asunder working,
Our sep'rate plans pursued,
Coercion all my efforts "burking;"
Thy own, poor Whig, pooh-pooh'd:
Come Johnny, come, no longer shirking,
Consult our mutual good.
My Lord John! my Lord John! my Lord John!
Let the *Chronicle* throw out a feeler;
Try it on, try it on, try it on,
You'll oust Peel if you'll be a Repealer:
Arrah faith!

DAN SERENADING LORD JOHNNY.

NOV. 16.

"DANIEL," said *Mr. Punch*, in his number bearing this date, "has suffered three months' unjust imprisonment; albeit the prison was no worse to him than the rich cheese which a mouse once selected for his hermitage,—still the captivity was unjust."

(*See Cut, "Dan Serenading Lord Johnny,"*)

O'Connell, however, had been released. At the close of the session the Opposition had reviewed the proceedings against him. Mr. Shiel condemned the illegality of the course pursued by the Government, "and begged of the Ministers not to wait until the lawyer picked the lock of the Richmond Penitentiary, but to adopt a more wise and generous policy, and unbar at once

O'Connell's prison door." Lord John Russell said that "the Government had lately shown symptoms of paying more regard to the feelings of the Irish people, and they could give no better proof of enlarged views than the liberation of Mr. O'Connell, who had won by great services the gratitude and confidence of his countrymen, and who at 69 years of age was approaching the close of his political career."

Sir Robert Peel defended the course pursued with O'Connell, but on the 4th September the decision of the House of Lords was pronounced, reversing the judgment against Mr. O'Connell and his co-defendant.

DEC. 14.

PARLIAMENT had been prorogued (on September 5th by Commission) until February. On the 9th August, however, no public Bills remaining to be disposed of, Sir Robert Peel had moved the adjournment until September 5. The session therefore had not been fertile in legislation, the chief measure being Sir Robert Peel's great measure for Regulating the Bank of England (introduced on 6th May and passing both Houses during the session). The New Bank Charter and Banking Regulations, shaped with great skill, and introduced in a statement of remarkable power and lucidity, was regarded as the second great financial achievement of Sir Robert Peel's life.

Apart from this, little had been done. *Mr. Punch* indicates his view of the position and prospects of legislation in the following squib:—

PEEL'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.

THE public is respectfully informed, that the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's, will open for a series of

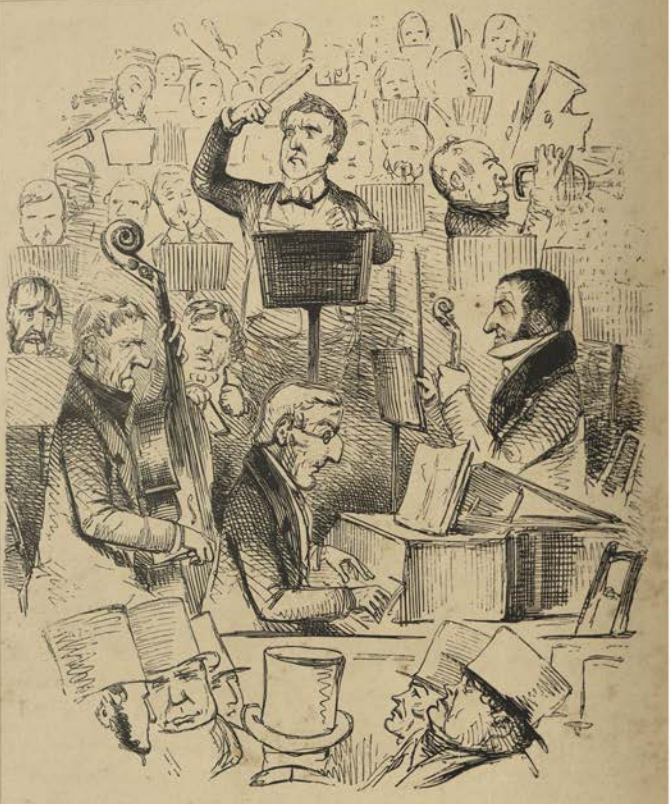
PROMENADE CONCERTS,

early in February next. The instruments will comprise the usual amount of wind and brass, while the music selected will embrace a variety of different tunes, uniting numerous extraordinary changes of notes and a curious collection of measures.

Among the solo performers will be Lord Brougham, whose eccentric performances on one string, introducing the grand theme of his treatment by the Whigs, will be repeated occasionally throughout the season.

Sir James Graham will preside at the big drum, or *grosse caisse*, and will introduce the well-known letter duet, which is peculiarly adapted for the big drum, being one of the grossest cases that ever happened.

Sir Robert Peel will have the honour to attempt a concerted peace with Mons. Guizot; and an engagement will be offered to Mr. Ferrand to act as second or third fiddle, introducing some of his celebrated feats with the long-bow, in the use of which he is quite unrivalled. Further particulars will be announced in future bills, which will be brought for the purpose of being read as soon as possible.



PEEL'S PROMENADE CONCERTS;

OR, "THE POWER OF SOUND."

(*See Cartoon, "Peel's Promenade Concerts, or the Power of Sound."*)

1845

"THE year" (says *Mr. Punch's* Introduction) "began very auspiciously. The harvest had been good, although agriculturists still complained loudly, and trade was generally prosperous. The Revenue had improved, and the great increase of Railway undertakings gave evidence of the monetary condition of the people."

JAN. 28.

MR. GLADSTONE, who held the office of President of the Board of Trade in Sir Robert Peel's Administration, resigned on the ground that the contemplated Irish Education policy of the Government would probably be inconsistent with his own "detailed and deliberate" opinions advanced in a book which he had written some years before, "on the subject of the relation of a Christian State, in its alliance with a Christian Church." Mr.

BLACK MONDAY;
OR, THE OPENING OF ST. STEPHEN'S ACADEMY.

Gladstone, whilst admitting that such theories as he had advocated "were not to be regarded alike under all circumstances as immutable and unalterable," expressed his strong conviction, "speaking under ordinary circumstances and as a general rule, that those who had borne solemn testimony on great constitutional questions ought not to be parties to proposing a material departure from them."

FEB. 4.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person. The Royal Speech, among other points, recommended that a favourable consideration should be given to "the policy of improving and extending the opportunities for Academical Education in Ireland." It was in view of this that Mr. Gladstone had resigned, and in the course of the debate on the Address he made the personal explanation of his reasons from which some passages have been given above. This year was destined to witness considerable public and parliamentary excitement on the subject of what became known as "The Maynooth Grant," and other questions relating to Irish education.

(*See Cartoon, "Black Monday."*)

FEB. 14.

SIR ROBERT PEEL introduced his Budget. He proposed to continue the Income Tax—which at its introduction was announced as a temporary expedient—for a further term of three years.

FEB. 19.

MR. DUNCOMBE moved for the appointment of another Select Committee to inquire into the opening of his own letters in 1842. On this occasion Mr. Benjamin Disraeli made one of his numerous bitter attacks on Sir Robert Peel, attacks by which he hoped to attract attention and gain prominence and power. The brilliant and bitter-tongued young novelist and politician was the leading light of what was called the "Young England Party."

On October 3 in the preceding year the *soirée* of the Manchester Athenæum had been presided over by Mr. Disraeli, and attended by Lord John Manners and the Hon. G. Smythe, also members of the "Young England Party." A few days later they had appeared at a festival at Bingley, Yorkshire, in celebration of the allotment of ground for gardens to operatives ("Annals of Our Time," p. 162). Notwithstanding all this, notwithstanding also Disraeli's clever speeches in the House, his vivacious and vindictive attacks on Sir Robert Peel, and other political and social demonstrations on the part of the astute and ambitious young adventurer, Mr. Disraeli had hitherto not succeeded in securing practical patronage or promotion at the hands of either party. Sir Robert, replying to Disraeli's taunting attack on this occasion, said "he believed Mr. Disraeli's calmness to be simulated, and his bitterness entirely sincere." Give me, he cried—

> "Give me the avowed, erect, and manly foe,
> Firm I can meet, perhaps return the blow;
> But of all plagues which Heaven in wrath can send,
> Save me, oh, save me from the candid friend."

PEEL'S BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

SIR ROBERT (to.) "*Come, Johnny, be a good boy, take it like a Man, and I'll give you a bit of Sugar.*"

In a debate a few days later Disraeli charged Sir R. Peel with having caught the Whigs bathing and run off with their clothes. He had tamed the shrew of Liberalism with her own tactics, and was the political Petruchio who had outbid them all.

FEB. 26.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S amendment on one of the Budget resolutions, attacking the distinction drawn "between free-labour and slave-labour sugar, as illusory and detrimental to the revenue," was rejected by a majority of 94 in a House of 378.

Sir Robert Peel proposed to reduce the duties upon sugar to the extent of £1,300,000, and to retain the Income Tax, but for three years only! More than 40 years have since passed away, but not the Income Tax.

(*See Cartoon*, "*Peel's Bane and Antidote.*")

MARCH 17.

MR. MILES had brought forward a resolution pledging the House to a relief of the agricultural interest. It was rejected by 213 to 78 votes. Mr. Disraeli again spoke; his speech was full of personal taunts, but not without some suggestiveness. He said he considered that Protection was not a principle but an expedient. Free Trade, he said, is the question of the age and the country. Sooner or later the House must come to this test, "Will you have Protection, or will you have, not exactly Free Trade, but a free importation of corn?" Protection, he said, "appears to be in about the same state that Protestantism was in 1828. For my part, if we are to have Free Trade, I, who honour genius, prefer that both measures should be proposed by the hon. member for Stockport (Mr. Cobden) rather than by one (Sir R. Peel) who by skilful Parliamentary manœuvres has tampered with the generous confidence of a great people and a great party . . . . For me there remains this at least—the opportunity of expressing thus publicly my belief that a Conservative Government is an organized hypocrisy."

(See Cartoon, "The Premier's Fix.")

THE PREMIER'S FIX.

FREE TRADE AND AGRICULTURE.

APRIL 3.

SIR ROBERT PEEL introduced his Bill for improving the condition of the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth. The "Maynooth Grant," as it was popularly called, aroused strong feeling in the country. The Protestantism of England, especially among the Dissenters, was up in arms against the endowment of Catholicism, and "repudiation of the claims of the Protestants of Ireland to ascendancy." Sir Robert Peel pointed out that there were three courses open to the Government:—

1st. To continue the existing system and grant without alteration.

2nd. To discontinue the vote altogether, and repudiate all connection with Maynooth.

3rd. To liberally adopt, improve, and extend the institution provided for the education of Roman Catholic priests.

He recommended the third course. "We do not think," he said, "that there is any violation of conscientious scruples in our proposition. We believe that it is perfectly compatible to hold steadfast the profession of our faith without wavering, and at the same time to improve the education and elevate the character of those who, do what you will, must be the spiritual

guides and religious instructors of millions of your fellow countrymen." These views, sound and statesmanlike as they may now seem to the unprejudiced and tolerant, were by no means acceptable to all at that time. The debate occupied three nights in the Lords and six in the Commons. Public meetings were held to oppose the Maynooth Grant, petitions were presented against it. Mr. Disraeli opposed it in a speech full of violent personalities against the Premier. Mr. Macaulay defended it in a speech characterised by picturesque eloquence and liberal sentiment. He pointed out the inconsistency of those who supported the existing small grant, but objected to the proposed addition—who were quite willing to subsidize what they considered error, provided only it was subsidized in a mean and shabby manner.

On the 19th the division on the second reading took place, when the majority for the Ministers was 147, the votes being 323 for, and 176 against.

The Bill excited great opposition in the country, especially amongst the Dissenters. It was opposed at every stage, though ultimately carried, and it exposed Sir Robert Peel to considerable opprobrium.

THE MAN WOT PLAYS SEVERAL INSTRUMENTS AT ONCE.

(*See Cartoon, "The Man wot Plays several Instruments at Once."*)

The following lines give *Mr. Punch's* reading of Peel's position and purpose:—

PEEL'S PATHETIC APPEAL TO DANIEL O'CONNELL.

I give thee, Daniel, all I can,
Though poor the offering be,
The Maynooth grant is all, My Dan,
That I can yield to thee:
I might give up the Irish Church,
But if I did, what then?
My friends would leave me in the lurch,
I mean, my party men.

Perhaps 'tis just, perhaps 'tis fit
That I should more concede;
But then the House won't suffer it,
They won't, they won't indeed.
Believe me, I my conscience pinch
Much more than words can tell,
To grant thee thus a single inch;
And thou wouldst take an ell!
&c. &c. &c.

MAY 8.

A Free Trade Bazaar was opened at Covent Garden Theatre, the whole area of the pit and stage being boarded over and transformed into a "Norman Gothic Hall," filled with the products of manufacturing industry ("Annals of Our Time"). About 100,000 people visited the Bazaar during the seventeen days it was

open, and £15,046 were added to the funds of the League. The stalls were attended to by 400 ladies, the wives and daughters of Free-traders.

MAY 21.

THE QUEEN, who had received a loyal address from the Corporation of Dublin, in her reply made use of these words:—"Whenever I may be enabled to receive in Ireland the promised welcome, I shall rely with confidence on the loyalty and affection of my faithful subjects."

Her Majesty did not visit Ireland until some time thereafter, but *Mr. Punch* suggested in pictorial form the probable result of her appearance there.

(*See Cartoon, "The Demon of Discord, &c."*)

JUNE 23.

A GREAT Naval Review was held at Spithead, at which the Queen and Prince Albert were present. It was considered to be the greatest naval demonstration since 1815.

JUNE 28.

MR. ROEBUCK — said *Punch* in the opening paragraph of his 9th Volume—has at least done one good thing. He has caused a great fall in the price of "duelling pistols." This referred to Mr. Roebuck's courageous refusal to accept the challenge of Mr. Somers, the "gunpowder member for Sligo," who had taken dire offence at some remarks made by Mr. Roebuck in the course of debate. *Punch*, ever hostile to the ridiculous practice of duelling, applauded "Tearem," as he was called, for declining to become "another victim to the stupidity of gentlemanlike satisfaction." "The last few days," continued *Mr. Punch*, "have done mortal harm to the principle of 'gentlemanlike satisfaction.' Potentates have in their time caused '*Ultima ratio regum*' to be inserted on their murderous cannon. The last argument of kings! In like manner public opinion is fast tracing on the duelling pistol—*Ultima ratio stultorum!* The last argument of fools."

A notable sign of the advance of the spirit of combined Christianity and common sense under the joint rule of Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, and her chief counsellor *Mr. Punch!*

THE DEMON OF DISCORD,

VANISHING AT THE APPEARANCE IN IRELAND OF THE GOOD GENIUS, VICTORIA.

AUG. 2.

"THE Session we are about to close has been rendered unusually laborious by the rapid development of private enterprise in extending the Railway communications in the kingdom." Thus ran the opening paragraph in the Queen's Speech on the prorogation

of Parliament, 1845. The year was indeed signalized by the earlier signs of that outbreak of feverish speculation which was known as the "Railway Mania." *Mr. Punch* of course gave it due attention. His pages for this year teemed with sketches and skits *à propos* of Railway matters.

Under date August 2nd, "Annals of Our Time" says:—"Such is the desperate eagerness for gambling in shares in Leeds, that the police have to be employed to keep the streets clear leading to the Stock Exchange. The chairman of a meeting of stockbrokers, called for the purpose, referred to the alarming spirit of reckless speculation going on, and warned them of the disastrous consequences. It was said to be not an uncommon thing for 100,000 railway shares to be sold in one day in Leeds."

(*See Cartoon, "The Railway Juggernaut of 1845."*)

THE RAILWAY JUGGERNAUT OF 1845.

AUG. 9.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued by the Queen in person. On this occasion, says *Punch's* chronicle, the Duke of Argyle carrying the Crown, and going backwards, slipped down two stairs—fell—and down with a crash went the Crown of England! Several of the diamonds were knocked out of the Crown, but it was not seriously damaged. *Mr. Punch* hoped that "for the sake of all parties, those who shall henceforth convey the Crown will be allowed to go forwards. Then certain we are the Crown will lose no one of its jewels. The olden bigotry may lose the back step: but the spirit of our day cries—Forwards!"

AUG. 11.

EARLY indications were observed of the Potato Disease, of which so much was hereafter to be heard. R. Parker, a potato-dealer, wrote on this date to Sir James Graham, giving a dismal account of the depredations the disease had committed in the neighbourhood of Dover. "This" (says "Annals of Our Time") "was amongst the first communications made to Government regarding the appearance of the potato disease in the country."

AUG. 26.

THIS was the anniversary of the birthday of the Prince Consort, and the Queen and himself being at the time on a visit to Coburg, it was celebrated by a rustic festival at the Palace of Rosenau. The Royal party left Rosenau on the 3rd September, and returned homeward by way of Antwerp, where they were received by the King of the Belgians, and Eu, where they

were received by the King and Queen of the French ("Annals of Our Time").

The Prince had taken part in a grand *battue* of stags at Coburg, shooting, as *Mr. Punch's* "Jeams" put it—

"Some forty Ed of sleak and hantlered duar."

"Jeams" pleasantly suggests:—

Suppose, instead of this pore Germing sport
This Saxn wenison which he shoots and buggs,
Our Prins should take a turn in Capel Court,
And make a massyker of *English Staggs*.
Pore Staggs of Hengland! were the Untsman at you,
What avoe he would make, & what a trimenjus battu!

Nov. 1.

During the recess the Anti-Corn-Law League had been exceedingly active, and was manifestly growing in power daily. This fact and the prevailing distress and dissatisfaction, were evidently greatly impressing the mind of Sir Robert Peel. On this date a Cabinet Memorandum written by him contains the following significant passages:—"The calling of Parliament at an unusual period, on any matter connected with the scarcity of food, is a most important step. It compels an immediate decision on three questions: Shall we maintain unaltered? Shall we modify? Shall we suspend the operation of the Corn Laws? The first vote we propose—a vote of credit for instance for £100,000 to be placed at the disposal of the Lord Lieutenant for the supply of food—opens the whole question. Can we vote public money for the sustenance of any considerable portion of the people on account of actual or apprehended scarcity, and maintain in full operation the existing restrictions on the free import of grain? I am bound to say my impression is that we cannot."

(See Cartoon, "The Political 'Robin' driven by the severity of the times to seek for grain.")

THE POLITICAL "ROBIN" DRIVEN BY THE SEVERITY OF THE TIMES TO SEEK FOR GRAIN.

Nov. 25.

At a Cabinet Council held on this day Sir Robert Peel stated that the instructions proposed to be issued to the Irish Famine Commissioners were inconsistent with a determination to maintain the present Corn Laws. The Duke of Wellington in a Memorandum dated 30th November, said that though he considered the continuance of the Corn Laws essential to the agriculture of the country in its existing state, yet he considered a good government for the country more important than Corn Laws or any other consideration. He declared his intention of supporting Sir Robert Peel, and advised the Cabinet to do likewise.

Mr. Punch summed up the situation in the following lines:—

A NEW SENNACHERIB.

SIR ROBERT came down on the Corn-laws so bold,
And his backers felt savage, and sorry, and sold;
But the Premier of votes had a majority,
Amounting, in all, to about ninety-three.

As sheep follow the wether, submissive and meant,
That host at the heels of their leader were seen;
As sheep scatter wide when you leave them alone,
That host, says the *Times*, are now broke and o'erthrown.

For the Iron Duke set his fate on the cast,
And nailed, for the Corn-laws, his flag to the mast;
And the Cabinet's hopes felt a sensible chill,
When they thought of the Duke, and his potent "I will."

And there sat the Premier, his head on one side;
His arguments pooh-poohed, his statements denied;
And tho' he tried hard, he had need of his nerve,
A decent composure of face to preserve.

And there sat grim Grahame, so nervous and pale,
With his hat on his head, and his mouth to his mail;
And their measures were done for, their plans overthrown.
And Peel had to leave his own trumpet unblown.

And Conservative Gentry are loud in their wail,
That the country is ruined if Peel should turn tail;
And repeal of the Corn-laws, we soon shall record,
Has been won, not by Peel, but a certain small lord.

(*See Cartoon, "Opening the Gate."*)

OPENING THE GATE; OR, "COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

DEC. 5.

SIR ROBERT PEEL finding himself opposed by Lord Stanley, the Duke of Buccleuch and others, and thinking it doubtful "whether he could conduct the proposal (for repeal of the Corn Laws) to a successful issue," tendered his resignation to the Queen.

DEC. 11.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL was summoned by the Queen to undertake the formation of a Ministry. Lord John Russell however found it impossible to form an Administration, and Peel decided upon the resumption of office. The Duke of Buccleuch, though reluctantly, decided, upon public grounds, on supporting the passing of a measure for the final settlement of the Corn Laws. The League was of course triumphant at the position of affairs, and resolved upon raising a quarter of a million for the promotion of their principles in the present emergency. On the other hand the anger of the Protectionists and the Orangemen against Peel grew daily in intensity and in violence of expression. It was in the midst of this agitating crisis that the year 1845 came to an end.

+ 1846 +

JAN. 2.

IN consequence of the resignation of Sir Robert Peel at the close of 1845, Lord John Russell had been empowered to form a Ministry, but owing chiefly to Lord Grey declining to join him, he had been unable to do so.

(See Cartoon, "I'm afraid you're not strong enough for the place, John.")

Sir Robert Peel resumed office, with Mr. Gladstone as Colonial Secretary in place of Lord Stanley, who had withdrawn.

Mr. Gladstone had been member for Newark, but he did not offer himself for re-election, and although holding a position in the Cabinet, he was without a seat in Parliament during the whole of this Session. The Duke of Newcastle was all-powerful in Newark, and Mr. Gladstone's adhesion to Sir Robert Peel's Corn Law Repeal policy had alienated his support.

JAN. 22.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person. The Royal Speech, and the personal explanations of Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell, plainly foreshadowed the coming doom of the Corn Laws. "I will not," said Sir Robert Peel, "withhold the homage which is due to truth, by denying that my opinions on the subject of Protection have undergone a change. Whether holding a private station or a public one, I will assert the privilege of yielding to the force of argument and conviction, and acting upon the results of enlarged experience."

The price of bread at the moment in London was 9*d.* to 10*d.* per four-pound loaf. Wheat averaged 55*s.* 7*d.* per quarter.

JAN. 27.

PEEL, in a speech explaining the commercial policy of the Government, proposed a total Repeal of the Corn Laws at the end of three years.

JAN. 30.

MR. COBDEN, in a letter to the tenant farmers of the United Kingdom, urged them to advocate an immediate repeal in place of having it postponed for three years.

"I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT STRONG ENOUGH FOR THE PLACE, JOHN."

FEB. 27.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S Free Trade Resolutions, after a fierce debate extending over twelve nights, were carried by a majority of 337 to 240. *Mr. Punch*, in a parody of Cowper's celebrated "John Gilpin," humorously summarized the recent history of the Corn Law Agitation:

THE NEW JOHN GILPIN.

SHOWING HOW PEEL WENT FURTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

Sir Robert was a Minister
Of credit and renown;
And eke, by virtue of his place,
Adviser to the Crown.

Now Richard Cobden said to him
"Protected Corn has been
Thro' theirs ten tedious years, since eight-
Teen hundred and fifteen.

"Yet landlords and eke tenants say
Of profits they despair;
Despite Protection, growing corn
Is a losing affair.

"There's Mr. Bright, and there's myself,
And Mr. Fox—make three;
We've raised a League, and you must ride
As Ben says) after we."

Said Peel, "Your doctrines I admire,
But I am only one;
Still, if the Duke will stick to me,
I'll try what can be done.

"I am a Premier stout and bold,
As all my party know;
And my good friends in Manchester
Will lend their horse to go."

Now see him in his new Tariff,
On Free Trade—noble steed!
Full slowly taking duties off,
With caution and good heed.

Then came the blight, and fears arose
We'd not have food to eat,
Free Trade, from walking, 'gan to trot,
Which shook Peel in his seat.

"Fairly and softly," Peel he cried,
But Peel he cried in vain;
The trot became a gallop soon,
And Free Trade flew amain.

Free Trade, who by a Tory lord
Had ne'er been cross'd before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Robert—neck or nought
Past Radical and Whig;
He little thought when he began
His bill would be so big.

The *Post* did bark, the *Herald* scream'd,
Out spoke the farmers all,
And every Duke cried out "For shame!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Still, as Division-day drew near
'Twas wonderful to view
How overboard the men in place
Their old convictions threw.

The county members in the House,
Thus seeing Robert fly,
With Lord John Russell in his rear,
Set up a hue and cry:

"Stop thief! Stop thief! a highwayman:"
Not one of them was mute,
And Ben D'Israeli and Colquhoun
Did join in the pursuit.

The race is run, the race is won
With credit and renown;
Nor did Free Trade draw breath until
The Corn Laws he ran down.

Now let us sing Long live the League,
And Cobden, long live he;
And when Peel next doth ride Free Trade,
May Punch his Laureate be.

(*See Cartoon*, "*The Ministerial Crisis.*")

THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

Showman. "*On your right you will perceive a Prime Minister a Bolishing of himself. And over your left is another Prime Minister a Bolishing of the Corn-Laws.*"

Master John Bull. "*But which is the Prime Minister?*"

Showman. "*Whichever you please, my little dear. You pays your money, and you takes your choice.*"

APRIL 19.

THE American House of Representatives passed a Bill providing for the occupation of the Oregon territory, respecting which a dispute between the United States and England had long been pending.

A little later (June 12) President Polk accepted the convention submitted by Mr. Pakenham on behalf of the British Government settling the Boundary question, and the dispute was amicably adjusted.

(*See Cartoon, "What! you young Yankee-noodle."*)

The following lines show *Mr. Punch's* view of the situation:—

A WASHINGTON WAR-CRY.

RAISE high the shout of warfare!
E'en now proud England cowers,
As Washington upon her head
Scorn and saliva showers.
Soon the great Columbian Eagle
O'er ocean wide shall soar;
With cock-tail and mint-julep,
He's already half seas o'er.

Arise, arouse for Oregon!—
Prate not to us of *Right!*
Sons of the Pilgrim fathers,
We take our stand on *Might.*
The favoured race of Freedom
Are not the men to flinch
From the spread of sacred slavery
And the blessed law of Lynch.

'Tis not in down-trod England
As in this happy land,
Where each man wops his nigger,
And none may hold his hand;
Not as in out-worn Europe,—
Opinion here is free,
And no man dares to contradict
The sovereign mob's decree!

Democracy wants elbow-room
To put its branches forth;
Our South is cramp'd by Mexico,
By Canada our North.
Spread, pioneers of Progress,
Your sway from shore to shore,
With unanswerable arguments
And mounted rifle corps.

* * * * *

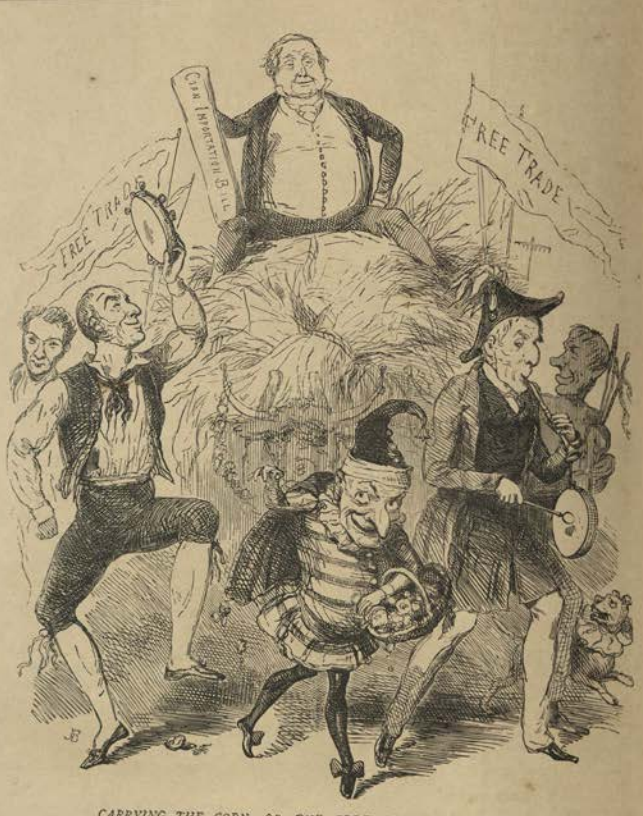
"WHAT! YOU YOUNG YANKEE-NOODLE, STRIKE YOUR OWN FATHER!"

APRIL 27.

THE Irish Question was again to the front. O'Connell had introduced, but withdrawn again, a motion for a Commission to inquire into the disease and famine prevailing in Ireland. Earl Grey had moved for an inquiry into the best means of redressing Irish grievances, but this had been negatived by 61 votes to 17. The Government for their part had fallen back upon the old nostrum of force, and had introduced a Coercion Bill, which was vehemently opposed by the Irish members. There were famine riots in many towns in Ireland. The accounts from some of these towns were appalling and pitiable. In Clonmel the mob broke into all the bakers' shops and seized all the food they could find. Carrick-on-Suir "looked as if it had been sacked by an army." A boat proceeding from Limerick to Clare (says "Annals of Our Time"), was attacked by a body of starving peasants, and plundered of her cargo of corn and Indian

flour. Sir Robert Peel, in the adjourned debate on the Irish Coercion Bill, on this date said, "My own impression is that though much may be done by good legislation, by which the foundation at least of social improvement may be laid, yet the immediate practical improvement of Ireland will be most efficaciously promoted by a combination of the landlords, resident and absentee, to follow the example of Lord George Hill, to improve their own property and to increase its productiveness, while at the same time they conciliate the affections and goodwill of those who stand towards them in the relation of tenants."

This appeal, like almost all others addressed to the landlords of Ireland, was productive of little practical result. Coercion always found plentiful advocacy, real practical Conciliation very little.



CARRYING THE CORN; OR, THE FREE-TRADE HARVEST-HOME

JUNE 25.

ON the 25th of June the third reading of the Corn Importation Bill was carried in the House of Lords without a division. The Royal assent was given next day by Commission.

(See Cartoon, "Carrying the Corn: or, The Free-Trade Harvest-Home.")

On the 26th the Peel Ministry fell. After a debate extending over six sittings, they were defeated on the second reading of the Irish Coercion Bill by 292 to 219 votes. Cobden and Buller, in opposing the Bill in debate, gave Peel every praise for his conduct and ability in connection with Corn Law Reform, which they called one of the most magnificent commercial reforms ever carried in any country. "The majority" (says "Annals of Our Time") "presented a combination of Members opposed to the measure on its merits, but not to the Premier; of those who formerly advocated such a Bill, but whose way to office would now be opened up by its defeat; and of those who would risk any consequence in resisting their defeat on the Corn Laws."

JUNE 27.

ON this day Sir Robert Peel tendered his resignation to the Queen. Lord John Russell received commands to form a Ministry.

JUNE 29.

SIR ROBERT PEEL announced to the House of Commons his resignation. In the course of his address he referred to the motives of his recent change of opinion and of policy on the Corn Law Question. The name, he said, which ought to be associated with the success of the Corn Law Reform Measures was not his own

nor that of Lord John Russell, but that of "a man who acting, I believe, from pure and disinterested motives, has advocated that cause with untiring energy, and by appeals to reason, enforced by an eloquence the more to be desired because it is unaffected and unadorned—the name which ought to be, and which will be, associated with the success of these measures, is the name of Richard Cobden." He concluded his speech—his last speech, so it chanced, as Prime Minister of England,—with a powerful and pathetic passage, which as a personal vindication and an appeal to the deliberate judgment of his countrymen, will long be remembered in the House of Commons, and will not soon disappear from the pages of the English historian.

"Sir, I shall now close the address which it has been my duty to make, thanking the House sincerely for the favour with which it has listened to this my last address in my official capacity. Within a few hours, probably, that power which I have held for a period of five years will be surrendered into the hands of another; I say it without repining, and without complaint—with a more lively recollection of the support and confidence which I have received than of the opposition which, during a recent period, I have encountered. I shall, I fear, leave office with a name severely censured by many honourable men who, on public principle, deeply regret the severance of party ties—who deeply regret that severance, not from any interested or personal motives, but because they believe fidelity to party, the existence of a great party, and the maintenance of a great party, to be powerful instruments of good government. I shall surrender power, severely censured, I fear, by many honourable men, who, from no interested motives, have adhered to the principles of Protection, because they looked upon them as important to the welfare and interests of the country. I shall leave a name execrated, I know, by every monopolist—(*Loud cheers and laughter*)—who, professing honourable opinions, would maintain Protection for his own individual benefit. But it may be that I shall be sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will, in those places which are the abodes of men whose lot it is to labour and earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow; in such places, perhaps, my name may be remembered with expressions of good-will, when they who inhabit them recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because no longer leavened with a sense of injustice."

MANAGER PEEL TAKING HIS FAREWELL BENEFIT.

(*See Cartoon, "Manager Peel taking his Farewell Benefit."*)

Mr. Punch, in some "Thoughts on his Return from the House of Commons on Monday evening, June 29," thus genially sped the departing Premier:—

"He is gone, dear friends. We saw him drive down to the House, rolling in his gold coach like King Pippin, but his heart must have been cheered by the roar of thousands of voices which said, 'God bless him!' Did he catch sight of *Punch* up a lamp-post, yelling, 'Brave,

Peel! Peel for ever!' fit to crack his lungs? Dear old Peel! We have had many a tiff—but he is gone, and the Whigs are in."

Mr. Punch further illustrated the situation in

PUNCH'S NURSERY RHYMES.

SIR ROBIN.

A very well-earned dig
At Protectionist and Whig.

(*Suited to Politicians of all Parties.*)

Poor Robin Premier's
Curfew Bill did fail,
By the country party's head,
And the Irish party's tail.

Here sits Sir Robin,
Sad and sold:
His fate this rhyme
Will soon unfold.

This is Robin Premier,
So proud and cold, but good,
Who carried through the Bill for
Giving us cheap food.

Who floor'd Sir Robin?
"I," said Ben Dizzy,
"With my speeches so fizzy;
And I floor'd Sir Robin."

Here is Ben Dizzy,
With his speeches so fizzy.

Who'll take his place?
"I," said Lord John,
"That is, I'll try it on;
I'd fain take his place."

Here is Lord John,
Trying it on.

COBDEN, THE FREE TRADE PROSPERO.

A SCENE FROM "THE TEMPEST." ADAPTED TO 1846.

"But this rough magic / *I'll break my staff,* / *And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,*
I here abjure: * * * / *Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,* / *I'll drown my* ——— *newspaper."* [Solemn music.

Who'll give Peel a good word?
"I," said Cobden, outright,
"For he's fought a brave fight;
I'll give Peel a good word."

Here's Cobden and Bright,
Bidding Robin good-night.

Who'll bid Robin farewell?
"I," said John Bull,
With a heart sad and full,
"I'll bid Robin farewell."

Thus honest men fell
To sighing and sobbing,
For they felt 'twas not well
Thus to oust poor Sir Robin.

JULY 2.

THE "Anti-Corn-Law League" was formally dissolved.

(See Cartoon, p. 46, "Cobden, the Free-Trade Prospero.")

JULY 13.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in a few days after Sir Robert's Peel's resignation, succeeded in forming a new Ministry, in which were included Earl Grey (at the Colonial Office), Lord Palmerston (Foreign Office), and Mr. C. Wood (Chancellor of the Exchequer). Most of Lord Russell's colleagues were re-elected without opposition, and on the 13th July the new Ministers took the oaths and their seats. On the 16th July Lord John explained the principles on which his Cabinet had been formed, and the policy he intended to follow. He admitted that his Cabinet was not united on all conceivable questions, but said that on the question of Free Trade there was but one opinion. On the 20th, he introduced a Sugar Duties Bill, a measure providing for the temporary continuance of the Sugar Duties in a modified form. This measure was the subject of prolonged debate during the session.

(See Cartoon, "Political Economy; or, Lord John in Peel's Clothes.")

The Government Sugar Duties Bill was opposed both in the Lords and the Commons on avowed anti-slavery grounds, but this plea was in some cases at least suspected to be a cover for prejudice in favour of Protection. Sir Robert Peel approved of the measure as giving the greatest encouragement to free-labour production. (The Bill ultimately passed both Houses, in the Lords by 28 to 10, in the Commons by 265 to 135.)

POLITICAL ECONOMY: OR, LORD JOHN IN PEEL'S CLOTHES.

THE QUEEN (dog.)—"Well! It is not the best fit in the world, but we'll see how he goes on."

AUG. 7.

SEVERAL cases of flogging in the Army—in one instance resulting in the death of a private, had recently occurred, and the subject was brought before the House. Dr. Bowring introduced a motion for its abolition, which was lost by 90 votes to 37. The Duke of Wellington, whilst announcing that he had limited the maximum number of lashes to be received under sentence of Court-martial to fifty, declared it "impossible to carry on the discipline of the British Army without some punishment of that description which the individual shall feel." Public opinion however was pretty generally in favour of its discontinuance.

AUG. 17.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL introduced a measure for the relief and employment of the Irish poor. It empowered the Lord Lieutenant to take steps for starting public works, on which the poor should be employed, the expense to be defrayed by advances from the Treasury, repayable in ten years, at 3½ per cent. interest. He also proposed a grant of £50,000 for the relief of poor districts, where repayment was impossible. The proposal was agreed to both by the Lords and the Commons.

AUG. 27.

AT this time there was a split in the Repeal Association, the Young Ireland Party going with Smith O'Brien and physical force, the other party to O'Connell, who always advocated moral force. One of the former party, a Mr. Meagher, "indignantly repudiated the idea that the sword should not be resorted to in extreme cases." He was nicknamed "Meagher of the Sword." Smith O'Brien's party left the hall. O'Connell at the next meeting begged all true Repealers not to be led away by the physical force fanatics, but to give the present Government a fair trial.

AUG. 28.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued by Commission. The Royal Speech expressed "Her Majesty's confident hope that the free admission of the produce of foreign countries into the home market would increase the comforts and better the condition of the great body of the people."

AUG. 31.

MR. PUNCH wrote, "It is gratifying to know that not only is Her Majesty a capital sailoress, but her son, the little Duke of Cornwall, is every inch—that is, every one of his 28 inches of height—a sailor. The young scion of Royalty, during the recent cruise, skipped about the deck as jollily as the skipper himself, and ordered extra allowances of grog to the men, with the true spirit of British seamanship. Her Majesty had evidently no idea of the extent to which the little Tar—or Tartlet—would enter into his new profession, for on rigging him out for the voyage, she had only provided him with one pair of white trousers, and one white waistcoat. These, of course, were very soon soiled by the activity of the Royal reefer."

(*See Cartoon, "Every Inch a Sailor."*)

EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

PRINCE OF WALES.—"Here, Jack! Here's something to drink Mama's health!"

Despite these early nautical proclivities, as is now known, the Prince of Wales became "Every inch a Soldier" in due course, and did *not* "follow the sea."

SEPT. 1.

M. GUIZOT informed Lord Normanby that the marriage of the Queen of Spain with the Duke of Cadiz was settled, and that at the same time her sister was to obtain leave to marry the Duke de Montpensier. Against this latter marriage England delivered a formal protest, founded upon the Treaty of Utrecht, by which the French branch of the Bourbons renounced all claim to the throne of Spain, and secondly upon a specific agreement concluded between the French and English Ministers. The marriage of the Infanta Louisa Maria with the Duke of Montpensier nevertheless took place on the 10th October. Much indignation was excited by this dynastic intrigue.

SEPT. 29.

WYATT'S colossal equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, of which *Mr. Punch* had made such fun, was drawn in triumph to the site of the arch at Hyde Park Corner, and was elevated to its place the next day.

DEC. 5.

THE year closed amidst a terrible state of things in Ireland. From Skibbereen, says "Annals of Our Time," "the news is: Hunger, nakedness, sickness and mortality almost equal to the ravages of an epidemic disease, are the prevailing features of the dwellings of the poor. Fever affects hundreds of them, and dysentery, produced by cold and want of nutritious food, is equally common. The workhouse contains 900 paupers; the fever hospital, built to accommodate 40 patients, contains 161. The number of deaths which took place in the infirmary during the month of November was 87." And this in spite of the grants and other measures of relief devised by the Government. To aggravate matters, in the midst of this horrible starvation, a universal mania seized the people for the purchase of firearms. Statesmen seemed to be at their wits' end, helpless and hopeless in the face of so dire a difficulty.

"*WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS*," &c. (*After* GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.)

(*See Cartoon, "Where Ignorance is Bliss."*)

Punch, who desired to show both sides of the question, commented severely upon the frenzied desire for arming themselves which seemed to have seized upon the Irish peasantry. At Drogheda Fair, it is stated, two cart-loads of firearms were disposed of amid great excitement.

+ 1847 +

"THE YEAR 1847" (said *Mr. Punch's* Introduction to Vol. XII.) "began gloomily enough, and required all the firmness and energy of the Government to bring domestic matters to a successful issue. The reaction consequent upon the unhealthy state of affairs in 1845, tended to check confidence in commercial circles, and to compel retrenchment of expenditure among all classes of the community." The almost complete failure of the potato and oat crops of the preceding year added to the numerous difficulties with which the Government had to deal.

(*See Cartoon*, "*The Boy-of-all-Work.*")

JAN. 19.

PARLIAMENT WAS opened by the Queen in person. The Royal Speech referred in grave terms to the distressful state of Ireland, and directed the earnest consideration of Parliament to further measures about to be laid before the House with a view to its amelioration. On the 25th Lord John Russell introduced these measures. They included the withdrawal of the Labour Rate Act of the previous session, which the landlords had worked badly, immediate employment for above 450,000 persons, the despatch of large supplies of food, loans for the purchase of seeds for tenants on the security of the next harvest, and for the reclamation of waste lands, an extension of the Poor Law, and other measures of relief. "The amount of Irish relief" (says *Mr. Punch's* Introduction to Volume XII.) "amounted in one way and another to about £7,000,000."

The task before Government was a heavy one, as was indicated in *Mr. Punch's* lines entitled:

THE BOY-OF-ALL-WORK.

JOHN.—"*Here's a precious lot of dirty boots I've got to clean!* I never was in such a house."

PROSPECTS OF THE SESSION.

A SONG FOR LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

With one thing and another, what anxiety and bother,
What perplexity and trouble, and confusion I am in;
I seem all hurry-skurry, in a flurry, and a worry,
Now the session Parliamentary's going to begin.
The work of Legislation will be such a complication,
That how shall I unravel it I'm puzzled how to think;
We shall be so very busy, the idea makes me dizzy,
And from the undertaking I am half inclined to shrink.

There's the Sanatory question for discussion and digestion,
There's the Smoke-prevention measure—there's the Duty upon Tea:
I've to settle Church Preferment, and to regulate Interment,

And the Malt-tax abolition
must be grappled with by
me.)
On the Buildings' Act revision
I must come to some deci-
sion,
And waggon-loads of Railway
bills must manage to get
through:
With the press of business-
matter, and the talking and
the chatter,
Upon my life I can't conceive
whatever I shall do.

Then the Window-tax repealers
have been putting forth their
feelers,
And I shall have to answer
them, or yield to their de-
mand;
Whilst, distracting my attention
—oh, most horrible to men-
tion!—
There 'll be both Free Trade
Extension and the Burdens
upon Land,
And the diplomatic kettle I of
fish shall have to settle,
And all I know about the
Spanish Marriage to re-
veal;—
Oh! humbly as a spaniel, let
me beg, my dearest Daniel,
In this trying situation not to
plague me with Repeal.

Then a scheme of Education I
must furnish for the nation,
Which Inglis will be trying
to cut up in smithereens;
And amid all these transactions,
and the cavillings of factions,
I shall have to set to work
about devising Ways and
Means.
Worst of all, the monster ques-
tion there remains, whose
bare suggestion
Makes every hair upon my
head to bristle upon end,
I can't shirk it, I must meet it—
who will tell me how to
treat it?—
With Ireland and her evils I
am call'd on to contend.

Oh, how badger'd, bored and
harass'd, how cross-ques-
tion'd and embarrass'd,
How bantered, teas'd and
taunted, and tormented, I
shall be!
With a prospect so appalling,
can I hope to keep from
falling,
Or help exclaiming wildly,
"Oh, what *will* become of
me?"
Ah! ye men in Opposition, do
not envy my condition,
I am sure you can't imagine at this moment what I
feel;
Such a sinking there comes o'er me, when I think of
what's before me,
That I almost could repent me that we ever ousted
Peel.

THE RISING GENERATION—IN PARLIAMENT.

PEEL. "Well, my little Man, what are you going to do this Session, Eh?"
D——LI (the Juvenile). "Why—aw—aw—I've made arrangements—aw—to smash—aw—Everybody."

Lord John Russell's apprehensions, here so feelingly set forth, were not likely to be lessened by the prospect of a repetition of the waspish attacks of "Vivian Grey." The view taken of Disraeli in this portion of his career is suggestively indicated by *Mr. Punch's* political picture for the week, in which the curly-haired champion of "Young England" is represented as a pert juvenile, who announces that he has "made arrangements to smash *everybody*."

(*See Cartoon, "The Rising Generation—in Parliament."*)

The humours of "The Rising Generation," as *Punch* dubbed the youth of the time, were at this time a favourite subject of his pen and pencil, and the phrase itself was a popular one which, applied to the young Disraeli, was readily understood.

FEB. 6.

THE beneficial use of ether in surgical operations had recently been discovered by Doctors Jackson and Martin in America. John Ware, writing from Boston, U.S. on 29th December, 1846, had described it as "a mode of rendering patients insensible to the pain of surgical operations, by the inhalation of the vapour of the strongest sulphuric ether. They are thrown into a state nearly resembling that of complete intoxication from ardent spirits, or of narcotism from opium. During it the patient is insensible to pain." *Mr. Punch* made his own humorous application of the subject by representing a henpecked husband rendering himself insensible to the infliction of a scolding wife by the inhalation of a bladder of ether.

* * *

Lord Palmerston, who held the post of Foreign Secretary, was not very popular at this time. His treatment of foreign affairs was not admired, more particularly his dealing with the question known as "The Spanish Marriages." The nature of that dynastic intrigue has already been described (September 1st, 1846). "Almost immediately on their (the Russell Government) coming into office," says Mr. Justin M'Carthy in his "Short History of Our Own Times," "the project of the Spanish Marriages, concocted between King Louis Philippe and his Minister, M. Guizot, disturbed for a time, and very seriously, the good understanding between England and France. In an evil hour for themselves and their fame, Louis Philippe and his Minister believed that they could obtain a virtual ownership of Spain by an ingenious marriage scheme." Two paragraphs in the Queen's Speech had run as follows:—

"The marriage of the Infanta Luisa Fernanda of Spain to the Duke of Montpensier has given rise to a correspondence between my Government and those of France and Spain."

"The extinction of the free State of Cracow has appeared to me so manifest a violation of the Treaty of Vienna, that I have commanded that a protest against that act should be delivered to the Courts of Vienna, Petersburg, and Berlin, which were parties to it."

LORD PALMERSTON'S UNPOPULAR EXHIBITION.

(*See Cartoon, "Lord Palmerston's Unpopular Exhibition."*)

FEB. 22.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. C. Wood, introduced his Budget. There was a surplus of two millions in excess of what had been anticipated by Mr. Goulburn, in consequence of the unexpected increase of revenue

during the past year. In addition to this the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed a loan of eight millions to meet the extraordinary demands upon the Government in Ireland.

MARCH 20.

SMITHFIELD Cattle Market was at this time persistently attacked by *Punch* and other sanitary reformers as a monstrous metropolitan nuisance, as inconvenient in situation and insalubrious in effect. It had been defended by a Mr. Deputy Bedford in these words:—

"He believed it to be the opinion of all who were acquainted with the subject that Smithfield was the most eligible of all situations for a market, *from its central position*, and the vast variety of *its approaches*, and SALUBRITY OF CLIMATE!"

Punch ridiculed these preposterous pretences, and proposed to deal with "The Smithfield Savages," as Penn had done with the Indians, by a vigorous but equitable and salutary treaty.

(*See Cartoon, "Punch and the Smithfield Savages."*)

APRIL 15.

THE New Houses of Parliament (the first stone of which had been laid on 27th April, 1840), were used for the first time by the

PUNCH AND THE SMITHFIELD SAVAGES. (*Suggested by PENN'S Treaty with the Indians.*)

Peers. *Mr. Punch* records that although the new House of Lords was admitted to be a beautiful building, its acoustic qualities were imperfect, and he represents Lord Brougham as singing:—

Oh, the old House at home might be shabby and small,
And the new House is stately, and splendid and tall,
But better I loved the old faded moreen,
Than the new silks and satins, and purple and sheen;
For thro' that old House where I liked I could walk,
And in that old House I could hear myself talk:
And though springy and soft the new Woolsack may be,
Oh, dearer by far the Old Woolsack to me!

APRIL 19.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL explained to the House his plan for the State education of the people. A public Education Grant of £100,000 was to be asked for, from the benefit of which Roman Catholics were, for the time, to be excluded, their case being left to be separately dealt with. Lord John "thought that the proposal for making the education given by the State purely secular was opposed to the opinion of Parliament."

These proposals gave rise to much discussion.

MAY 4.

THE great Swedish singer, Jenny Lind, appeared for the first time in England at Her Majesty's Theatre, as Alice in "Robert le Diable." Jenny Lind was a prodigious favourite with *Mr. Punch*, and he celebrated her *début* becomingly.

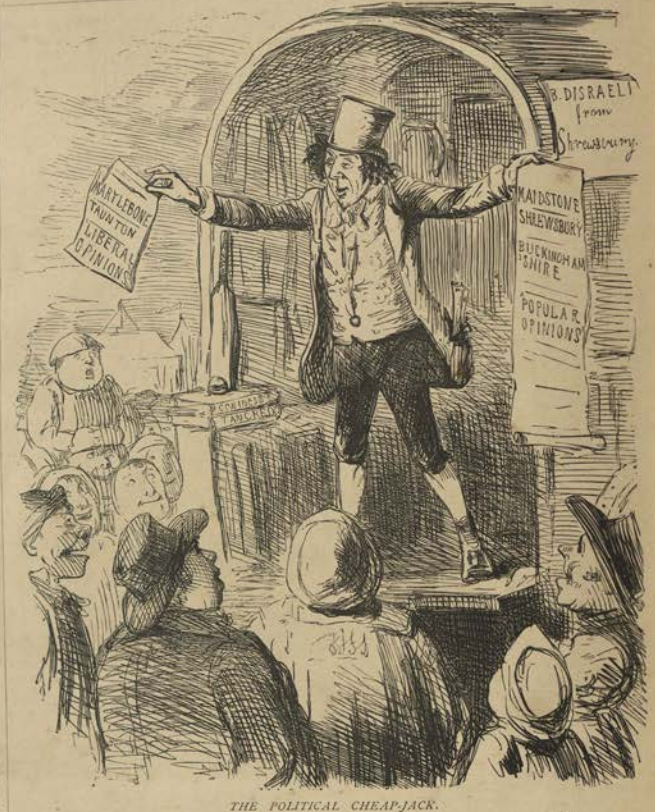
MAY 15.

THE great Irish leader, Daniel O'Connell, died at Genoa, on his way to Rome, which he was passionately desirous to reach before his death. He was 72 years of age. The death of the eloquent champion of Hibernian independence was a sore blow to the Irish people at large, and in particular to the Repeal Association of which he had been the founder, and for so long the leading spirit.

JUNE 22.

MR. DISRAELI had, in view of the coming Dissolution become a candidate for the representation of Buckingham, and in his election address and his speeches to the electors had indulged in many fanciful historical disquisitions, many high-flown sentiments, and many imposing promises. "Amid the universal crash of parties," said he, "I advance to claim your confidence with none of the commonplaces of faction. I am not the organ of any section or the nominee of any individual. All that I aspire to is to serve you as becomes the representative of a great, undivided and historic county, that has achieved vast results for our popular liberty, our parliamentary reputation, and our national greatness." He delighted the farmers of Amersham by telling them that Buckinghamshire had given us the British Constitution in the 17th century, and created the British Empire in the 18th. "The Parliamentary Constitution," he said, "was born in the bosom of the Chiltern Hills, as to this day our parliamentary career is terminated among its Hundreds." "And in our own time, faithful to its character and its mission, amid a great parliamentary revolution, Buckingham called a new political class into existence, and enfranchised you and the farmers of England by the Chandos Clause."

(*See Cartoon, "The Political Cheap Jack."*)



THE POLITICAL CHEAP-JACK.

"Now, then, my Bucks—let me have the pleasure of making you a few presents—an assortment of valuable pledges, warranted never to break," &c. &c.

JULY 23.

THE QUEEN in person prorogued Parliament preparatory to its dissolution. The elections to the New Parliament immediately commenced.

Mr. Punch described the situation in a parody of a scene from "Macbeth," entitled—

THE ELECTIONEERING CAULDRON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1st Witch	BRITANNIA.
2nd Witch	HIBERNIA.
3rd Witch	CALEDONIA.
Macbeth	LORD J—N R—SS—L.

1st Witch. Seven years Sir Robert Peel hath done.
2nd Witch. Three and four Lord John hath talked.
3rd Witch. The country cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time!"

1st Witch. Round about the cauldron go,
In the seeds of discord throw:
Health of Towns and Education,
Poor-Law, Railway legislation;
Whigs, who shirking work begun,
Courting all and winning none,
Into such a mess have got;
Boil ye first i' the charmèd pot.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Members spout, and agents bubble.
2nd Witch. Mr. Meagher's warlike glee,
Lord Monteagle's charity,
Earl of Roden's toleration,
John of Tuam's information,
Smith O'Brien's patriot zeal,
Eloquence of Thomas Steele,
Protestant ascendants' ruth,
Repealers' wisdom, placemen's truth;
Potato blight, and Mortgagerate,
Deep distrust, and mutual hate,
Ancient springs of Ireland's trouble,
Like soup of Soyer—boil and bubble.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Members spout, and agents bubble.
3rd Witch. Bigot views *vs.* greater gains,
Sabbath bills *vs.* Sunday trains,
View of Marriage and Entail,
Packs of grouse 'gainst heads of kail,
The kindly mercies of Kirk Session,
Squabbles of Free Church profession,
Ross-shire landlords' sense of duty,
Glasgow bailies' sense of beauty,
Hopes of Whig or Tory places,
New-turned coats and double faces—
Loot, loit to which both young and auld run,
Pour hawkers into the cauldron.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Members spout and agents bubble.

Some, as they dance round the Cauldron.)

Russell buff, Bentinck blue,
And Peel neutral grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
For mingle you may.

2nd Witch.
In the name of all the "Hums,"
Something Whiggish this way comes!
Open locks, whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH.

How now, you cruel, black, and midnight hags,
How is't to go?
All. That we don't choose to say.

DOMBEY AND SON.

"Mr. Dombey was in a difficulty. He would have liked to give him (the boy) some explanation involving the terms circulating-medium, currency, depreciation of currency, paper, bullion, rates of exchange, value of precious metals in the market, and so forth."

THE elections were, on the whole, favourable to the Whigs, and Lord John Russell and his Cabinet retained office. Sir Robert Peel, though he did not regain power, was considered to regard Lord John Russell's commercial policy with at least a qualified approval. In his address to the electors of Tamworth he had said, "It is my firm persuasion that the course sanctioned by the present Parliament with reference to our financial and commercial policy, has tended to fortify the established institutions of the country, and to inspire confidence in the equity and benevolence of the Legislature."

(*See Cartoon, "Dombey and Son."*)

AUG. 5.

THE remains of Daniel O'Connell were this day buried in Glasnevin Cemetery. It was estimated that 50,000 persons witnessed the interment of "Ireland's Liberator," as he was affectionately, if not with strict accuracy, called by his enthusiastic compatriots.

AUG. 11.

THE QUEEN and Prince Albert with their children started on this day in the *Victoria and Albert* for an excursion to the Highlands of Scotland. They made a stay of four weeks, paying a visit to the Duke of Argyle at Inverary, and visiting Staffa amongst other places. "It was the first time," wrote Her Majesty, "that the British Standard, with a Queen of Great Britain and her husband and children, had ever entered Fingal's Cave; and the men gave three cheers, which sounded very impressive there."

Well! old Fellow I'm delighted to see you looking so well – Why they said you had the Aphis Vastator
all humbug sir never was better in my life thank Heaven
6d

CONSOLATION FOR THE MILLION.—THE LOAF AND THE POTATO.

SEPT. 11.

AMIDST the many troubles of the year some relief was experienced from the fact that corn was plentiful, and the potato comparatively free from disease. As Her Majesty's Speech on the re-opening of Parliament a little later put it, "The abundant harvest with which this country has been blessed, has alleviated the evils which always accompany a want of employment in the manufacturing districts."

Mr. Punch signalised this fact in a cheery Cartoon representing a big cheap loaf and a sound smiling potato exchanging congratulations. *Mr. Punch*, in a subsequent note, however, admitted that, with regard to the potato at least, "the wish was father to the thought."

(See Cartoon, "Consolation for the Million.—The Loaf and the Potato.")

OCT. 9.

THE commercial difficulties under which the country had been labouring since the early part of the year, now culminated in a veritable panic. The Royal Bank of Liverpool, and other important banks, broke, and many commercial houses failed. The pressure in the money market during this week had not been paralleled since the monetary crisis of 1825. "The Bank of England had made advances at the rate of nearly £300,000 a day, until the Directors were compelled to announce that unless a large amount of these advances were returned, the dividends would not be paid. The Government, therefore, on the 25th of October issued a letter,

authorizing the Directors to relax the conditions of the Bank Charter."—*Punch's Introduction to Vol.* 13.

(*See Cartoon, "The Effects of Tight Lacing on the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street."*)

On the 23rd October there was a long conference, lasting, it was reported, until midnight, between Sir Robert Peel and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the residence of the former, on the subject of the commercial panic. *Mr. Punch* humorously illustrated the effects of the panic in a Cartoon entitled "Barter—a Probable Effect of Peel's Measure, and consequent Scarcity of Coin," and in an article entitled "The Effects of the Pressure."

THE EFFECTS OF THE PRESSURE.

It seems to be an established fact that nobody has got any money, and therefore, if the business of the country is to go on (which we humbly suppose it is), we see no alternative but resorting to an exchange of commodities, since transactions for cash have become almost impossible. Though a man may be without gold in his purse, he has probably a gold watch in his pocket; and those who are without silver coin may be possessed of silver spoons. We think it exceedingly likely that a system of barter will shortly be established to prevent that stagnation in business which must otherwise ensue from the limited quantity of cash that is just now available. We wish a few enterprising tradesmen would lead the way in the great plan we have hinted at, by advertising their intention somewhat in the following fashion:—In consequence of the tightness of money, the proprietors of the Houndsditch Mart of Elegance and *Magasin des Modes des Minories*, have resolved on reducing all their articles from a price in cash to a price in commodities. A gentlemanly wrap-rascal, lined throughout with best blanketing, and hitherto charged one pound, will be supplied for three silver dessert spoons, and can be made to measure for three table-spoons. Trowsers from a plated candle-stick upwards, and Fancy Vests beginning at a silver pencil-case. Or we may see something like the following:—It has been said that money is the root of all evil; and, there being now no money, it is to be presumed that everything is good. Inspired with this supposition, Messrs. Screw and Doo have determined on offering their first-rate stock of linendrapery to the public without the intervention of money, by receiving the value of their various elegant novelties in kind. They have some exquisite shawls, which S. and D. are enabled to offer at a leg of mutton each; and there are several soiled muslins that may be had at the surprisingly moderate rate of a mutton-chop per yard. Gloves of the best town-make can be put in at a quartern loaf the pair; and hats may be procured at all prices, from a bunch of soup to a tureen.

We are perfectly aware that the system of labour exchange was tried some few years ago by Robert Owen, the philanthropist, and a few other Sons of Harmony, who, if they were legitimate Sons of Harmony, behaved very ill to their parent, for they literally kicked poor Harmony out of doors. The labour exchange, in those days, being got up by a few people bonded together in brotherly love, turned out a most quarrelsome business, and the police had to be called in every five minutes to preserve that peace which it was the aim of the united brothers to promote.

&c., &c.

THE EFFECTS OF TIGHT LACING ON THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

Oct. 23.

A Cartoon, published in *Punch* on this date, and sharply satirizing Louis Philippe, was the cause of the journal being excluded from France for some time.

(*See Cartoon, "The Napoleon of Peace."*)

Nov. 12.

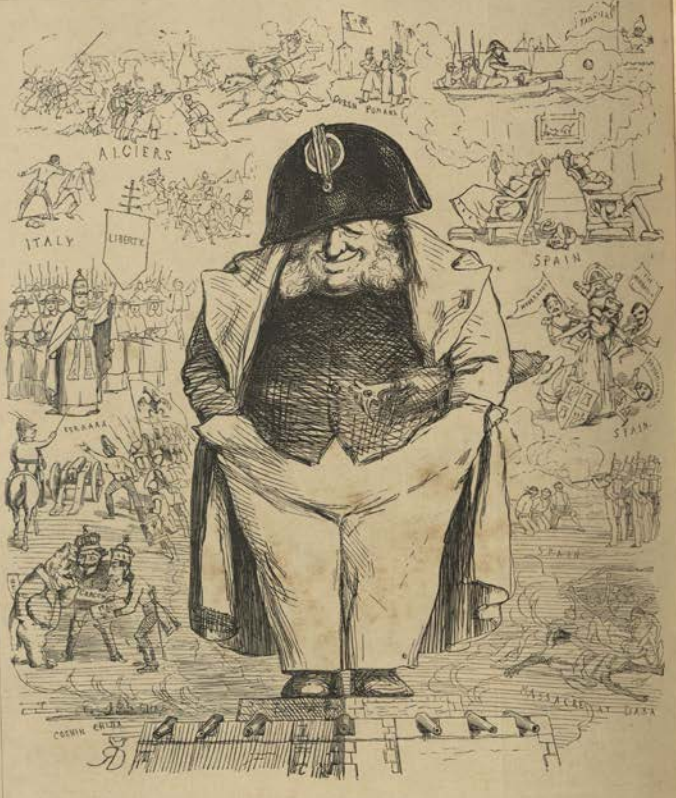
On this date Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, described certain successful experiments performed in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, with his new anæsthetic agent, chloroform. This was without doubt one of the most beneficent discoveries of Her Majesty's reign.

Nov. 18.

Contrary to general expectation, the new Parliament was summoned for an Autumn session, to consider the "distress prevailing among the commercial classes," and the terrible condition of affairs in Ireland. The accounts from the latter country were indeed of an alarming character. Misery was rife, and crime equally so; starvation on one hand, and assassination and outrage on the other, presented a pitiable spectacle of a people misunderstood, misgoverned, and both by real enemies and pretended friends most miserably misled. Sir George Grey, in moving (on the 29th November) for a Bill to invest the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland with extraordinary powers, presented to Parliament a picture of the state of Ireland which though more than a "thrice-told tale" with respect to that unhappy country, horrified the House and prevented more than a partial and qualified opposition to the proposed measure, which ultimately passed by 233 votes against 30.

As regards the other urgent question of the moment, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the 30th November, moved for the appointment of a Select Committee "to inquire into the causes of the recent commercial distress, and as to the extent to which it was affected by the law regulating the issue of bank-notes payable on demand." After some debate this proposal was assented to.

The condition of parties and of public questions at the time of this unseasonable summoning of Parliament, is well summarized in a ballad published by *Mr. Punch* and entitled "The Mustering of the Hobbies," from which some passages may be given.



THE NAPOLEON OF PEACE.

THE MUSTERING OF THE HOBBIES.

A LAY OF MODERN BABYLON.

Ho! Bellamy, be stirring!
Ho! Gosset, don your shorts!
Ho! Gurney, point your pencils;
Ho! *Punch*, leave meaner sports;

Ho! all ye morning papers,
Rouse your reporting corps;
Ho! Tadpoles, and ho! Tapers,
The Game is up once more!
The pheasant, in the copse-wood,
May peck his wheat in peace;
The covey, in the turnips,
May wax in safe increase;
The hare may brave the grey-hound,
The rabbit mock the ball;
For Parliament has summoned
The great guns and the small.

From cosy Tamworth mansion,
Sir Peel rides smug and sly:
His hobby's bone and bottom
The week's debate will try:
Out of Bankruptcy by Bullion—
No easy steed to sit—
Sore doth he strain against the rein,
And champ upon the bit.

Black looks are bending on him,
Stern scowls at every hand,
Where 'neath Protection's banner
Is ranged a motley band.
In the flanks of "Native In-dustry"
Lord George the rowel sends,
His back to fret to a curvet,
But in a stumble ends.

There on "Middle Ages" rideth
Lord John in antique steel:
There dark Disraeli shaketh
His pointed lance at Peel;
There on the British Donkey,
In the British Lion's skin,
Half errant-knight, half mounte-bank,
Pale Silsthorpe dashes in.

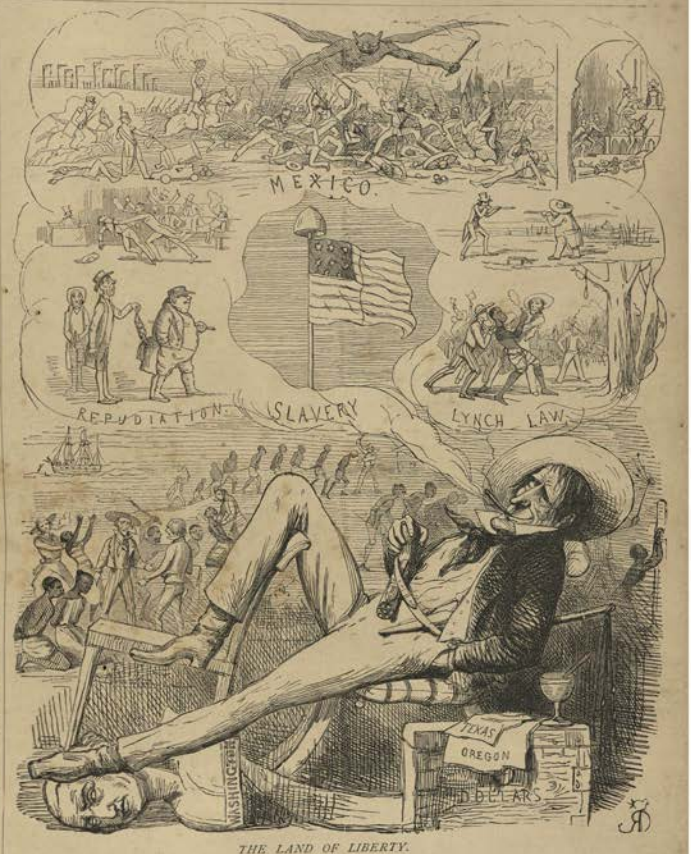
Bold Bright his bony roadster,
Spurs in fits and starts along,
By Cobden gravely guiding
His war-horse stern and strong;
And bent on bearding all the world,
Majestic Muntz doth pass,
On his hobby bred of Brum-magem,
Ily Paper out of Brass.

Quick! stand aside—for bold they ride,
These gallants, four abreast—
Fierce Feargus upon "Five Points"
Displays his Chartist crest;
With debonnair Sir Duncombe,
And Fox the fluent, nigh,
And the Thompson of Tower Hamlets,
With speech all cut and dry!

Now vail your hats, brave riders,
Lout down to saddle-bow;
The Ministers, the Ministers,
Russell, Palmerston, and Co.!
Their hobbies sorely weighted,
Yet sorry hacks, I trow;
Some lent to ride, some borrowed,
Some picked up—luck knows how.

Hark! hounding on your rearmost—
'Tis the wild Irish cry!
Young Ireland and Old Ireland,
At buffets as they fly;
Each on his hobby bearing
His jack of Saxon wrong,
With plenteous lack of reason,
And plenteous wealth of tongue.

Why pause upon the soldiers,
Now that the chiefs are told?
Good speed to all, this Session,
Recruits or veterans old,
May Whigs, for once, be strong of heart,
The Speaker strong of lungs;
May the thinkers speak their thoughts out,
And the talkers hold their tongues!



THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

DEC. 4.

IN the number bearing this date was published a Cartoon entitled "The Land of Liberty," satirizing the unsatisfactory state of things, socially, politically, and financially, then existing in the Great Republic.

(*See Cartoon, "The Land of Liberty."*)

DEC. 17.

BARON ROTHSCHILD having been elected Member for the City—there being no law against the *election* of a Jew—a question was raised as regards the oath to be taken, the prescribed form concluding with "on the true faith of a Christian." His admission to the House was violently opposed by some. Lord John Russell moved a resolution in favour of the admission of Jews into Parliament. He argued most ably in favour of his resolution, and was well supported by Mr. Disraeli, though Sir R. Inglis, Mr. Newdegate, Lord Ashley, and others of the narrower and more fanatical sort, were horrified at the proposed innovation. Mr. Disraeli, always the loyal champion of the race he was proud to belong to, claimed for the religion of the Jew the best sanction of conduct and security for public morality except that found in the faith of a Christian. Lord John Russell's resolution affirming the expediency of removing the disabilities of Jews to sit in Parliament was carried by 253 to 186. On the 20th a Bill founded on the resolution was introduced and read a first time. Further progress with the measure was arrested by the House then adjourning until February.

(*See Cartoon, "The New Boy."*)

Punch, who had no sympathy with anti-Hebrew bigotry, struck at the furious opponents of Lord John Russell's measure, in the person of Sir Robert Inglis, one of the hottest of them, in the following pithy and pungent epistle:—

JEWISH ABILITIES AND DISABILITIES.

To SIR ROBERT INGLIS.

"SIR,—Hath not a Jew brains? hath not a Jew faculties, conception, memory, imagination, judgment, reason? ruled by the same laws, liable to the same punishments, open to the same action, entitled to the same remedy, condemned or acquitted by the same judge and jury as a Christian is? If you tax us, do we not pay? if you rate us, do we not cash up? if you hang us, do we not die? and if we obey your government, shall we have no hand in it? If we are like you in the rest, we ought to resemble you in that.

"I am, Sir Robert, Your obedient servant,

"A JEW."

THE NEW BOY.

HEAD MASTER. "*Here's a New Boy, Johnny Russell. Now you see that nobody bullies him.*"

DEC. 28.

ABD-EL-KADER, the great Algerian leader, after a long and gallant struggle with his French foes, gave himself up to General Lamoricière on condition that he should be taken to Alexandria, or St. Jean d'Acre. No sooner had he surrendered, however, than this stipulation was perfidiously violated by the French, who sent him to France, where he was detained prisoner, first at Toulon, and afterwards in the Château d'Amboise.

1848

THIS year of revolution and throne-shaking opened in England with a "scare" concerning our national defences. That somewhat blustering personage, the Prince de Joinville, had written a pamphlet, which gave rise to much discussion concerning the practicability of an "Invasion of England." The Duke of Wellington being consulted, penned a letter to Sir John Burgoyne on "Our National Defences," in which he took an unfavourable view of their existing condition, saying, that "excepting immediately under the fire of Dover Castle, there is not a spot on the coast on which infantry might not be thrown on shore at any time of the tide with any wind and in any weather." This letter being published in the *Morning Chronicle*, of course served to increase the excitement. Mr. Punch, however, poohpoohed the whole business, including what he called "the Duke's gunpowder letter," and the result justified him, the "Invasion Scare" subsiding as quickly as it had arisen.

(*See Cartoon, "A Silly Trick."*)

Punch further ridiculed the scare in some verses (*see next page*) entitled "Ye Foraye of ye Frenche," and in the following account of

LONDON TAKEN BY THE FRENCH.

"*Head Quarters, Buckingham Palace, London.*

[*Date not fixed.*]

"MONSIEUR,—I have the honour to communicate the intelligence of the landing of the army under my command on the coast of Dover, with the subsidence of the capital of England. I write this in the palace of the Guelphs, where the tricolor waves triumphantly above the standard of our natural enemy.

"Our troops embarking at Boulogne, at Calais, and at Dunkirk, met mid-way in the Channel. The wind failing, the transports were towed by the *Comte de Paris*, the *Château d'Eu*, *La Charte*, and other steamers. At daybreak we came to anchor; and at 7 P.M. landed the troops—with horses and artillery—from the jolly-boats. The guns from Dover Castle kept an unsteady, dropping fire during the disembarkation: at length a handful of the Algerine Immortals—irritated by the pertinacity of the enemy—scaled the chalk-cliffs, and in five minutes—by the watch—spiked the cannon. Immediately the tricolor floated from the Castle of César.

"On the capture of the Castle, the Mayor and Corporation of Dover brought the key of the town to the beach, and supplicated for honourable terms of capitulation. These I have thought fit to grant; thus leaving the friendliest disposition in our rear.

"At nine o'clock the Directors of the Railway appeared with first-class tickets for the whole of the army; having, moreover, under the direction of our Commissariat, provided the necessary means of transit for baggage and artillery.

"Our army arrived at eleven o'clock in London, very fresh and in the highest spirits. We formed at the station, and marched over London Bridge. Here we saw the Pool of the Thames—all the shipping had already hoisted the tricolor—which, remembering the glory of our

[*Continued on page* 64.

A SILLY TRICK.

JOHN BULL. "*Come, come, you Foolish Feline; you don't suppose I'm to be frightened by such a Turnip as that!*"

Ye Soraye of ye Srenche.

FROM THE VERIDICAL AND RIGHTE PLEASAUNTE CHRONICLE OF MAITRE PUNCHE.

OUR BARRY-EUX TAPESTRY.

To CHARLES BARRY, Esq., R.A.

SIR,—Allow me to offer you a contribution to the decoration of the House of Lords. It is a series of designs for Tapestry, commemorating the invasion which is to come off shortly. The designs are my own. The tapestry will be worked by the fair hands of Judy and our daughter. It will be strictly in character with the building, "bran-new and intensely old." It is also, like the building, a copy, in general character, if not in detail. My original is the well-known Bayeux Tapestry, which commemorates the first French invasion of these islands, under William the Conqueror. &c., &c.,

Your servant and admirer,
PUNCH.

I trow 'twere sore to telle
What sorrowes there befelle,
When from Boulogne, Cherbourg, Havre,
With musquet armed and sabre,
Ye broode of Gallic cocke,
Defying rolle and rocke,
Across ye Channele sailing
With retching and with railing.

On Albion ye perfidious
Came down with onslaughte hideous,
Up to all by lande or water,
From pitch-and-toose unto manslaughter.
Needs were ye tongue of Homer
To sing of *Styx* and *Gomer*,
Of *Belle Poule* and *Comete D'Eu*,
And manie more thereto;
Of sailing ships and steamers,
Gallic cockes upon their streamers,
That against ye *rostrifs* mustered,
Got up their steame and blustered,

And took on boarde batailions
"*Des Français des plus vaillans;*"
Not fedde on beefe and porter,
As ye baser Englishe sort are,
But on veg'tables and *ow* veale,
And headed by brave Joinville;
Then they floated forthe ferocious,
But their valour proved precocious;
For as they gotte in motion,
Righte boist'rous waxed ye ocean,
Which, calme as first they started,
Grew more rough when they departed:

'Twas clearlie a deception
Of Albion's allie, Neptune,
Who, anxious for ye British,
Sent of Nereides ye most skittish,
To raise ane awfulle shindie
Of wilde waves and breeres windie;
Nor were Albion's chalke cliffs paler
Than eache will-be nill-be sailor
Of that bolde and brilliant bande,
When he hove in sighte of lande,
And lande hove in sighte of him,
Thro' the fogge, soe dense and dim,

Ye Soraye of ye Srenche.—(*continued.*)

ADVANCE OF YE TROOPES AND DOODLE-DOGES. MISHAPS ON YE WOODE PAVEMENTE.
WATERLOO PLACE.
MONS. JVLLIEN.
FRENCHE ENTER YE METROPOLYZ AT ONE END
YE GVARDES MARCHE OVT AT YE OTHER END.

That wrappes London all ye yeare,
As in French bookes doth appear.
'Twas in vaine ye Prince he reason'd,
To sea-sickenesse being season'd;
Y^e^ more he cheer'd his crewe,
Y^e^ sicker still thei grewe;
Till, pale enoughe to frighten
Y^e^ inhabitants of Brighton,
They landed safe in Shoreham,
And ye people fledde before 'em!

PART II.

Ye Frenche goe up to London.

Then at ye railwaie station
Y^e^ Prince made proclamation,
That eache engineere or stoker
Should instantlie be broke, or
Blown 'uppe, who tooke occasion
Of ye gallante Frenche invasion,
For refusing too abide
By *Bradshaw* his *Railwaie Guide*.

THEY BESYEGE YE OFFYCE OF MISTER PVNCH IN FLEETE STRETE. YE PARLEY-VOVS, AND EFFYCHE OF Fᴹ YE DVKE
HERE TOBIAS IS AFTER YE PRINCE ADMIRALE. JOINVILLE.
PUNCH OFFICE
YE FRENCHE IN LONDON AND HOW THEY PROCEEDE SAVAGELYE AGAYNSTE YE NATYVES

An expresse was in ye yarde,
By which ye brave vanguard
Got commaunde at once to runne down
For a *coup-de-main* on Londone;
While a corporal's guarde did challe,
Thro' ye electrick telegraph,
Y^e^ capital, announcing
"That ye French threats were alle bouncing;"
"That ye muster was a hum,
And they'd never dare to come."
Then straighte ye armie started;
Joinville, ye lion-hearted,
Standing over ye false stoker,
Armed with an engine poker,
Readie at once to kille him
If he tried to smashe or spille 'em.
And as ye armie past,
Y^e^ sheepe and cowes, aghaste,

JOINVILLE.
BRYTISHE CHANNEL
YE FOREIGNERS RUNNINGE. MᶜTOBIE. Mᴿ PVNCH.
YE FINIS
HERE YE FRENCHE ARE SEENE LEAVINGE YE COVNTRIE IN HASTE.

Stared over ye embankmente,
As wondering whatte each ranke meant;
And ye rusticks, in amazemente,
Looked on from cottage casemente,
Or paused at spade and ploughe,
With a "Dang it, what's uppe now?"
Such was ye consternation
Caused by ye Frenche invasion,
Till they reached, withe exultation,
Y^e^ London Bridge, its station.

[*Continued from page* 61.]

national marine, I have henceforth ordered to be called the *Belle Poule*.

"At the end of the *Rue du Roi de Guillaume*—in English, King William Street—the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London presented themselves. His Lordship begged that the capital might be spared on the payment of fifty millions sterling. To this—the money being ready—I thought fit to accede. (A ball is to be given to the conquering army at the Mansion House, by the wives and daughters of the merchants and bankers.) His Lordship then unrolled a panorama of London, and distributed billets to the army according to the choice of the officers.

"As we approached Lombard Street, we learned that the Guards, commanded by the Earl of Eboracum, had left London, by the Windsor Road.

"The army halted to take a good look at the Bank of England; then, much refreshed, pushed on through Cheapside.

"The tricolor was hung out from all the chuschers, and women, with tricolor cap-ribbons, were seen at every window. The whole march, from the station to headquarters, was an ovation.

"Arriving in Fleet Street, the whole army drew up before No. 85, known to Europe as the Office of *Punch*. Wishing to save an unnecessary effusion of blood, we summoned *Punch* to capitulate. Whilst, however, we held him in parley at the first floor, the pioneers entered the building by a back entrance. The army called for the head of *Punch*; but I have thought it necessary to delay the gift. Our great enemy—the enemy of France—is now in chains in the Tower. It is my intention—abolishing for ever the gallows as unworthy of the civilisation of the age—to guillotine *Punch* on Tower Hill.

"The army proceeded down the Strand, and I have fixed my head-quarters at Buckingham Palace, whereupon may now be read, in letters of gold, '*Ici on parle Français.*'

"I trust that Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Royal Family of England will ever retain the liveliest recollections of the generosity, the chivalry, and *bienfaisance* of the invading army of——.

"The troops have been received with proper respect by the enemy, who is at last brought to the conviction of the immeasurable superiority of our arms.

"It was my intention to quarter the 95th Ethiopian Chasseurs in the National Gallery; but—it is a touching proof of the taste of the French horse—the animal could not be induced to enter the building.

"The statue of the charlatan Nelson has been displaced from a column, which will be surmounted by the effigy of our own real hero, Jean du Bart.

"I have further caused the marble statue of Napoleon—for many years shamefully concealed in the wine-cellar of the Duke of Wellington—to be elevated to the arch opposite Apsley House, which is to be henceforward known as Austerlitz Lodge. The statue of the Duke of Wellington is already in the melting-pot, and will serve to reinforce our artillery.

"Twenty thousand Frenchmen domiciled in London—namely, valets, drawing-masters, cooks, and fiddlers—appeared in the streets in the uniform of National Guards.

"I have thought it necessary to send Mons. Jullien—a French subject—to the Tower, until I shall receive further orders from the Government.

"Madame Celeste (another French subject) I have permitted to act at the Adelphi on *parole*.

"In a few days, I shall be enabled to send you an inventory of the wealth of London; which, until the conclusion of the Opera season, I propose to make our head-quarters." &c., &c.

"BUGEAUD."

"*To the Minister of Foreign Affairs.*"

WELLINGTON STIRRING UP THE BRITISH LION.

FEB. 3.

THE House, which had adjourned on the 20th of the previous December, resumed its sittings on this day as arranged.

FEB. 7.

THE second reading of the Government Bill for the removal of Jewish disabilities was carried in the Commons by 277 votes against 204. (The third reading was carried by 234 to 173. In the House of Lords it was thrown out on second reading by a majority of 35.)

(*See Cartoon, "The Last Appeal."*)

FEB. 18.

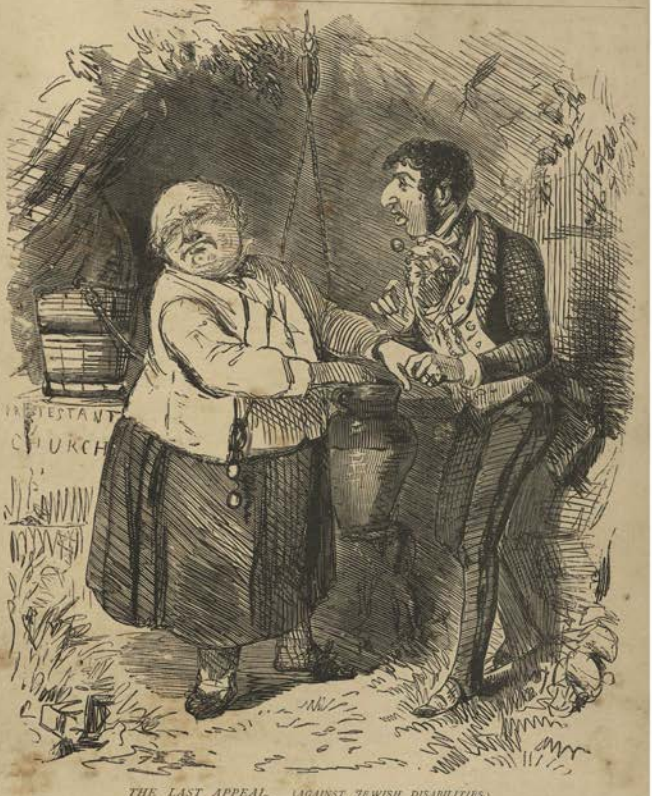
LORD JOHN RUSSELL introduced his Budget. He proposed to continue the Income Tax, that tax which, always announced as temporary, promised to be eternal, for a further period of three years at the increased rate of 5 per cent. So strong an opposition however encountered this proposal that ultimately the Government had to announce its withdrawal.

THE POLITICAL BAROMETER.

THE Whigs by their Budget were only incliu'd
To hit on a project for raising the wind;
But they little expected by rapid degress
The wind would be raised to a regular breeze.
And had they persisted, we venture to say,
A storm was approaching to sweep them away.

FEB. 22.

ON this day a great Reform demonstration was held in Paris, in spite of Government prohibitions. The rule of Louis Philippe and of his Ministers, especially M. Guizot, had long been hated at home and ridiculed abroad. *Mr. Punch* had for many months made a special butt of the pear-shaped figure he identified with Louis Philippe, whose action in the question of the Spanish Marriages had moved him to disgust and to many satirical outpourings. The Hôtel Guizot was attacked, and the revolutionary vision of barricades again greeted the eyes of the Parisians. In the Chambers it was proposed to impeach M. Guizot. For the moment this proposal failed, but a day or two later, when the National Guard in great numbers had joined the reformers, and the dismissal of the Ministers was generally demanded, M. Guizot resigned, and the King called upon M. Thiers to form a new Ministry. By midnight on the 23rd, says "Annals of Our Time," the city might be said to be entirely in the hands of the people. They charged the late Government with usurping the public power and openly violating the charter. On the 24th the crisis culminated. Louis Philippe, seeing



THE LAST APPEAL. (AGAINST JEWISH DISABILITIES.)

BEING A GREAT LIBERTY TAKEN WITH MR. FRANK STONE'S PICTURE.

THE PART OF THE SPAIN . . . . . By a Gentleman of the Hebrew Persuasion.
THE INEXORABLE . . . . . By Sir Robert Harry Inglis.

no alternative between civil war and abdication, resolved on the latter course. "I have always been a pacific King; I will abdicate," he said. He and the Queen left for St. Cloud, and later, on the 2nd March, embarked on board the *Express* steamer at Havre, and under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Smith fled to England.

(*See Cartoon, "Put Out."*)

As Mr. Punch satirically sang—

THE DO-PEEP OF THE BOURBONS.

LOUIS PHILIPPE
Has lost his sheep,
And never again will find 'em:
The people of France
Have made an advance,
And left their King behind 'em.

A provisional Government was formed, but the majority of the Deputies soon resolved upon the proclamation of a Republic. This was opposed in some quarters, but on the 25th there was a Revolution in the streets of Paris, and on the 26th the Republic was officially proclaimed, and on the 27th inaugurated at the base of the Column of July. Thus was accomplished the French Revolution of 1848.

This was called "the year of Revolutions." All the crowned heads of Europe felt more or less the influence of revolutionary doctrines in their dominions. Even England, as will be seen, was not entirely free from the democratic ferment, though here revolt assumed rather a ludicrous than a terrifying form. Here, as *Punch* showed in many humorous cuts and sketches, the mob never really gained the upper hand, and fraternization, as in Paris, between it and the appointed guardians of law and order, was out of the question. There were, however, riots of a semi-revolutionary character, in various parts of the country, Chartist meetings of a violent kind, and a disorderly gathering in Trafalgar Square, summoned by an individual named Cochrane, in opposition to the Income Tax, humorously described by *Punch* as "The Trafalgar Square Revolution."

"I say, old feller," says a stone-throwing Cockranite, addressing a sentry, "of course you'll fraternize with us, and come and break some winders?" "Of course I *won't*," responds the indignant soldier, "but I'll punch your head if you don't move off."

In Berlin, Munich, Milan, Modena, Kiel, and other places on the Continent, there were violent revolutionary outbreaks, which made the crowned heads of Europe tremble for their future.

(*See Cartoon, "Gentlemen! make your Game while the Ball is Rolling."*)

PUT OUT!

MARCH 6.

THIS was the date of the riot in Trafalgar Square. An open air meeting having been held there on the subject of the Income Tax, the mob became violent, pulled down the hoarding round Nelson Column, and did some mischief, but were checked and dispersed by the police.

On the same day there occurred riot and loss of life at Glasgow.

A propos of the strong opposition to the increased Income Tax, an opposition to which the Government had ultimately to yield, *Punch* had the following significant parody of the Laughing Chorus in "Der Freischütz":—

THE POLITICAL LAUGHING CHORUS.

TO BE SUNG AT ALL CABINET COUNCILS.

(AIR.—"*The Laughing Chorus*" *in Der Freischütz.*)

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Why, good people of the nation,
Call so loud for fair taxation?
Don't you wish—ye Britons free—
You may get it? Ha ha he!
Ho ho ho ho, he ha he!

"GENTLEMEN! MAKE YOUR GAME WHILE THE BALL IS ROLLING."

Chorus of MINISTERS *and their Majority.*

Ho ho ho ho ho ho ho!
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!
Ho ho ha ha!
Ho ho ha ha!
Ho ho ho ho, ha ha he!

Ho ho ho ho, ha ha ha ha he!
Just alike—for all heart-burnings—
We'll tax interest, rent, and earnings.
You may grumble—what care we?
Not a button! Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

Incomes, well we know, are various,
Some are certain—some precarious;
Fully we admit the plea.
Here's our answer—Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

Profit dies with money-makers,
Income lives with funds and acres;
Plain although that truth may be,
We'll ignore it! Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

Tradesmen, lawyers, and physicians,
We've considered your petitions;
That your case is hard, we see.
Granted. Very. Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

Taxes we, in equal measure,
Did it suit our will and pleasure,
Might adjust quite easily.
It don't suit us. Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

We, of lands and funds possessors,
Of ourselves our own assessors,
Tax ourselves in just degree?
Very likely! Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

All your vain exasperation
At our partial legislation,
Serves but to excite our glee.
We deride you! Ha ha he!
Chorus—Ho ho! &c.

MARCH 13.

MR. HUME's amendment, proposing to limit the Income Tax to one year, was negatived by a majority of 225. It was felt however that Lord John Russell, despite his dexterity, had a difficult task to deal with in pushing his unpopular Budget.

(*See Cartoon, "Le Petit Diable."*)

On this date also a Chartist Demonstration took place on Kennington Common. Danger was apprehended, but a heavy rain helped to disperse the mob.

Mr. Punch thus facetiously described the fiasco:—

THE KENNINGTON COMMON REVOLUTION.

EVERY one recollects the memorable Monday after the Battle of Trafalgar Square, when the Cochranites were to make another demonstration at Kennington Common, and to have indulged in their love of (small) change, by picking pockets of loose silver, or anything else they could lay their hands upon. Thanks to the determination of the special constables, who had shown their intention to stand no nonsense, order reigned throughout the metropolis; and the elements indulged in a short rain, but a merry one, for the purpose of cooling down superfluous ardour, and removing superfluous dirt among the ranks of the would-be revolutionists. The whole affair cannot better be described, than by a paraphrase of "Alexander's Feast;" and, who so well suited as an imitator of Dryden, to chronicle the achievements of the mob, who were rendered wet-uns (pardon us) on the day to which we allude:—

'TWAS on the Common of famed Kennington,
Reynolds (old Reynolds' son),
Aloft in mimic state,
Upon a waggon sate—
The driving-box his throne,
The idle riff-raff stood around,
Some of their brows—for recent fractures—bound
(So theft and mischief should be crowned).
The Chartist, Williams, by his side,
With envy his position eyed,
As if for chairmanship he sighed.

Precious, precious pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave
Deserve the chair!

Young Reynolds, placed on high,
Produces half a quire
Of correspondence, which, without desire,
He reads, in notes that reach the sky,
And shouts of "Hear!" inspire.

Note one—bid Sir George Grey,
Before a certain day,
Leave Ministerial sway,
And send the reins of power straight from his hand,
To Mister Reynolds, somewhere in the Strand;
When he, of the said reins possessed,
Would guide the State himself, in style the very best.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;
"A plucky chap this here!" they shout around,
And dabs of mud against the van rebound.

"LE PETIT DIABLE."
JOHN RUSSELL GOING THROUGH HIS CELEBRATED PERFORMANCE AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, ST. STEPHEN'S.

With lengthened ears
Young Reynolds hears,
And thinks, with joy,
"Yes, I'm the boy
That means to shake the spheres!"

Praise of the French he next in glowing accents sung—
French Freedom—very fair, but very young.
But a poor baker's cart there comes;
With their fingers and their thumbs,
The mob, to their disgrace,
(Blush, every honest face!)
Would fain have stole the bread—the crusts, the crumbs!
Freedom, very, very young,
Surely never did ordain
Making bakers' cart a treasure,
Robbing their contents at pleasure—
Pleasure to the owners' pain.
In sheer disgust, the very rain,
Resolved such conduct to restrain,
Came down as if to say—"You shan't do that again."
Young Reynolds saw the vast supplies
Of rain pour down before his eyes.
While he the Government defied,
Away he saw the Meeting glide.
He chose a wilder strain
To bring them back again.
He spoke of France, so great and good;
Of Louis-Philippe's fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n
From his high estate,
And flying with his brood.
Deserted at his utmost need
By those who on corruption feed,
From his own realm in fear he flies,
To England turns his anxious eyes.
Still, in the rain, young Reynolds boldly sate,
Until there linger'd scarce a soul;
The wet had clear'd the ground below,
And down the van he gently stole,
Thinking—he had better go.

NOT SO VERY *UNREASONABLE!!! EH?*

Jones. "*My Mistress says she hopes you won't call a Meeting of her Creditors; but if you will leave your Bill in the usual way, it shall be properly attended to.*"

APRIL 10.

ANOTHER great Chartist Demonstration was on this day held on Kennington Common. The Chartists had prepared a monster petition in favour of their "points," bearing, it was said, some five million signatures, for presentation to the House of Commons. The action of the Chartists caused considerable public excitement, a quarter of a million of the inhabitants of London enrolled themselves as special constables, and the Duke of Wellington took control of the arrangements for the military defence of the metropolis. The loudly heralded meeting on the Common, however, proved more farcical than heroic, more ludicrous than dangerous. Some 25,000 persons mustered there, but the leaders were divided among themselves, and the orators squabbled for precedence. The procession to the House of Commons to present the monster petition was abandoned, and O'Connor undertook to present the petition in the usual way, which was done. It turned out to have less than 2 million signatures, many names being frequently repeated, and some purely imaginary, such as Prince Albert, Colonel Sibthorpe, &c.

(*See Cartoon, "Not so* Very *Unreasonable!!! Eh?"*)

APRIL 12.

ON this day it is recorded a resolution was proposed in the Chartist Convention (which had commenced its sittings in London on the 4th inst.), recommending the working classes not to deal with any of the shopkeepers who had acted as Special Constables on the day of the great demonstration. This seems like an early foreshadowing of the now notorious practice of "Boycotting."

APRIL 29.

A FIGHT took place at Limerick between the Old and the Young Irelanders, the advocates respectively of moral and of physical force. It was recorded in *Punch* by Thackeray's celebrated ballad, "The Battle of Limerick."

A *soirée* had been given by the Sarsfield Club in honour of O'Brien, Mitchel, and Meagher, leading advocates of "the sword," who were present.

QUEEN CANUTE REPROVING HER COURTIERS.

"Then we summoned to our board
Young Meagher of the Sword,
'Tis he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxon gore:
And Mitchel of Belfast
We bade to our repast,
To drink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore,"

says "The Battle of Limerick."

The party of war whilst thus peacefully engaged were attacked by a detachment of the peace party (the "moral force O'Connellites)," and grievously mauled, their meeting-place being completely wrecked.

The police fortunately appeared, stayed the fight, separated the combatants, and enabled the patriots to resume the peaceful *soirée* which had been so unexpectedly turned into a real "tea-fight."

JUNE 1.

GREAT excitement reigned in California at this time, in consequence of the recent discovery of gold on the Sacramento river. San Francisco was reported as nearly deserted, almost everybody being off to the gold diggings.

JUNE 20.

ON this date Mr. Hume, in the Commons, made a motion in favour of improvement in the representation of the people by the adoption of household suffrage, triennial parliaments, vote by ballot, and equal electoral districts, all points advocated by that now broken and baffled band, the Chartists. Lord John Russell opposed the motion, on the ground that there was no spontaneous public demand for such things. He, the great reformer, declared that what the people were entitled to was not the franchise

but the best possible government and legislation. Lord John, indeed, was considerably ridiculed at this period, by *Punch* among others, for his obvious lukewarmness in the cause of reform, and the general inactivity of his Ministry and party. *Punch* represented him as the "Sluggard," and as the "Sleeping Beauty." In another Cartoon the Queen was shewn *à la* Canute reproving her courtiers, Lord John being prominent among them, for claiming to arrest the tide of progress and reform.

(See Cartoon, "Queen Canute reproving her Courtiers.")

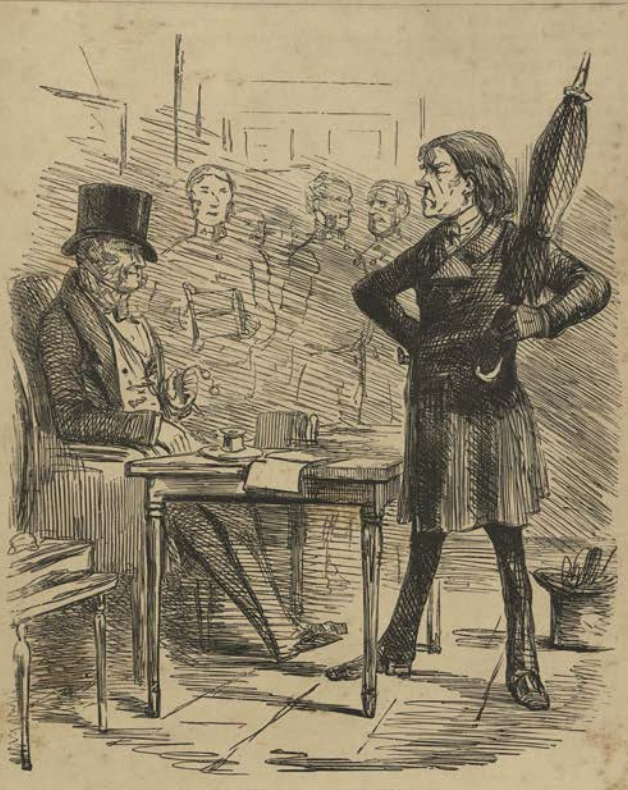
JUNE 24.

In his Number bearing this date, *Mr. Punch* cast ridicule upon the baffled fuglemen of public disorder. A great Chartist Demonstration had been arranged for the 12th June, but in consequence of police precautions and magisterial vigilance it proved a perfect failure. "It ended," said the *Times*, "not in smoke but in ruin. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, anywhere, that could be called an assemblage, except by the merest courtesy."

(See Cartoon, "A Great Demonstration.")

JULY 29.

The French Revolution and other revolutionary movements on the Continent had unquestionably stimulated the spirit of revolt, both in England, as exemplified in the abortive Chartist rising, and in Ireland, where the Physical Force party were making violent efforts to stimulate the people to insurrection. Various districts had been proclaimed by the Government, and rewards offered for the apprehension of the ringleaders of revolt, Smith O'Brien, T. T. Meagher, J. B. Dillon, Michael Doheny, Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee and others. On the 27th July, a bogus despatch from Liverpool, which was published by the *Times* in ignorance of its origin, announced that the whole of the south of Ireland was in rebellion, and that the soldiers were siding with the people. This was untrue, and had been put into circulation by the rebels to further their own aims. On the 29th, Smith O'Brien's followers assembled at Widow Cormack's house, Bog of Boulagh, Ballingarry, where they were encountered and dispersed by a small band of constabulary. The ex-King of Munster, as Smith O'Brien was called, heroically hid himself amongst the cabbages in Widow Cormack's garden, and having fled, was on the 5th August arrested at Thurles by Hulme, a railway guard. Meagher and others were also arrested. Thus ignominiously ended the Cabbage Garden Revolution.



A GREAT DEMONSTRATION.

MOB-ORATOR. "Tell 'em, Minion! Is it the intention of your proud masters at all hazards to prevent our Demonstration?"
MAGISTRATE (blandly). "Yes, Sir."
MOB-ORATOR. "Then know, Oh Myrmidon of the brutal Whigs, that I shall go home to my tea, and advise my comrades to do the same!"

SEPT. 5.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued by the Queen in person, having sat, with short intervals at Christmas, Whitsuntide and Easter, for ten months. The session, though unprecedentedly long, had been peculiarly barren. Mr. Disraeli had on the 30th August caustically reviewed it in a speech full of keen invective and clever mockery. Lord John Russell in reply "thanked Mr. Disraeli for his amusing speech."

(See Cartoon, "The Parliamentary Toots.")

SEPT. 26.

LOUIS NAPOLEON took his seat for the first time in the National Assembly. He had been elected representative for the Seine, as well as for four other Departments, and sat for the first named. Addressing the Assembly he said, "After 33 years of proscription and exile, I at last recover my country and all my rights as a citizen. The Republic has given me this happiness, let the Republic receive my oath of gratitude, and may my generous countrymen who have brought me into this Assembly be certain that I shall endeavour to justify their votes by labouring with you for the maintenance of tranquillity—that first necessity of the country, and for the development of democratic institutions which the people have the right to demand. . . . My conduct will prove, with respect to the persons who have endeavoured to blacken my character in order again to proscribe me, that no one here is more resolved than I am to devote himself to the defence and freedom of the Republic."

In view of the subsequent events of his career these words are worth noting.

THE PARLIAMENTARY TOOTS.

MRS. BLIMBER (D'IS-R-LI). "I think it convenient, Toots, to say to you, before the young gentlemen disperse, that you appear to me to have reached the low-water mark of general contempt, and that there is not the least probability of your ever gaining another inch towards flood-tide again. All your friends are ashamed of you; all your enemies rejoice over you; everybody is tired of you. In fact, Toots, you are, if I may express myself plainly, an unmitigated humbug, and a hoax."

* * * * * *

TOOTS (R-SS-EE) confused. "It's of no consequence, thank you. It's all right. It's not of the least consequence in the world. Nothing is of any consequence, anywhere; I'm much obliged to you."

OCT. 21.

IN his Number for this date, *Mr. Punch* had another hit at the Corporation of London, which (as one of his "Notes" says) "was always opposed to the Health of Towns Bills, and shamefully underpaid the City medical officers." The Health of Towns Bill had been passed by the Lords on the 27th of the previous July. *Punch*, in the following parody of a scene in "Romeo and Juliet," pretty plainly indicated his view of the conduct of the civic authorities in this matter.

THE ALDERMAN AND THE APOTHECARY.

SCENE.—*The City of London. A Street in the Slums.*

Enter ALDERMAN.

Ald. I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom once I noted
In rusty black, and green steel spectacles,
Weighing out powders: scaly were his looks,
His frame appeared to be a bag of bones;
And in his petty shop his license hung

By Abernethy's, matched with Cullen's phiz—
Two ill-framed pictures; and upon his shelves
A beggarly account of coloured bottles—
Green, blue, and red, label'd with Latin names.
Haust: Senne Comp: Syrup: Papav: Mist: Camph. I
Were thinly stationed to make up a show.
Noting this sentiness, to myself I said—
An if we need an Officer of Health,
To toil upon the lowest salary,
This object is the very man for us.
Oh, this same thought did but fareon my greed!
And this same hungry wretch must be our drudge.
As I remember, this should be the shop:
Being dinner-time, the pauper 's at his crust.
What ho! Apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

Apoth. Who calls so soft?
Ald. Come hither, Sir. I see thou art hard up;
Holds. There are fifty and a hundred pounds
Per annum for thy wages. Let us have
Thy service to explore the sinks and sewers
Of our foul city and its liberties,
That it may be discharged of pestilence
As quickly as the words, Jack Robinson,
Do hurry from the fastest talker's mouth.
Apoth. Such pay is very small; and the employ
Is death to many a man who works at it.
Ald. Art thou so lean, so full of emptiness,
And carest for life? Whitecross is in thy face,
A wife is starving in thine anxious eyes,
Upon thy back hangs a large family;
Physic is not thy friend, nor physic's trade:
Physic affords no fees to make thee rich.
Then be not poor, but outlit—and take this.
Apoth. My poverty, but not my skill, consents.
Ald. We pay thy poverty, and not thy skill.

THE ALDERMAN AND THE APOTHECARY.

(*See Cartoon, "The Alderman and the Apothecary."*)

OCT. 22.

UPWARDS of 400 of the Parisian National Guards, in uniforms and wearing sidearms, came to London on a friendly visit; 300 more came next day. They were received by the Lord Mayor, and went the rounds of the usual London lions.

NOV. 27.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, a candidate, with Lamartine and Cavaignac, for the Presidency of the Republic, wrote as follows:—"I am not an ambitious man, who at one time dreams of empire and war, and at another of the application of subversive theories. Educated in free countries in the school of misfortune, I shall ever remain faithful to the duties which your votes and the will of the Assembly may impose upon me. If I were named President, I would not shrink from any danger or from any sacrifice to defend society, now so audaciously

attacked. I would devote myself entirely, without any concealed view, to the consolidation of a Republic, wise by its laws, honest by its intentions, great and powerful by its acts. I should consider it a point of honour to leave to my successor at the conclusion of four years, a consolidated government, liberty, and a real progress accomplished."

On the 20th of December he was proclaimed President, the votes (taken as the Assembly had previously decided by a *plébiscite*) were 5,534,520 for him, General Cavaignac, who was next, receiving 1,448,302.

(See Cartoon, "The President's Progress.")

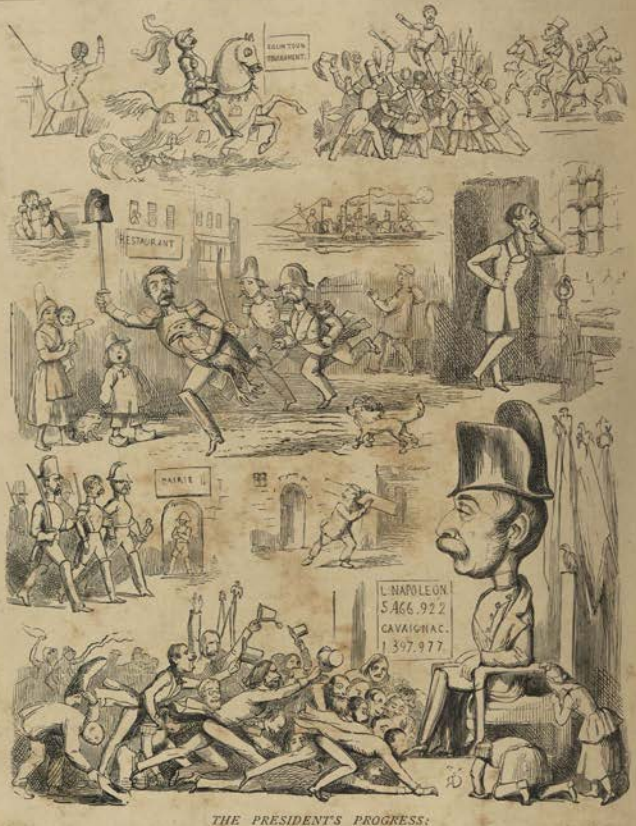
Dec. 2.

On this day the Emperor of Austria abdicated in favour of his nephew Francis Joseph. On the 25th of the preceding September, the Hungarian War of Independence had commenced. On the 6th October there had been an insurrection in Vienna, when the War Minister, Count Latour, had been killed, and the soldiers, refusing to march against the Hungarians, had joined the insurgents. The Emperor had fled from his capital. He was felt to be unequal to coping with the difficulties and dangers of the situation. "The pressure of events, and the immediate want of a comprehensive reformation of our form of government—which we in the month of March endeavoured to meet and provide — have convinced us that more careful powers are needed to complete this grand work." So said the retiring Emperor. His successor, in his first proclamation, issued on the 5th December, "expressed his conviction of the necessity of free institutions, and his determination to reform the monarchy on the basis of true liberty, and the equal rights of the people."

Significant words coming from such lips. The spirit of popular liberty was indeed abroad among the nations when a Hapsburg was reduced to such an avowal.

The Sea-serpent was reported to have been seen once again on the 6th August by the officers and crew of H.M.S. *Dædalus*, on their passage home from the East Indies. Professor Owen, after considering the account and sketch submitted to him, came to the conclusion that the creature seen was probably "a large seal floated down on an iceberg, and seeking for shelter. He did not think any such creature as the sea-serpent existed in nature."

Mr. Punch applied this apparition to the pre-



THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS:
OR, THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF PRINCE LOUIS-NAPOLEON.

valence of the revolutionary spirit in Europe, which specially marked the year 1848, and caused so much disaster and dread to the various crowned representatives of "l'ancien régime."

(*See Cartoon, "The Great Sea Serpent of* 1848.")

MORE LAST WORDS.

Who killed the sea-serpent?
"I," said Professor Owen,
In Zoology so knowing;
"And I killed the sea-serpent!"

Who won't say "die" to the serpent
"I," said Captain McQuhae,
"I stick to what I say;
And I won't say 'die' to the serpent."

Why couldn't it be a serpent?
'Cause Owen's never seen one.
Has there, therefore, never been one?
Why couldn't it be a serpent?

What was't if not a serpent?
We know it wasn't a seal,
And 'twas too big for an eel,
And it certainly *was* a serpent.

THE GREAT SEA SERPENT OF 1848.

There's six of us saw the serpent,
With a mane upon its back,
And a tail and not a wreck;
And we'll all swear to the serpent.

DEC. 9.

THE Railway Monopolists, even so early as this, developed such despotic and unprincipled tendencies, as drew down upon them the well-deserved attacks of *Mr. Punch*. Railways were extending in every direction. On the 1st November in this year a line had been opened from Reading to Basingstoke, connecting the Great Western with the South Western. But the directors thought more of fat dividends than of the public convenience.

Mr. Punch, in the following parody of a scene in "Macbeth," sharply satirized the astute and grasping "Railway Witches" of 1848—

MAC-BULL AND THE RAILWAY WITCHES.

SCENE.—*Near a Tunnel at midnight. In the middle a boiler with the steam up. Shrieks of the Railway whistle at intervals.*

Enter the THREE WITCHES (*Great Western, South Western, and North Western*).

1st Witch. Thrice the shareholder hath rued!
2nd Witch. Thrice! and once director whined!
3rd Witch. Hudson cries—Combine! Combine!
1st Witch. Round about the boiler go,
In new plans and projects throw;
Shares, that ere debenture loan,
At a hundred *%* were done,
And now for fifty may be got—
Boil thou first in the charmed pot.

All. Bubble, bubble, without trouble,
Fares increase, and profits double!
2nd Witch. Wits of shareholder opaque;
Brain o' director wide awake;
Eye of Jew, and tongue of stag,
Fees and briefs from Counsel's bag;
Guarantees of five per cent.;
Profits that to pay them went;
And all the rest that caused our trouble—
Pitch 'em in to boil and bubble.
All. Bubble, bubble, without trouble,
Shares send up, and profits double!
3rd Witch. Heavier fares and fewer trains;
Public loss and Railway gains;
Third-class trucks, like Noah's ark,
For clean and unclean, damp and dark;
No more day tickets up and down,
For people who live out of town;
A Private Act that guarantees
Our power to treat folks as we please;
Stokers cheap, and smashes plenty;

Forty per cent. instead of twenty;
For sole bye-law our high pleasure;
Engines at low price and high pressure,
(No matter though they smash and scald one,)
Add to the ingredients of our exhibition.

All. Bubble, bubble, without trouble,
Fares increase and profits double!

2nd Witch. Join three directors' heads and hands,
And the amalgamation stands!

3rd Witch. Now for picking up our crumbs!—
Something stupid this way comes!
Open strong box, to buy our stocks!

Enter MAC-BULL.

Mach. How now, you secret, sharp, and downright stags,
Who is't you'd *do?*

All. To us 'tis quite the same!

(*See Cartoon, "Mac-Bull and the Railway Witches."*)

DEC. 31.

IT had been a troublous year, a year of shaken thrones and rioting peoples. Yet its perturbations were undoubtedly pregnant of good; its very riots and revolts full of the promise of enlarged liberties, political advance, and social amelioration. *Mr. Punch*, as it came to an end, thus poetically pointed its moral.

JOHN BULL KICKS THE OLD YEAR OUT,

AND THE OLD YEAR READS HIM A MORAL.

Now get you out, and join the rout
Of all bad years gone by,
And don't believe a soul will grieve
When with the past you lie.
A sudder year, a sorrier year,
I never look to know;
In blood more rife, in sack and strife,
In war, and want, and woe.

All o'er the earth, with mocking mirth,
You dashed old thrones about;
Made monarchs run from pike and gun,
Put Ministers to rout.
A desperate year, a drunken year,
With wine of madness stung—
You scattered words more sharp than swords,
And firebrands of the tongue.

* * * * * *

MAC-BULL AND THE RAILWAY WITCHES.

THE YEAR ANSWERS.

* * * * * *

Fierce is the fire through whose red ire
Nations must pass—nor quail;
But truth's a gem doth fire contemn—
'Tis counterfeits that fail.
What toil secures, that most endures—
Worthless, what's easy gained;
'Tis mighty shocks that rive the rocks,
With gems and treasure veined.

Old Order's dead—but in its stead
New Order see begun—
The ruddy night where sinks my light
Bespeaks to-morrow's sun;
Then ease my head upon my bed,
And close my glazing eye;
My evil day will pass away,
My good will never die.

+1849+

THE year succeeding that year of Revolution, 1848, opened stormily though with prospects slightly improved. In France the Republic was established, and Prince Louis Napoleon installed as President for four years. (*See Cartoon, "Young France's New Toy."*)

In Austria the Emperor had in the previous year had to quit his capital and take up his residence at Innspruck in the Tyrol, in consequence of the disturbed state of Vienna. There had been insurrection in Prague. Hungary had rebelled against Austria and entered on a War of Independence, the great patriot Louis Kossuth having been invested with full dictatoral powers; the Piedmontese had revolted against Austria, and the Poles against Prussia. There had been a sanguinary insurrection in Naples. War had been declared by Austria against the Croats. The Sicilians had thrown off the yoke of King Ferdinand of Naples, who had caused Messina to be bombarded, leading to a scene of cruelty so great that the English and French Admirals on the station had interfered to prevent further bloodshed. In October an insurrection in Vienna led to the murder of the War Minister, Count Latour, and the flight of the Emperor. Finally the Pope, on the 24th November, had fled from Rome and taken refuge under protection of the King of Naples at Gaeta. The Emperor of Austria, in December, under the pressure of events, had abdicated in favour of his nephew Francis Joseph, who in his first proclamation had, as already stated, expressed his conviction of the necessity of free institutions. On the 5th December the King of Prussia had dissolved the National Assembly and proclaimed a new Constitution, guaranteeing personal freedom, liberty of religious worship, the general education of the people, freedom of the press, and the popular election of two Legislative Chambers. On the 1st January in the new year, the Pope, from Gaeta, threatened the Roman insurgents with excommunication. On the 5th, Pesth surrendered to the Austrian forces under Prince Windischgrätz, and Kossuth and the greater part of the Magyar troops retired to Debreczin.

YOUNG FRANCE'S NEW TOY.

Such was the troubled state of Continental politics at the opening of 1849. At home the question of Ireland and of popular disaffection still gave cause for apprehension, though the Queen's Speech referred to the revival of commerce and the encouraging improvement in the

condition of the manufacturing districts. It also declared Her Majesty's satisfaction that "both in the north and in the south of Europe the contending parties have consented to a suspension of arms for the purpose of negotiating terms of peace, and referred to the interference of the British and French Admirals in Sicily, and the subsequent proposal by England and France for a permanent settlement of affairs in that country. The Speech also alluded to the outbreak of a rebellion in the Punjaub, and to the proposed reform of the Navigation Laws.

At the opening of the year there was great excitement among the adventurous owing to the recent discovery of gold in California, already referred to in previous year.

(*See Cartoon, "A Regular Gold Dustman."*)

JAN. 8.

THE Roman Assembly formally deposed the Pope from his position as Sovereign of the Papal States.

JAN. 31.

THE final abolition of the Corn Laws took place on this date, the event being celebrated at Manchester by a Banquet. The festivities were kept up till daylight, "so as to welcome in with rejoicing the first day of Free Trade" ("Annals of Our Time").

THE DIRGE OF THE CORN LAW.

(Ob. February 1, 1849, aged 54.)

Protectionist Landlords.

BRITISH Farmers, wail and weep,
Woe to all who sow and reap;
Shatter'd is the plough.
Cease your toil on hill and dale,
Break the sickle, burn the flail.

Farmers.

What's the matter now?

Prot. Smite the bosom, bang the head,
For Protection's decease;
All is o'er—the Corn Law's dead—

A REGULAR GOLD DUSTMAN.

"Hollo! Where are you off to now?"

"Oh! I ain't a going to stop here, looking for Teaspoons in Cinders. I'm off to Källiforniere. vere there 's heaps o' Gold Dust to be had for the Sweepin'."

Farm. And a happy release!

Prot. We have lost it at last;
It is gone, it is past!

Farm. Let it rest in peace!

Prot. The death-bell toll.

Farm. Sing fol-de-rol-lol.

Prot. Bleat, ye sheep, ye heifers, low;
Cry aloud, ye beeves and swine!

Farm. Nay, good folks, but wherefore so?
Why should you tempt us to repine,
And our flocks and herds exhort
Thus, in melancholy sort,
To bellow, grunt, and whine?

Prot. Both yourselves and your live stock—
The land's united interest—
Will suff[illegible] n the common shock.

Farm. Our own affairs we know the best.

Prot. Think of corn's tremendous fall.

Farm. That is no ground for discontent;
As Prod[illegible]ce is, so must be Rent;

That is all.

Prot. Oh dear! oh dear!

Farm. There, never fear.
Exempt from fiscal pillage
Our pasturage and tillage;
Only give us a fair field,
And we'll take care to make it yield.

Prot. Alas! but what is to be done?

Farmer.
The Malt Tax taken off, for one;
And then you'll have no cause to be
Of falling rents afraid;
Procure us but Free Husbandry,
And never mind Free Trade.
This is the way to speed the plough,
Together with the loom;
So come, no longer snivel now
Above Protection's tomb.

FEB. 1.

PARLIAMENT was this day opened by the Queen in person. The Queen's Speech referred, amongst other matters, to the probable modification of the Navigation Laws, where they should be found to "fetter trade and industry." It also said, "The present aspect of affairs has enabled me to make large reductions in the estimates of last year." This was regarded by the public as the most welcome item in a rather optimistic Royal Speech.

(*See* Cartoon, "*A Scene from 'The Haunted Man.'*")

FEB. 3.

THE sweet-voiced and generous-hearted *prima-donna*, Jenny Lind, had been singing this winter on behalf of charities. "The Nightingale that Sings in the Winter" was the title of an ode which *Mr. Punch* dedicated to one who was always a prime favourite of his.

(*See* "*Jenny Lind*," *p.* 81.)

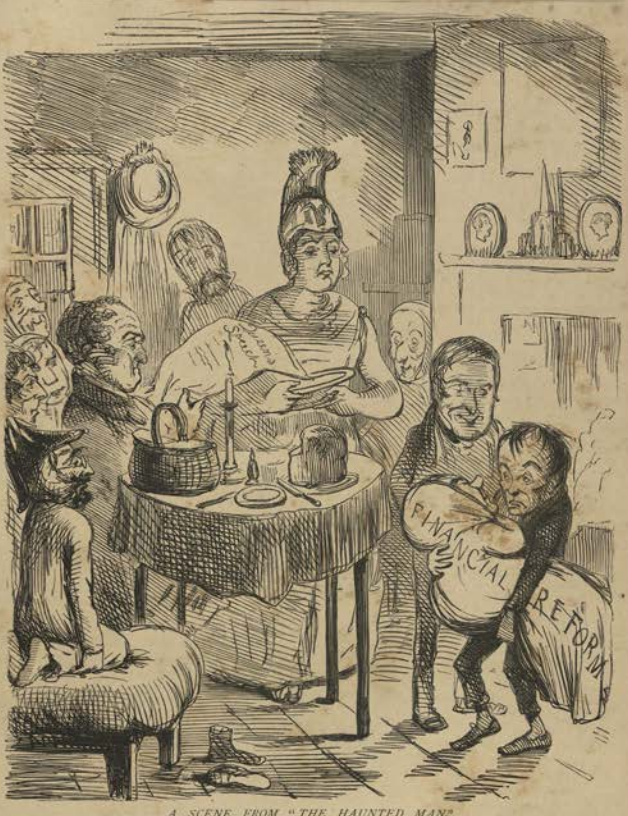
In the following lines also he paid a tribute to her charms of voice and of character.

THE SONG OF THE SIRENS.

WISE old Homer has sung, in his *Odyssey*,
How that Ulysses sailed safe by an isle,
Where his sharp eyes could full many a body see,
Flats that the Sirens had managed to wile:
Forth in sweet singing their melody flinging,
Connoisseurs bringing in shoals to their lair,
Sat the weird Sirens, with lays like Lord Byron's,
Pleasant but dangerous, filling the air.

Old virtuosi, quite *blasé* with opera,
Proof to the Grisis and Linds of that day,
Steaming that road, would call "Back her" and "Stop her," or
Take headers over, when boats wouldn't stay.
Ne'er, e'en in the Panic, was known so galvanic
A run, *nut* for sovereigns, but notes, which is rare,
Till this Siren rush, this would put to the blush, Sir,
A Jenny Lind crush, Sir, as poets declare.

But crafty Ulysses, as knowing what bliss is
To hear these sweet Misses, invented a way
Of enjoying the concert—like one of the wrong sort,
Who, anxious to hear, are reluctant to pay:
To seal his crew's hearing, he waxed every ear in,
And made them close steer in and venture a stare,
Where, travellers to take in, the Sirens were shaking,
And cadences making that ravished the air.



A SCENE FROM "THE HAUNTED MAN."

TUFTERRY & CO. (*Mr. John Bull*). "*Johnny, my child, take care of her, for she 's the brightest gem that ever sparkled on your early brow; take care of her, or never look your mother in the face again.*"

Calling "Avast!" Sir, but lashed to the mast, Sir,
In Limbo so fast, Sir, Ulysses was laid,
While the crew outwinded, as I have related,
The more that he prated, the less they obey'd.
So from massacre free, oh he heard such a trio,
Allegro! Con brio! delicious and rare;
And he called o'er the sea-flats, a sharp! "You must *be* flats!"
Till they knew that in three flats 'twas singing they were!

From History banished, the Sirens long vanished,
From woman turn mannish, as foreigners known;
As the practice quite daily is, of Italian alias,
With singers who fail as productions home-grown.
In Peru now, now Borneo, now in California,
Mankind to their concerts in thousands repair;
Once bodies they ate all, now wits they mostly,
Their music's from metal, and gold is their snare.

Crowding promiscuous to San Francisco is,
From Windsor to Wisconsin, victims a shoal;
With pots and with irons, seduced by the Sirens,
Gold their desire's, the diggin's their goal.
Sacramento the bank is where yellow-faced Yankees,
Colonels whose rank is the bowie they bear,
In true porker fashion, their noses the wash in,
Are thrusting and thrashing, like fools at a fair.

Buckeyes from Ohio, and merchants from Rio,
New Jersey Quakers, Downeasters from Maine;
Planters from Illinois, sudden turn silly now,
Flat land and hilly now boring for gain;
Judges drop ermine, preachers stop sermon;
Fustified Germans their pipes fling in air,
And long-headed Britishers, grown wild and skittish, Sirs,
Cutting the city, Sirs, start for their share.

* * * * * * *

John Bull I'm advising, 'Tis best to be wise in
A thing folks are prizing at more than it's worth:
One point we may settle, that men can't eat metal,
And a purseful of gold is small comfort in dearth.
To the Nightingale Jenny give your ear and your money:
If her song's sweet as honey, her heart is as rare;
But he's wisest who clinches his purse, and ear pinches,
When the Siren goldfinches are singing so fair.

Leave these Sirens to warble, impassive as marble,
Or deaf as a barbel, their lures to defeat:
And your fields calmly tilling, or hard at your milling,
Just wait till they're spilling their gold at your feet.
Remember the story of the sage old and hoary,
Who his sons told before he went hence to elsewhere,
That a treasure lay hid in his field, which so bidden,
They dug, raised a crop, and their treasure found *there*.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO; OR, THE GREAT PROTECTIONIST.

MARCH 15.

MR. DISRAELI had moved a resolution declaring that the whole taxation of the country pressed with undue severity on real property. After a lengthy debate it was on this night rejected by 288 votes against 189.

(*See Cartoon, "Cock-a-Doodle-Doo."*)

JENNY LIND.

Saturday, 1849.—To the Queen's House in the Haymarket to hear Jenny Lind, whom everybody do call the Swedish Nightingale. Did go with a Pit Ticket. Went at 6, p.m., expecting a Crowd, and there a Mob of People already at the Doors, and some did say they had come as early as Five. Got as close as I could to the Pit Entrance, and the Throng increasing; and by-and-by Ladies in their Opera Dresses standing without their Bonnets in the Street. Many of them between the Carriage Wheels and under the Horses' Heads: and methinks I did never see more Carriages together in my Life. At last the Doors open: which did begin to fear they never would, and I in with the Press, a most terrible Crush, and the Ladies screaming and their Dresses torn in the Scramble, wherefore I thought it a good Job that my Wife was not with me. With much ado into the Pit, the Way being stopped by a Snob in a green Jockey Coat and Bird's Eye Neckcloth, that the Checktakers would not suffer to pass. The Pit fill in a Twinkling, and I fain to stand where I best might, nigh to Fop's Alley; but presently a Lady fainting with the Heat and carried out, which was glad of; I mean that I got her Place. I did never behold so much Company in the House before; and every Box full of Beauties, and hung with yellow Satin Curtains, did show like a brave Picture in a Gold Frame; which was very handsome to look round upon while the Musicians were tuning. The Fiddles tuned, and the Overture played, the Curtain up for the Opera; which was the *Sonnambula*; the part of *Amina* acted by Jenny. The moment she came on the Stage, the Audience, Lords, Ladies, and all, upon their Legs, shouting, cheering, waving Hats and Handkerchiefs, and clapping of Hands in white Kid Gloves. But at last they silent, and let the Nightingale sing; and for certain she is a wonderful Singer. It did amaze me to hear how easy and sweetly she do trill and warble the most difficult Passages: and I perceive she has a rare Ability of Voice. But what did no less astonish me was her Acting, it being as good as her Singing; for she did seem to forget herself in her Part, instead of her Part in herself; which is the Mistake of most Opera Singers. To think that she should draw the whole Town in Crowds together to hear her sing a few pretty Sugarplum Melodies and portray the Grief of a poor Peasant Wench cast off by her Lover! But she do throw a Grace and Beauty of her own into the Character and Musique; which I take to be the Mark of a true Genius. She made to sing divers Songs twice over, and called upon the Stage at the End of the Act, and again when the Opera was finished; when, good lack, to see the Nosegays and Posies flung in Heaps upon the Stage! She must needs get a Mint of Money by her singing; but she has spent a deal of it in building Hospitals, and I do wish (Heaven forgive me!) I had all she has given away in Charity.

THE NIGHTINGALE THAT SINGS IN THE WINTER.

When the waters are stark, and the crystalline snow
Sparkles keen and unchangel in the morn's ruddy glow,
And the prism-coloured icicles flash in the sun,
The bitter cold stills all the song-birds but one.

Now the linnet, the lark, and the throstle are dumb,
E'en the stout little wren's gallant heart is o'ercome,
And the Nightingale, warbler so wondrous of tone,
That sings in the winter, is tuneful alone.

Sweetest creature, in song without rival or peer,
Far more inwardly vibrate thy notes than the ear,
For there speaks in that music, pure, gentle, refined,
The exquisite voice of a beautiful mind—

Of a spirit of earnestness, goodness, and truth,
Of a heart full of tender compassion and ruth,
Ever ready to comfort, and succour, and bless,
In sorrow and suffering, in want and distress.

And the Nightingale's name by faint voices is praised,
For poverty aided and Charities raised;
Not more good was the bird in whom childhood believes—
The Redbreast that cover'd the children with leaves.

And in tribute and love to a Memory revered,
By her magical voice noble monuments reared,
The high-minded communion with Genius attest,
Which gloriously thrills in the Nightingale's breast.

Now this Nightingale rare, in the winter who sings,
Being not yet a seraph, is one without wings;
And her name, which has travell'd as wide as the wind,
Is kind-hearted, generous, dear JENNY LIND.

MARCH 23.

On this day the Piedmontese were defeated near Novara by the Austrians under Radetzky, the Sardinians losing over 3000 men killed or wounded. Thereupon Charles Albert abdicated in favour of his son, the Duke of Savoy, who on the 26th was proclaimed King of Sardinia under the title of Victor Emmanuel, a name which in connection with the wise patriot Cavour, the heroic soldier Garibaldi, and the devoted rebel Mazzini, was long to be remembered in Italian history.

APRIL 25.

An outbreak at Montreal in Canada, occurred to-day, in consequence of a Bill, to which the Governor-General, Lord Elgin, had given his consent, for indemnifying those inhabitants of Lower Canada, chiefly French, whose property had been injured during the rebellion of 1837-38. Lord Elgin was pelted by a riotous mob, the Ministers were assaulted in the streets, and their houses attacked and demolished, together with a valuable library and a large portion of the archives of the Province. The rebels were checked by the military, but great excitement prevailed throughout the Colony.

APRIL 26.

A French army, under General Oudinot, dispatched by the French Republic in support of the Pope, took possession of Civita Vecchia. The General issued a proclamation calling upon the Roman people to rally round his flag in defence of peace and order, but the Triumvirs, Mazzini, Saffi, and Armellini, issued a counter proclamation, protesting against the violation of the soil of the Republic by the French troops. On the 29th, the King of Naples with a small army entered the States of the Church with a view to aiding the Papal cause, but on the 9th May, Garibaldi defeated 7,000 Neapolitans at Palestrina, and returned to Rome in triumph.

Prince Louis Napoleon, the *parvenu*, seemed now to be posing as a sort of political Providence. (*See Cartoon, "The Ups and Downs of Political Life."*)

LOUIS-NAPOLEON AT HAM.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE IN EXILE.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

UPS AND DOWNS OF POLITICAL LIFE.

His action in Rome excited much surprise and indignation. *Punch* addressed him in the following lines:—

FRENCH AND ROMAN REPUBLICANS.

ODE TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

LOUIS NAPOLEON—I won't say that he
"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,"

But a Republic's President should be [that.
Republican himself—I *will* say
When Rome shook off her priestly yoke,
What right had you to put your spoke,
I beg to ask you, in her common weal?
What ground had you for interference,
When of the Pope she made a clearance?
Pray, who call'd you with her affairs to deal?
The Romans may be right or wrong,
I don't care which, in turning Pius out,
And sending all the Cardinals along
With that good Pontiff to the right about;
But let them choose their form of government,
And what's the odds, so long as they're content?

Are you to cram down their reluctant gullets,
The kind of Constitution you think best,
By means of swords, and bayonets, and bullets?
Against such tyranny I must protest.
I really wonder you've the cheek [*lique.*
To talk about your *Répub-*
In dignity you merit an advance;
There is a post which you are fitter far
To fill than to be President of France;
Instead of that, you ought to be the Czar.
The Roman people to coerce and menace,
You send your howitzers and bombs,
With Oudinot to play the modern Brennus—
What of this intervention comes? [fact,
Disgrace, defeat,—in point of
Your troops got regularly whack'd.

How could they stand against a foe that sung
The *Marseillaise*, or fail to be
Taken aback, dumbfoundered, and unstrung,
Met with *Mourir pour la Patrie?*
To chaunt such strains till they are hoarse,
The citizens of France must know their brothers
Of Rome, possess the right, of course,
As perfectly as any others;
Also to dance and caper at their pleasures,
Round Trees of Liberty in sportive measures:
In short, their own Republic to enjoy,
So long as other folks they don't annoy.
All well for you, if France shall acquiesce
Quietly in her own stultification;
If not, you've got yourself into a mess,
From which I wish you happy extrication.

A PARCEL OF OLD — FRIGHTENED AT A NASTY! GREAT! UGLY! JEW BILL.

JUNE 3.

GENERAL OUDINOT attacked Rome, and gained possession of a portion of the city. The action of the Republican Government in thus attacking the Roman people in their own capital was violently opposed in the French Assembly by Ledru Rollin and others, and an outbreak occurred in Paris, which was declared in a state of siege.

JUNE 26.

THE Jewish Disabilities Bill, which had passed in the Commons by a majority of 66, was rejected on second reading in the Lords by a majority of 25, on the ground that

it was dangerous to the Christian character of Parliament.

(See Cartoon, p. 85, "A Parcel of Old —— frightened at a nasty! great! ugly! 'Jew Bill.")

JULY 1.

THE French occupied Rome, and the Assembly finding that further defence was impossible, sent to General Oudinot, informing him that they ceased it. Four hundred of the garrison had been bayoneted and 230 taken prisoners. The Pope sent a message from Gaeta congratulating the French General "on his triumph over the enemies of human society."

On the 15th August the re-establishment of the Pope's temporal power was proclaimed at Rome.

AUG. 1.

PARLIAMENT WAS prorogued by Commission.

The Session had been barren, and Lord John Russell's inactivity had caused much disappointment.

(See Cartoon, "The Slow Coach.")

AUG. 2.

THE QUEEN and the Royal Family started on a visit to Ireland. On landing at the Cove of Cork Her Majesty was informed that in honour of her visit the name of the town had been changed to Queenstown. Her reception was of the most triumphant and jubilant description, the irrepressible and impetuous Irish people seemingly going half wild with delight, whether in the Catholic South or the Protestant North. In spite of the distressed state of the country and the fierce agitation for repeal, demonstrations of loyalty and delight encountered the Queen, her Consort and her children wherever she appeared.

Mr. Punch's poet thus described the Royal visit:—

THE SLOW COACH.

"LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S CARRIAGE STOPS THE WAY!"

MELODY OF THE QUEEN IN IRELAND.

BY BRIAN BORODHME'S BARD.

(See Cartoon, p. 85, "Landing of Queen Victoria in Ireland.")

I'd be rehearsin' the great diversh'n',
And say excurshin' of Victoria famed,
Whin across the Channel, spite of John O'Connell,
Wid screw and funnel the squiffithron sthamed.
On boord her yacht, in her silk and satin,
The Queen sat chattin' and takin' the air:
Whin afther the presage of six stiry passage,
Fitz Clarence sent a message that they were there.
It was on a Friday, for ivir a high day,
That our Gracious Lady made the Irish shore:
And Admiral Dixon, for her protiction,
Blazed away wid blue lights and the cannon's roar.
The Corporation, in botheration,
Begg'd the Queen 'ud have patience till Saterday,
But notwithstandin' Prince Albert commandin'
Insisted on landin', 'cause he wasn't well at sey.

So the Queen, in reliance on Misther Lyons,
Said she'd see the lions, as it wouldn't be long,
And with hurried stitches at coort coats and breeches,
And loyal speeches they hammer'd along.

Like crathers mad run the Cork boys glad run,
To see the squadthron sthame up the Lee;
And I'm bound to mintion the confescinsion
And great ahtinzion of Her Majesty.

It's proud the Mayor was when he then and there was
Made a Knight ov the Garter wid the Queen's own hand;
And in their coaches the Aldermen approaches,
And themselves encrouches on the royal stand.

But the Marquess of Thomond he wouldn't let no man,
Much less a woman, come where she sat,
Till the Queen, condescendin', begg'd he'd be mendin'
His manners, sendin' the people out o' that.

Sure them I pity that didn't see Cork city,
Wid its recrestions and lashins ov flowers;
The thriumphal arches of laurels and larches
On the line of march is beyant my powers.

Cork's illigant sthructures and manufacthurs
Wid satisfaction the Queen survey'd,
And the height of curiosity and generosity
Widout hanimosity to all display'd.

LANDING OF QUEEN VICTORIA IN IRELAND.

SIR PATRICK RALEIGH. *"May it plase your Majesty to trood on the tail of my Coat."*

Wid banners sthramin', and people screamin',
And ladies cranin' from the windies round;
It's the Queen might wondther if it wasn't a blunther
To look for rebels upon Irish ground.

Next to Dublin City, upon the Liffy,
The Queen in a jiffy her way did take,
And to greet her pennant, the Lord Lieutenant
Wid Lords and Senators haste did make.

Sure no description or recollection
Could tell the 'ruction that at Kingstown came:
So p'raps I'd bethher not say who met her,
For Saunder's News letther could not recount the same.

From Sandymount ridge then, and over Ball's Bridge then,
And up to Bagot Street and Dublin Gate,
The Queen in her carriage, and her childther by marriage
With the noble Prince Albert, advance in state.

At an arch-way station, the Corporation,
Wid Archbishop Whately, was in the sthreet;
In regard of prayin' she'd come that way in,
And also ov layin' the keys at her feet.

There was Misther Fingerald, the stout City Herald,
In a coat widout sleeves blowin' fit to burst;
And none looked quarel than O'Dowd the Mace-bearer,
That theird would the Mayor or he get there first.

But the Mayor did push on wid the keys on a cushion,
And wid a blush on him made a speech—
But, by that same token, when the Queen 'od have spoken,
Her discoorse was broken by the Aldermen's screech.

Myself I'd be throublin' to tell how Dublin
Was boilin' and bubblin' just like the say,
How pealer and sintry had to keep back the gintry
To the royal entry that throng'd so gay.

How the Phanix Park, sir, was like Noah's Ark, sir,
Wid clane and unclane that did to it resort;
How she stay'd a long while in the famed Blind Asylum,
And how at the Castle she held her noble Coort.

Where, besides Lords and Ladies,
I saw the O'Grady's
(That only in thrade is, set them up wid the great !)
And a dale of Docthors and Ginirals and Prosthors,
And royal repalers, with their coats turned mighty nate.

Sure my time is past, sir, to sing of Belfast, sir,
And how the black North went clane mad wid joy
When she looked at their Opinion, in a manner most winnin',
And bought Irish linen of Misther McEvoy.

So to end my narration of this grate celebration
Which the Irish nation has made proud and blest,
Here's health and long life, boys, to Queen, mother, and wife, boys,
Who's so good as all three, and as sich is the best.

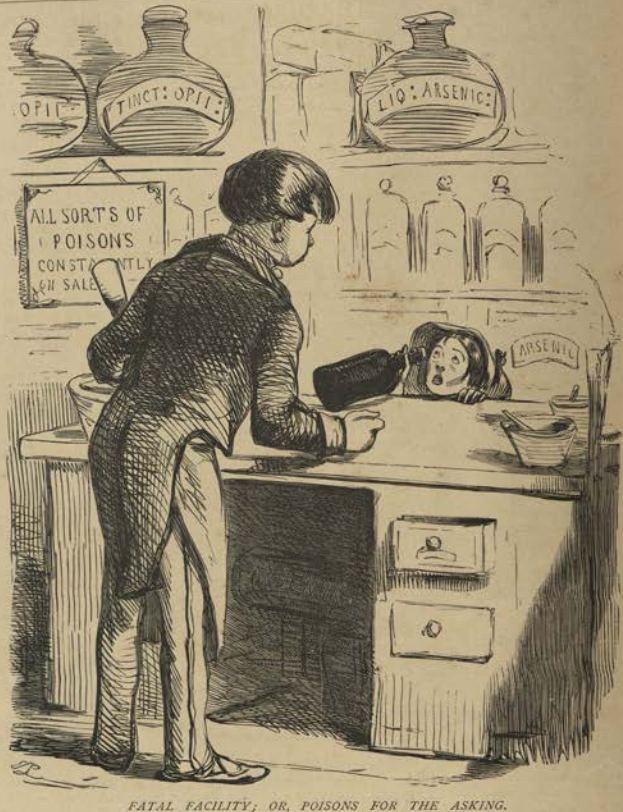
AUG. 11.

THE Hungarian Dictator, Görgey, with 30,000 or 40,000 men, surrendered to the Russians at Arad. On the 21st the Hungarian patriots Kossuth, Bem, and others took refuge in Turkish territory, and obtained the protection of the Porte, which subsequently refused to surrender them. This caused a rupture between Turkey on one side and Russia and Austria on the other. A little later Kossuth, writing to Lord Palmerston, asked the protection of England for himself and the other refugees.

AUG. 21.

ON this day a woman named Mary Ann Geering was executed at Lewes for poisoning her husband and two sons, in order to obtain "burial money" from a benefit society to which they belonged. The "Guestling poisonings," as they were called, drew attention to the facility with which poisonous drugs could be purchased at chemists' shops. *Mr. Punch*, in a dramatic sketch entitled "The Poison Shop," emphasized the evils of this culpable laxity.

(*See Cartoon*, "*Fatal Facility; or, Poisons for the Asking.*")



FATAL FACILITY; OR, POISONS FOR THE ASKING.

CHILD. "*Please, Mister, will you be so good as to fill this bottle again with Laudanum, and let Mother have another pound and a half of Arsenic for the Rats !!*"

DULY QUALIFIED CHEMIST. "*Certainly, Ma'am. Is there any other article?*"

AUG. 22.

VENICE surrendered to the Austrian besiegers.

OCT. 30.

ON this day the New Coal Exchange was opened by Prince Albert with considerable ceremony.

NOV. 13.

ON this day took place, in front of Horsemonger Lane Gaol, the execution of the Mannings for the brutal murder of O'Connor. A striking picture appeared in *Punch*, entitled "The Lesson of the Scaffold; or, the Ruffian's Holiday."

In this powerful picture from the pencil of John Leech, *Mr. Punch* pointed a moral, then sorely in need of illustration. The sensational trial of the Mannings, following upon that of Rush for the Stanfield Hall massacre, had developed a hideous taste for the morbidly stimulating associations of crime which was demoralising to the last degree. This evil craving was pandered to by the cheap periodical press, the coarse literature of crime, plentifully supplied to the lower populace. *Mr. Punch* had vigorously attacked the sensation-mongers and dealers in "murder made familiar."

(*See Cartoon, "Useful Sunday Literature for the Masses."*)

He had also sharply satirized the "Old Bailey Ladies" who thronged the court on the occasion of murder trials. He now graphically portrayed the horrors of mob ruffianism as shown at the execution of the Mannings. In a letter to the *Times* on the subject of this execution, Charles Dickens wrote:—

"I believe that a sight so inconceivably awful as the wickedness and levity of the immense crowd collected at the execution this morning could be imagined by no man, and presented by no heathen land under the sun. . . . . When I came upon the scene, at midnight, the shrillness of the cries and howls that were raised from time to time, denoting that they came from a concourse of boys and girls already assembled in the best places, made my blood run cold. . . ."

Such efforts as those of Cruikshank, Dickens, and *Punch* have since then borne happy fruit in the gradual abatement and final abolishing of the horrors attending the public executions of the earlier days of the reign of Queen Victoria.

Confessions
Confessions
Confessions

and pencil, attacked continually the abuses and nuisances which invited and encouraged the inroads of disease. The chronically filthy state of the Thames, the Smithfield slaughter-houses, the inefficient and impure water-supply, the foulness of the slums, the neglect of the civic authorities (typified by full-fed Aldermen)—all these and many other matters came in for *Punch's* well-intentioned scourging. *Punch* in fact was one of the first of the Sanitarians in days when Dr. Richardson's Hygeia had not been heard of. Since then the voice of the Sanitarian has been heard in the land with ever increasing loudness and frequency.

One strong contention of the sanitary reformers was the necessity of removing an obvious source of pollution by prohibiting further interments in City churchyards. *Mr. Punch* supported this view in a scathing Shakespearian parody entitled,

HAMLET IN THE LONDON CHURCHYARD.

(*See Cartoon, "Hamlet in the London Churchyard."*)

SCENE—*London. A Churchyard.*

HAMLET (*Mr. Punch*), HORATIO (*Mr. John Bull*), *and* CLOWN.

CLOWN, *digging, throws up a Scull.*

Hamlet. That scull had a nose on it, and could smell once: How the knave has hacked it from the spine as if it were Sikes's jaw-bone, that did the horrid murder! This might be the pate of a meat-salesman, which this ass now abuses; one that would defend Smithfield, might it not?

Horatio. It might, my lord.

Hamlet. Or of a rector?—which should say, *Let us sleep with our fathers! Let us be buried with our sires!* This might be the Reverend Mr. So and So, that praised such and such a burial-ground, because he had a vested interest in it; might it not?

Horatio. Ay, my lord.

Hamlet. Why, e'en so: and now not even my Lady Worm's, coffinless, and knocked about the ground with a sexton's spade. Here's fine retribution, an we had the trick to see it. Did these bones cost so much the burial to play at leggats with them? mine ache to think on't.

HAMLET IN THE LONDON CHURCHYARD.

HAMLET (MR. PUNCH). "Why may not imagination trace the remains of an Alderman, till we find them poisoning his Ward?"

Clown. A pick-axe and a spade, a spade, [*Sings.*
For—so the dead we treat;
O, a pit of lime for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another scull.*

Hamlet. There's another. Why may not that be the scull of a churchwarden? Where be his vestries now, his votes, his violent opposition to the Board of Health? This fellow might be in's time a great furnisher of funerals, with his feathers, his mutes, his mourning finery, his crape, his hatbands. Is the fine of his finery and feathers to have his fine anatomy cut into fine pieces? The very undertaker cannot rest in his grave: should they bury any more here? ha?

Horatio. Not a single one more, my lord.

Hamlet. I will speak to this fellow: Whose grave is this, sirrah?

Clown. Nobody's, Sir.

Hamlet. I think it be nobody's indeed; for thou letest nobody lie in it.

Clown. Nobody lies out on 't, Sir, for 'tis everybody's grave; and what is everybody's, is nobody's: *argal*, it is nobody's grave.

Hamlet. How long do you suffer a man to remain in the earth ere you break him up?

Clown. Faith, if he be not broken before he die (as we have so many railway accidents now-a days) we let him lay for some two year, or three year. Here's a scull now hath lain you i' the earth three,—ay,—four year.

Hamlet. Whose was it?

Clown. A rich old fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?

Hamlet. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A pestilence upon him for an old rogue! he sold me a stale sheep's head once. This same scull, Sir, was Cleaver's scull, the Aldgate butcher.

Hamlet. Aha! old Cleaver! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of singular taste, of most peculiar fancy. Here hang the lips that pronounced slaughter-houses salubrious, I know not how oft. Where be your lies now, your blunders, your pieces of absurdity that were wont to set the public in a roar? Get thee to the Parish Vestry, and tell them that let them bury twenty feet deep, to this condition must they come at last; bid them think on that. Fy'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Horatio. What 's that, my lord?

Hamlet. Why may not imagination trace the re-

BRITANNIA'S THANKSGIVING DAY DREAM.

mains of an alderman till we find them poisoning his ward?

Horatio. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Hamlet. No, faith, not a jot. As thus: Heavisides died, Heavisides was buried, Heavisides became gas, the gas is sulphuretted hydrogen: of sulphuretted hydrogen is bred typhus. And why, by that typhus whereto he was converted, might not his ward be poisoned?

"Fat Heavisides, decess'd, and turn'd to gas,
Poisons his fellow-creatures in the mass:
Oh! that, like fools, we should let plagues be bred,
In crowded towns by burying our dead!

A Thanksgiving Day had been appointed for the cessation of the Plague, and *Punch*, in commemorating the occasion, both in picture and verse, summarised the points he had so often made, and pointed again the moral he had so frequently emphasised.

(*See Cartoon, "Britannia's Thanksgiving Day Dream."*)

BRITANNIA'S THANKSGIVING DAY DREAM.

An awful Plague went through the land: it thinn'd the close-pent town,
Swept the scant hamlet, crossed the stream, and clomb the breezy down: [summer air:
Unseen it breathed, till poison seethed in the sweet
Before its face was terror, upon its track despair.

For three sad months Britannia mourned her children night and day,
For three sad months she strove in vain the pestilence to stay:
Medicine, helpless, groped and guessed, and tried all arts to save,
But the dead carried with them their secret to the grave.

Sudden the dark hand ceased to smite: Britannia drew free breath,
As passed away the shadow of the minister of Death:
And upon all her children a solemn charge she laid,
That high and low should bow them down, because the plague was staid.

Then in the night that followed on that thanksgiving day,
Britannia saw a vision, as on her bed she lay:
Of a great region stretched about, a crowded careful land,
Wherein men plied all labours, of head, and heart, and hand.

In it a city, high o'er which a golden temple shone,
Wherein the great god Mammon was sitting on a throne,
While millions round about his feet, men, women, old and young,
Offered their hearts in homage, with various tone and tongue.

Ill matched that city's dwellings; low hovel, palace high;
Saloons with stately pageants, huts where wretches slunk to die;
Well-ordered streets, with tracts hard by wherein the labouring breath
Inhaled the subtle poison that makes life a lingering death.

There for aught save Mammon-worship there were few hearts to care,
For aught but Mammon-service there were few hands to spare;

THE CITY NARCISSUS;

OR, THE ALDERMAN ENAMOURED OF HIS DIRTY APPEARANCE.

Still the pale slaves grew paler, the task-masters more stern,
Few there of wise had time to love, of ignorant to learn.
Death sat at the gaunt weaver's side, the while he plied the looms;
Death turn'd the wasting grinder's wheel, as he earn'd his bread and dooms;
Death, by the wan shirtmaker, plied the fingers to the bone;
Death rocked the infant's cradle, and with opium hushed its moan.

Nor in the City only did the Spectre hold his place;
In the village and the hamlet, too, he showed his constant face:
In the foul sty where sire and son, mother and maiden slept,
Where the infant round its playground, the dunghill, crowed and crept.

At bed and board, in cup and can, in worktime and in play,
In the street as in the dwelling, in the night as in the day,
Sat Death in Life, a presence that none did seem to note,
Until the grim Guest sudden rose and bared his arm and smote.

Then was weeping in the hovel, and wailing in the hall,
And over all the land was fear, stretched like a funeral pall;
And even Mammon's vot'ries paused in their absorbing prayer,
And looked up from their worship, with a daunted, doubting air.

And turning in their trouble unto their God and Lord,
They saw Death sit on Mammon's throne—'twas Death that they adored.
His bare jaws set in scornful smile, the Spectre from his shroud
Stretched forth his fleshless arm across the pale and palsied crowd.

"Your day of thanks," it said, "is come, your day of thanks is o'er;
Millions to-day have prayed their prayer, that never prayed before.

What reck I of your thankfulness, ye fools, or of your prayer?
One plague hath passed from out your homes, how many still are there?
"What can one day of prayer avail, if from the church ye go
To your homes unswept, ungarnished, to your world of wealth and woe?
Pray as you will, my stronghold's still in every ditch and drain;
Though now my servants hide their heads, they will come forth again. [every home?
"Why shrink from Death, ye that build up his seat in
How be thankful at his going, ye that ever bid him come?
What wonder he makes revel, when still ye spread his board? [board?
Need he be chary of his plagues when still ye feed his
"I am a giant. Would ye learn to nip me in my growth;
Bring light of Heaven and rain of Heaven to those that pine for both;
Build homes for toil, where toil may live in decency and health; [wealth.
Let ignorance and want have tithe of knowledge and of
"Show that the bond of brotherhood that linketh man with man
Will no less bind, though never forged, since first the world began;
Unlearn that sinful selfishness, that ye so sore have rued,
And strive to find in common grief the seeds of common good."

BRITANNIA AND THE ADMIRALTY.

BRITANNIA. "*Now, I tell you what, my Lads, if you go on spoiling your things in that way, I won't Rule the Waves any longer for you.*"

For a great deal of the civic dirt and disease *Mr. Punch* held the civic authorities typified by the paunchy, port-bibbing alderman to be responsible. In some hexameters entitled "The Sad Fate of the Civic Narcissus," he sharply satirized the complacently negligent City Fathers.

(*See Cartoon, "The City Narcissus."*)

DEC. 14.

AT this time, as so often subsequently, the "State of the Navy Question" was a burning one. The administration of the Admiralty was a subject of chronic complaint, and an object of endless ridicule. *Punch* never missed an opportunity of lifting his voice in favour of reform in this important particular. The following lines, though published in 1849, seem equally pertinent to the present day, for though "Ironsides" have now superseded "Wooden Walls," Administrative efficiency has *not* superseded the reign of Routine and Red Tape.

(*See Cartoon, "Britannia and the Admiralty."*)

YE SHIP BUILDERS OF ENGLAND.

(*After* CAMPBELL.)

Ye ship builders of England,
That lend our native seas
With craft not fit to brave a year
The battle or the breeze;
Such rubbish do not launch again,
Top heavy, dull, and slow;
As they creep through the deep,
Whatever wind may blow.

The spirits of retrenchment
Shall start from every wave,

For in the sea economy
Through you has found a grave.
Thousands and thousands you have sunk
In ships that will not go;
For they creep through the deep
Whatever wind may blow.

The costly ships of England
For fire-wood yet may burn,
Till to the models of the past
Her shipwrights shall return.
Then, then, ye clumsy shipbuilders,
Our song no more will throw
All the blame on your name,
Which now merits every blow.

Mr. Punch again and again returned to the charge against the official ineptitude which botched and bungled England's first line of defence.

DEC. 20.

ON this date it is recorded that cases of "Spirit Rapping" were reported to have occurred in America. An early intimation of what later on was to become a popular "sensation."

DEC. 26.

ON this day was finally closed the long unpopular "Palace Court." Thackeray's "Pleaceman X," in the pages of *Punch*, had scathingly attacked it in the celebrated ballad, "Jacob Hommum's Hoss: A New Palace Court Chaunt:"—

One sees in Vitchall Yard,
Vere pleacemen do resort,
A wenerable binstitute,
'Tis called the Pallis Court,
A gent 'as got his i on it,
I think 'twill make some sport.

The nature of this Court
My hindignation riles:
A few fat legal spiders
Here set and spin their viles:
To rob the town their privilege is
In a hayrea of twelve miles.

This ballad, indeed, and the case on which it was founded, are credited with no small share in bringing about the abolition of

That sty for fattening lawyers in,
On the bones of honest men.

DEC. 31.

IN his last Number for this year *Mr. Punch* has the following paragraph:—

"OUR BUTCHER" (*A VERY ILL-USED PERSON, NO DOUBT.*)

Butcher. "Here's News. *Why, we shall be obliged to charge fair prices next.*"

The Heaviest Christmas Wait of All.—Ninepence for a pound weight of butcher's meat. This, and a Cartoon in the same Number, show that the great domestic question of the Butcher and his Prices, moved the British Citizen's mind at the Christmas Season of 1849, as it has at that and other seasons, so many times since, as the pages of *Punch* will show. The Free Trade Policy had worked well, prosperity was reviving, there was "a larger command of the comforts of life on the part of the labouring population," and even "Our Butcher" was apprehensive of the coming necessity of "charging fair prices."

(*See Cartoon, "Our Butcher."*)

+1850+

"AT the commencement of 1850" (says *Mr. Punch's* Introduction to Volume 18), "the excess of income over expenditure was announced to be two millions, and the increase of exports in 1849 above those of 1848 was nearly ten millions. A diminution of pauperism, an increased facility of subsistence and a larger command of the comforts of life on the part of the labouring population, gave sure indications that the Free Trade policy had worked beneficially for the country, although the depressed condition of the classes connected with agriculture was generally acknowledged and loudly expressed by the sufferers. A return to protective duties, or a remission of financial burdens, were among the remedial measures

AGRICULTURE—THE REAL "UNPROTECTED FEMALE."

suggested, and few persons denied that the landed interest had a fair claim to any relief that did not interfere with the interests of other classes of the community."

Between the advocates of Free Trade and the partisans of Protection, therefore, the Agricultural Interest stood dissatisfied and undecided.

(*See Cartoon, "The Real 'Unprotected Female.'"*)

JAN. 3.

ON this day the Irish residents in Manchester and Salford presented an address to Mr. John Bright, expressing to the popular tribune their gratitude for the manner in which he had advocated the claims of Ireland. Mr. Bright in his reply said that "the land of Ireland was closed against the industry of its people through its legal possession by an alien or insolvent proprietary." He advocated for that country, amongst other remedial measures, the abolition of primogeniture, security of tenure for the cultivation of the soil, abolition of the Established Church, and extension of the franchise.

He expected the intelligent and upright men of Ireland to come forth from their isolation and claim the aid of the English people in forcing upon the Government proper measures for their country. He held that Lord John Russell had now an opportunity of doing more for this country than almost any Minister of our time. He might add the industry and affection of millions to the wealth and strength of the Empire.

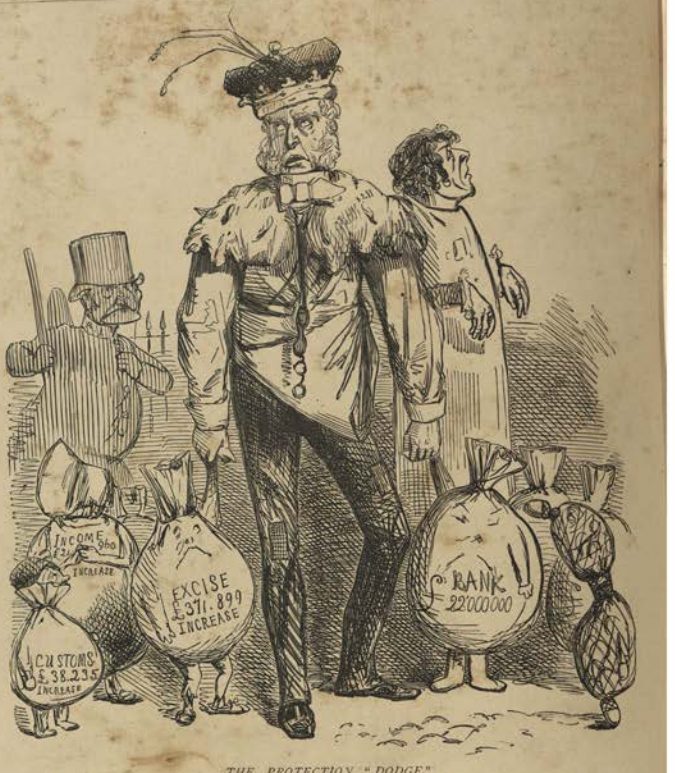
Mr. Bright's hope of the ultimate passage of such measures was strengthened by his belief that there was "growing up in England, and I hope in Ireland, a party so strong and so numerous, that by and by it will leave not only the pauperism at one end of the scale, and, it may be, the titled and privileged at the other—it will include almost the whole people." To this growing class the great orator looked for the redress of Irish and of other wrongs and abuses.

JAN. 4.

A ROYAL Commission was announced in the *Gazette* as having been appointed "for the Promotion of the Exhibition of the Works of all Nations, to be holden in the year 1851." This was in pursuance of a suggestion made by Prince Albert at a meeting of the Society of Arts, on June 30 in the preceding year, and heralded "The Great Exhibition of All Nations," which made memorable the year 1851. On the 21st of the following March, the Building Committee selected a site in Hyde Park.

JAN. 10.

THE Protectionists and so-called "Friends of the Farmer" were making their voices heard again. Mr. Disraeli on the 8th had spoken at a meeting at Great Marlow, called "to take into consideration the depressed state of agriculture and all classes dependent thereon." On the 10th a Protectionist meeting was held at Stafford, at which 400 farmers were present, and a number of the townspeople. Lord St. Vincent moved that Lord Talbot take the chair, and excited the hostility of a portion of the audience by some parts of his speech. A disturbance ensued, finishing up with a free fight. Similar disorderly meetings took place in other parts of the country. The cry of "the suffering landlords" was raised in the interests of the friends of Protection, Monopoly, and the Landed Interest.



THE PROTECTION "DODGE."

SUFFERING LANDHOLDER (in a solemn and sonorous tone, with a glance at the first-floor window).—*My ky—ind fer—iends, I am ash—amed to ass—ure ke—fore you, and to ex—pose my mis—er—able state.* * * * *I am a lan—ded prop—er—I—eeter to—lerated to ger—eat mis—e—ery, ow—ing to the com—pe—tition of the foreigner. There is a ger—eat many of us as had off as my—self, and the Count—er—y is a—being ruined all along of free—trade Sir Robert Peel and Mister Cob—den. We owe only twen—ty millions of money to the Bank, also an incr—ease of £38,235 on the Cust—oms, also £371,899 on the Ex—cise, and £5,960 on the In—come Tax, pity the poor Land—ow—ner, &c. &c.*

(*See Cartoon, "The Protection 'Dodge.'"*)

JAN. 31.

PARLIAMENT was opened by Commission. A Protectionist amendment to the Address was defeated in the Lords by 152 to 103, and in the Commons by 311 to 192.

PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY HODGE PODGE.

TO EVERY ONE GREETING: The Parliament meeting,
Punch orders his faithful reporter, reporter,
While nothing mis-stating, to give the debating,
But cutting the speeches much shorter, much shorter.

In the strife and the tameness, there's always a sameness,
Another day's very like one day, like one day:
So after some weedings, we give the proceedings,
In the way that they happened on Monday, on Monday.

With eloquence manly, up rose the Lord Stanley,
And talked about Admiral Parker, yes, Parker;
Some papers he wanted—though papers when granted,
Will often make matters much darker, much darker.

Then came Marquis Lansdowne with look soft as swansdown, [fleeting;
Trusting quarrels with Greece would be fleeting, quite
The documents granting Lord Stanley was wanting,
The matter thus pleasantly meeting, yes, meeting.

Discussion proceeded, though none could be needed;
Lord Lansdowne's compliance had stopp'd it, had stopp'd it;
But one or two members kept poking the embers,
Till their Lordships conclusively dropp'd it, yes, dropp'd it.

On the very same night too, as they had a right to,
The Commons 'bout Greece had been asking, been asking:
Lord Palmerston's readiness, with obstinate steadiness,
Mr. Gibson adroitly was tasking, was tasking.

Then Mister Disraeli determining guilty
To physic Lord P. as with senna, with senna;
Said, relations with Turkey look'd gloomy and murky,
As well as with Spain and Vienna, Vienna.

Next Anstey, call'd Chisholm, delighting in schism,
A word introduced 'bout Moldavia, Moldavia;
When Palmerston coolly put down the unruly,
With his usual off-hand behaviour, behaviour.

The address the report on, no sooner was brought on,
Than there rose with a look of dejection, dejection,
Mister Packe, who lamented in terms discontented,
The loss of his dear friend Protection, Protection.

Mr. Hume in replying to Mister Packe's sighing,
Demanded Reform from Lord Russell, Lord Russell,
Which set many seeking at once to be speaking,
And threw the House into a bustle, a bustle.

Then both sides together got arguing, whether
Free Trade was a good or a bad thing, a bad thing;
There rose such a bother, 'twixt one and the other,
The confusion was really a sad thing, a sad thing.

Lord Russell, however, by earnest endeavour,
In answering questions succeeded, succeeded,
Proceeding to mention—he thought an extension
Of the franchise, at present, not needed, not needed.

Next came some orations and small observations,
Evincing no wondrous discernment, discernment;
And a member who woke up, the night's business broke up,
By moving at once the adjournment, adjournment.

"WHO'S DAT KNOCKING AT DE DOOR?"

FEB. 28.

MR. HUME made his usual motion on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. It was negatived, also as usual, by 296 to 242.

(*See Cartoon, "Who's dat Knocking at de Door?"*

"Who's dat Knocking at the Door?" was an Ethiopian ditty very popular at the time. It is parodied in the following verses:—

"WHO'S DAT KNOCKING AT DE DOOR?"

THE OLD SONG, AS SUNG BY OLD JOE (HUME) ONCE, AT LEAST, EVERY SESSION.

I HAD just come down, with my subject warm,
And my annual motion about Reform;
I went to the House—might as well have gone to bed,
For Lord John Russell got up and said,

Who 's dat knocking at de door?
Am dat you, Feargus? No, it am Joe!
What! Old Joe? Yes, Old Joe. Oh, only old Joe;
Well, you can't come in—so you 'd better go:
For it 's no use knocking at de door any more,
And it 's no use knocking at de door.

Who 's dat knocking at de door,
Making such a row, with so much of his jaw?

I 'll call the Speaker, and tell him how
You only want to kick up a row.
Who 's dat knocking at de door?
Am dat you, Cobden? No, it am Joe.
What! Old Joe? Yes; Old Joe.
I told you before that it 's still no go,
And it 's no use knocking at de door.

But they 'll open the door and let him in,
If in their ears he continues his din,
Forward came *Punch*—and said, "Follow me;
When I take the lead let in you 'll be,
If they know I 'm knocking at de door;
When they know I 'm knocking at de door."
Am dat you, Joe? No, it am *Punch*;
They 'll soon make way for his staff and hunch!
You needn't stand knocking at de door any more—
There 'll be no more knocking at de door.

A VISION OF THE REPEAL OF THE WINDOW-TAX.

"Hollo! Old Fellow; we're glad to see You here."

MARCH 15.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced the Budget. It showed a surplus of two millions, which he proposed to dispose of by reducing certain debts, repealing the duty on bricks, and reducing the Stamp Duties on the transfer of landed property.

Various amendments were proposed. Mr. Cobden and Mr. Henry Drummond brought forward motions in favour of retrenchment which were negatived, though Lord John Russell subsequently proposed the appointment of a Select Committee for the same object. Lord Duncan's proposal for the Repeal of the Window Duty was only defeated by a narrow majority of three. The Tax was an obnoxious one, and *Mr. Punch* lifted up his voice against it.

(*See Cartoon*, "*A Vision of the Repeal of the Window Tax.*")

THE SUN'S WALK.

THE sun got up from his damp sea bed,
For a tour of observation
He donned his paletot of London fog,
And his night-cap of Thames exhalation,
In whose fleecy haze he wraps up his rays,
When he visits the English nation.

He toddled down to St. Stephen's
On a Wednesday daylight sitting,
And heard Ministers quash a proposal rash,
For the window-tax remitting:

And the Sun remarked, "They've sat in the dark,
Till for dark than light they're more fitting."

From St. Stephen's he turned to St. Giles',
Guided less by seeing than smelling,
For he ran his nose 'gainst the walls that rose
Round each damp and darksome dwelling.
"No wonder," said he, "they won't admit me,
Lest of such sights I should be telling."

He met his old foe, Fever,
At his feast in the damp, so ghoulish;
And heard Mr. Bumble, at the Poor-rates grumble,
Which struck him as somewhat owlish;
While the guardians who lord o'er the parish board
Are Messrs. Penny-wise and Pound-foolish.

Like mites from old cheese, the houses
Poured forth their squalid dwellers;

The young folks sallow, the old green-yellow,
And all those blanched cheeks were tellers
Of the same sort of tale as the lettuces pale
Grown by amateurs in cellars.

He tried to get into a tenement
Which was let out to these poor creatures,
But each window was barred by the tax so hard
Against a glimpse of his features:

LORD JOHN TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE COLONIES.

Daylight and fresh air had no business there,
Except as over-reachers.

From out of an open cess-pool
He saw the gas freely wander,
Poisons more and less pure, from gully and sewer—
And it caused the Sun to ponder.
"What harm could it be, if I were as free
As Mr. Typhus yonder?"

MAY 1.

On this day, at twenty-five minutes past eight in the morning, the Queen gave birth to a son, Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert. He was named after the Duke of Wellington, whose 81st birthday this was.

MAY 13.

The Australian Colonies Bill, which had been introduced by Lord John Russell, on this day passed its third reading in the Commons by a majority of 226 to 128. The rapid rise of our Australian and other colonies excited now the interest of our people, and demanded the care of our Statesmen.

(*See Cartoon, "Lord John taking the Measure of the Colonies."*)

The following lines evince *Mr. Punch's* early interest in the matter:—

GOOD MEASURES FOR THE COLONIES.

J. Russell & Co., Downing Street, Home and Colonial Tailors, *invite attention to their New System of Colonial Measurement.*

With joy and pride a parent sees
His children climb about his knees;
It is a gratifying sight
To witness their increasing height,
And mark, as every father knows,
How quickly they outgrow their clothes.
A change of garb, too, must be had,
Soon as the child becomes a lad;

We then select a manlier style
Of clothing for the juvenile,
With little Bulls John Bull is blest,
'Tis time that they were rightly drest;
Russell and Co. will undertake
The requisite costume to make.
Suits they provide for every age,
Of growth according to the stage,
Adapted to each size and shape,
Yes; from Australia to the Cape,
Jamaica, Canada, Ceylon,
Russell invites to try them on:
Easy they're warranted to sit,
Full freedom to combine with fit,
And elegance with what must be
Resistless—strict economy,
In which all other firms compete
In vain with Russell's, Dowsing Street.

MAY 27.

An ex-lieutenant of the 10th Hussars, Robert Pate, struck at the Queen with a stick as she was riding in Piccadilly, touching her cheek and crushing her bonnet, without however doing her any serious injury. Pate was subsequently sentenced to seven years' transportation.

JUNE 17.

The action of the Government in Greece in connection with the Don Pacifico matter and other affairs, had displeased many in this country, and given offence to France and Russia. Lord Stanley moved in the House of Lords a vote of censure on the Government for undue interference in the affairs of Greece. There was a majority of 37 against the Government. Subsequently on the 24th June Mr. Roebuck introduced a debate on the same subject in the Commons, in the course of which Lord Palmerston spoke in defence of his policy for five hours—from the dusk of a summer evening to the dawn of a summer morning ("Annals of Our Time"). This was the celebrated "*Civis Romanus sum*" speech, in which he maintained that "a British subject in a foreign country should be protected by the vigilant eye and the strong arm of his Government against injustice and wrong." Mr. Gladstone demurred to the parallel drawn between Roman citizens and ourselves, considering it an inaccurate and misleading one. It was in this debate that Mr. Cockburn (afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England) made his brilliant speech in defence of the Government. In this debate also Sir Robert Peel made his last speech in the House on the evening of the 28th June, the very next day witnessing the disastrous accident which caused his premature death. Although warning the Government that they "would not advance the cause of constitutional government by attempting to dictate to other nations," he declared that Lord Palmerston's speech "made us all proud of the man who could deliver it." After a four nights' debate the Government secured a majority of 46 in a House of 574.

THE GRECIAN DIFFICULTY.

Mr. Punch. "*Why don't you hit out of your own?*"

(*See Cartoon, "The Grecian Difficulty."*)

JUNE 29.

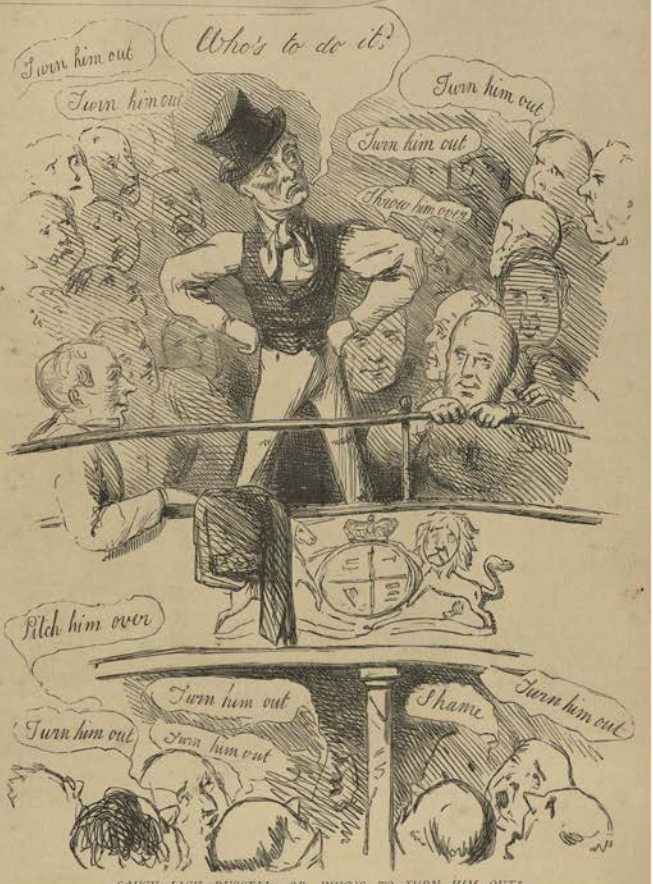
ON this day a great misfortune befell the nation. Sir Robert Peel riding up Constitution Hill was thrown from his horse, and on the night of the 2nd July died from the effect of the injuries he received. In him England lost a great financier, a wise and temperate constitutional statesman, a high-minded patriot. His death excited universal sorrow, a sorrow in which all classes and all parties almost equally shared. *Punch*, who whilst often chaffing, and sometimes chiding the great Sir Robert, had always recognized his high qualities, dedicated the following tribute to his memory.

OUR "IN MEMORIAM."

Nor in the splendour of a ruinous glory
Emblazoned, glitters our lost Statesman's name:
The great deeds that have earned him deathless fame
Will cost us merely thanks. Their inventory
Of peaceful heroism will be a story [claim,
Of wise assertion of a rightful
And Commerce freed by sagely daring aim.
Famine averted; Revolution gory
Disarmed; and the exhausted Common weal
Recruited; these are things that England long
Will couple with the name of Robert Peel,
Of whom the worst his enemies can say [way
Is, that he left the error of his
When Conscience told him he was in the wrong.

JULY 3.

ON this night eloquent tributes to the memory of Sir Robert Peel were paid in Parliament. "Every heart," said Mr. Gladstone, then as now a warm admirer of the deceased Statesman, "is much too full to allow us to enter so early upon the consideration of the amount of that calamity with which the country has been visited in, I will say, the premature death of Sir Robert Peel; for although he has died full of years and full of honours, yet it is a death that in human eyes is premature, because we had fondly hoped that, in whatever position Providence might assign to him, by the weight of his ability, by the splendour of his talents, and by the purity of his virtues, he might still have been spared to render us most essential services.



SAUCY JACK RUSSELL; OR, WHO'S TO TURN HIM OUT?

Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon light is quench'd in smoke,
The trumpet's silvery sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill."

Lord John Russell, on the 4th, proposed that the remains of Sir Robert Peel should be in-

terred with public honours, a proposal which, in accordance with the known desire of the deceased leader, was declined by his family. He was buried, on the 9th July, in the parish church of Drayton-Basset.

In consequence of the debates on the Grecian business, in the first of which, on the 17th June, the Ministry had been put in a minority of 37, and of other rebuffs, it was thought about this time that the Ministry would have resigned, but Lord John Russell, who at the time of the Government defeat in the Upper House, declined to resign on the grounds that he objected to place on the House of Lords the responsibility of controlling the Executive Government, still held stoutly on, and it was felt that he could not at present be ejected from office, however much his opponents might desire it.

(*See Cartoon, p. 99, "Saucy Jack Russell; or, Who's to Turn Him Out?"*)

JULY 3.

THE Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, the huge diamond afterwards so celebrated in connection with the Great Exhibition of 1851, was this day presented to the Queen by the East India Company.

JULY 6.

IN his Number bearing this date, *Mr. Punch* referred to "The Morning Trumpet" (by which he meant *The Morning Herald*), as "the acknowledged cherished organ of the candid souls that, for a time, have closed the Sunday Post Office."

This referred to a very vexed question of the moment.

In consequence of a motion by Lord Ashley, carried against the Government by a majority of 93 to 68, it was ordered that the transmission and delivery of letters on Sunday entirely cease in all parts of the kingdom; no exception being made even in the case of foreign correspondence. This was acted upon for several weeks, but caused so much public inconvenience and so great and indignant a popular outcry, that the obnoxious rules were rescinded, and the aims of their puritanical devisers disappointed.

This foolish official *fiasco* gave rise to much debate on the subject of the Puritanical observance of the Sabbath.

PURITAN SUNDAY; OR, WHAT WE MUST ALL COME TO.

(*See Cartoon, "Puritan Sunday; or, what we must all come to."*)

Mr. Punch poured out the vials of his wrath and ridicule upon the Sabbatarian fanatics. He devised a "Puritan Penny Postage Stamp," the head that of a sour-faced sectary, the letters in the four corners CANT.

JULY 26.

On this day the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition accepted Messrs. Fox and Henderson's tender of £79,800, for the carrying out of Mr. Joseph Paxton's design for a "Crystal Palace" in Hyde Park.

The scheme, destined ultimately to be so great a success, was as yet by no means universally popular. Lord Brougham made himself the mouthpiece of the opposition thereto. In the House of Lords, on the 2nd August, he reproached that assembly for "its deference to Royalty in the matter of the Exhibition site." Previously Lord Campbell had presented a petition against the selection of that site for the great Show, and Colonel Sibthorp, its sworn opponent, on the same evening in the Commons declared that the Park was about to be desecrated by "the greatest trash, the greatest fraud, and the greatest imposition that was ever attempted to be put upon the people of this country."

A CERTAIN GOOD QUEEN INTERCEDING WITH A CERTAIN PRINCE FOR THE UNHAPPY BELGRAVIANS AND OTHER CITIZENS.

The publication in the *Illustrated London News* of Paxton's designs for the "Crystal Palace" conciliated some by the charm of graceful novelty, but excited the ridicule of others. *Punch*, in his lines entitled "The Belgravians' Lament," gave expression to the objection prevailing in many quarters to the selection of a site for the Exhibition.

(*See Cartoon, "A certain Good Queen interceding with a certain Prince," &c.*)

THE BELGRAVIANS' LAMENT.

(*Being a MS. which dropped out of Col—n—l S—lth—p's hat during the Debate of Thursday Night.*)

THERE is a sound of sorrow through Wilton's Crescent fair;
The Dowagers of Lowndes Street are tearing of their hair;
The muffins stand in Eaton Square smeaten on the plate;
The footmen group in gloomy knots round many an area gate.

The word is spoke—'tis past a joke—Hyde Park the spot shall be,
Where to the skies shall soon arise the House of Industry—
Pile high the bricks, the mortar mix, knock up the scaffold-poles, [and holes.
Tread out the green, cut up the turf, with ruts, and hills,

The Prince commands—in ready hands the trenchant axe is nigh: [trunks will lie.
Soon maimed and marred, upon the sward, the headless
Vain Campbell's law, Brougham's power of jaw, and Sibthorp's jolly row— [Forests bow.
A Prince to please, not only trees, but Woods and

When sudden, hark, into the Park wide Albert Gates are flung, [young;
And lo! a band that suppliant stand, the noble, fair, and

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Right well we know of Rotten Row the glory and the pride,
The Maidens in their habits, the noble Swells beside.

"Spare but these trunks, we give our heads; and ladies, as they ride,
In days to come will talk of us for Rotten Row that died;
'Tis no plebeian precinct thus rudely you invade;
The sacred ride for noble swells and high-born ladies made.

"Think, cruel Prince, how much there is that with these trees must fall,
The scandal of the drawing-room, the chitchat of the hall—
Rogers' last *mot* unspread will go; Macaulay's last good thing
Like a bad shilling ne'er will pass, because it has no *King!*

"Then take our lives, and spare our ride, the only place we know,
Where ladies, pent in London, for exercise can go.
'Tis not with us as with our lords; for they, the Park beside,
Have got the House of Commons, where their hobbies they may ride."

The Prince looked grim—it was his whim — humbugged he would not be;
When lo—a stately Lady is kneeling at his knee.
"I too would ride," she sweetly cried, "so, Albert, if you please,
Don't—there's a dazling—for my sake—please don't cut down the trees."

He fain had spurned—and restless turned—but—

* * * *

(*Here the MS. becomes illegible.*)

THE ROYAL RISING GENERATION.

British Lion. "*You want Mar'boro' House, and some Stables!!—Why, you'll be wanting a Latch Key next, I suppose!!*"

JULY 26.

BARON ROTHSCHILD, who had been elected Member for the City of London, came to the table of the House of Commons to take the oath, wishing, however, to be sworn on the Old Testament. Sir Robert Inglis opposed this, and Baron Rothschild, on the Speaker refusing to swear him on the Old Testament only, withdrew. A debate on the subject ensued, and there was a majority of 54 in favour of administering the oath on the Old Testament. On the 30th, the Baron again presented himself, was so sworn, but on coming to the passage, "on the true faith of a Christian," declined to take it and withdrew. Sir F. Thesiger moved that a new writ be issued for the City of London. This was opposed on the ground that the representation was full already. Ultimately the Attorney-General carried a resolution pledging the House to a measure for the relief of the Jews at the commencement of the next Session.

AUG. 10.

IN his Number bearing this date, *Mr. Punch* had a genially chaffy cartoon entitled "The Royal Rising Generation," in which the youthful Prince of Wales again appears in his pages. "Application had recently been made for the purchase of Marlborough House for the Prince of Wales," says *Punch's* explanatory "Note" prefixed to the volume.

(*See Cartoon, "The Royal Rising Generation."*)

AUG. 15.

PARLIAMENT was this day prorogued by the Queen in person.

AUG. 26.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, ex-King of the French, died at Claremont, in the 77th year of his age.

AUG. 28.

A SUBMARINE electric cable was laid down between Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover, and Cape Grisnez, on the French coast. *Mr. Punch* celebrated the occasion in a fanciful Cartoon and appropriate verse.

THE MERMAID'S LAST NEW SONG.

The mariners brave tidings bring
That they through Dover's Strait who steer,
If of an understanding ear,
Thus oftimes hear a Mermaid sing
When the blue deep is calm and clear:

"A wonder here I seen below,
A marvel new and strange to me
Who dwell beneath the rolling sea,
Amid the wrecks sunk long ago;
The wealth of Ocean's Treasury.

"There runneth an enchanted wire
O'er the sea-bed, from shore to shore,
Of nations that were foes of yore;
The conduit of a magic fire,
Lightning beneath the waters' roar.

"The skulls of ancient enemies
Around it lying, grimly frown,
There, where the slain of old went down,
Through wars of hoary centuries,
In many an action of renown.

"The flash amid those forms of Death
Flits quick as thought from land to land:
No hostile bolt, no deadly brand,
Nay: but a soft electric breath,
Warm like the grasp of friendly hand.

"A kindly spirit guides its aim,
Benignant science bids it fly,
Conveying question and reply:
There's language in that social flame,
And France and England talk thereby.

"'Mid antique arms, old gun, and sword,
Which insects of the sea o'erlay,
Of those long fallen in savage fray,
The bony fingers with the chord
That links the nations, gently play.

"And sea-sprites, as they sport along
That nerve of wire, by human skill
Between two peoples made to thrill,
Sing joyously the Mermaid's Song,
To England, Peace!—to France, Goodwill!"

PURITAN. "*VERILY, BROTHER ASHLEY—BETWEEN YOU AND ME, AND THE* POST—*WE HAVE MADE A NICE MESS OF IT.*"

SEPT. 1.

ON this day the Sunday delivery of letters and newspapers was resumed at all post offices, to the great content of *Punch* and the public, and the discomfiture of the Sabbatarians.

(*See Cartoon, "Verily, Brother Ashley," &c.*)

SEPT. 4.

THE Austrian General Marshal Haynau, infamously notorious for his brutalities, and especially for his having ordered the public flogging of high-born ladies, being in this country paid a visit to Messrs. Barclay & Perkins' Brewery. The draymen and other employés at the Brewery being made aware that "the Austrian Butcher" was among them, drove him from the premises, belaboured him with brooms and whips, and pelted him with mud and other missiles. He fled ignominiously along Bankside, and took shelter at the "George" public-house, where he, the merciless torturer of women, forced his way into the private apartments of Mrs. Benfield, the landlady, and threw himself upon her mercy. He was ultimately rescued by the police from further attentions on the part of the honest draymen, and conveyed in a pitiable condition to Morley's Hotel. The Austrian Ambassador complained of the insult, and demanded the punishment of the offenders, but owing to technical obstacles, and the difficulty of discovering the originators of the "outrage," nothing came of it. The sympathy of the public, and of its representative *Mr. Punch*, was entirely with "the perpetrators of the outrage," and probably no very earnest effort was made in any quarter to bring them to punishment for a chastisement regarded as so well deserved.

SKETCH OF A MOST REMARKABLE FLEA WHICH WAS FOUND IN GENERAL HAYNAU'S EAR. "He went away with a Flea in his Ear."—Old Saying.

(*See Cartoon, "Sketch of a most remarkable Flea which was found in General Haynau's Ear.*")

SEPT. 24.

ON this day a Papal Bull was issued, "Given at St. Peter's, Rome, under the seal of the Fisherman," decreeing "the re-establishment in the kingdom of England, and according to the common laws of the Church, of a hierarchy of Bishops deriving their titles from their own sees, which we constitute by the present letter in the various apostolic districts."

This Bull gave great offence in England, and led to a violent outbreak of "No Popery" feeling, which disturbed Parliament and the people for some time.

OCT. 7.

THE newly appointed Cardinal Wiseman followed up the "Papal Brief" by issuing a Pastoral, "Given out of the Flaminian Gate," in which, among other statements wounding to Protestant susceptibilities, it was asserted that "Catholic England has been restored to its

orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament from which its light had long vanished; and begins anew its course of regularly-adjusted action round the centre of unity, the source of jurisdiction, of light, and of vigour." The assumption in this Pastoral increased the anger already roused by the Papal Bull, and nothing was talked of but the insolence of "the Papal Aggression," and the disloyal follies of the Puseyites, who then constituted the "Romanising" party in the Church of England.

A little later (November 4th) appeared Lord John Russell's celebrated "Durham Letter," dated from Downing Street, and addressed to the Bishop of Durham. In this letter he said, "I agree with you in considering the late aggression of the Pope upon our Protestantism as insolent and insidious." He confessed, however, "that his alarm was not equal to his indignation. Even if it shall appear that the ministers and servants of the Pope in this country have not transgressed the law, I feel persuaded that we are strong enough to repel any outward attacks." He went on to say, "There is a danger which alarms me much more than any aggression of a foreign sovereign," by which he meant that arising from "the unworthy sons of the Church of England herself," [namely the Puseyites, or followers of Dr. Pusey, the Tractarians, and other favourers of semi-Romish innovations in doctrine and ritual.

THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE.

DARING ATTEMPT TO BREAK INTO A CHURCH.

OCT. 20.

CARDINAL WISEMAN issued "An Appeal to the reason and good feeling of the people of England in justification of the recent measures of the Pope," but the popular excitement still continued, and was stimulated by the speeches of Lord John Russell and others, though Mr. Disraeli rather threw cold water on the "indignation" of the Durham letter. *Punch* sided strongly with those who resented the Papal action as insolent and aggressive, as may be seen by the numerous satirical articles and cuts which appeared in his pages at this time, directed both against the Papists and their Anglican apes the Puseyites.

(*See Cartoon, "The Thin End of the Wedge."*)

PARODY FOR PUSEYITES.

THOUGH crosses and candles we play with at home,
To go the whole gander, there's no place like Rome;
We've statues and relics to hallow us there,
Which, save in museums, you'll not find elsewhere.
Rome, Rome, sweet, sweet Rome!
For all us Tractarians there's no place like Rome!

Oct. 25.

A Banquet was this day given by the Lord Mayor of York to Prince Albert and the Mayors of the chief towns and cities in the United Kingdom. Lord John Russell was present. Lord John at this time had his hands very full with foreign and home affairs, the Great Exhibition, Ecclesiastical difficulties, &c., &c.; and the Parliamentary Recess brought him little rest from his arduous duties.

(*See Cartoon, "A Prime Minister's Holidays."*)

Oct. 26.

Captain M'Clure, in the course of his search for the remains of the Franklin Arctic Expedition, discovered the North-west Passage.

Nov. 10.

On this day and for several following Sundays there were disgraceful disturbances at St. Barnabas Church, Pimlico, caused by what were considered the Puseyite doctrines and ritualistic practices of its incumbent, Mr. Bennett.

PUSEYITE "HISTRIONICS."*

Theatre Clerical, St. Barnabas's, Pimlico.

The Reverend Proprietor has the honour respectfully to announce that he has established this Temple of the ecclesiastical Drama, with the view, in conjunction with his brother Histrionics, to bring out a Succession of Novelties; a designation which it is obviously justifiable to apply to Mediæval Revivals, or the reproduction of Mysteries, which, until recently, have never been acted in any Authorised Establishment in this country since the Reformation. To-morrow, and during the week, the Performances will commence with the Farce of

MOCK MATINS; OR, MONKS IN MASQUERADE.

In which the Rev. Mr. Benedict Bam will introduce his celebrated Italian Imitations,

To be followed by a Grand Romanesque Melodramatic Spectacle, entitled—

THE SERVICE IN DISGUISE;

Or, the Mysterious Mountebanks.

With new and startling Effects of Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations.

The whole of the Music by Professors Gregory and Ambrose.

This extraordinary Piece, on the getting-up of which no exertion has been spared, will include an imposing display of

SERIOUS PANTOMIME;

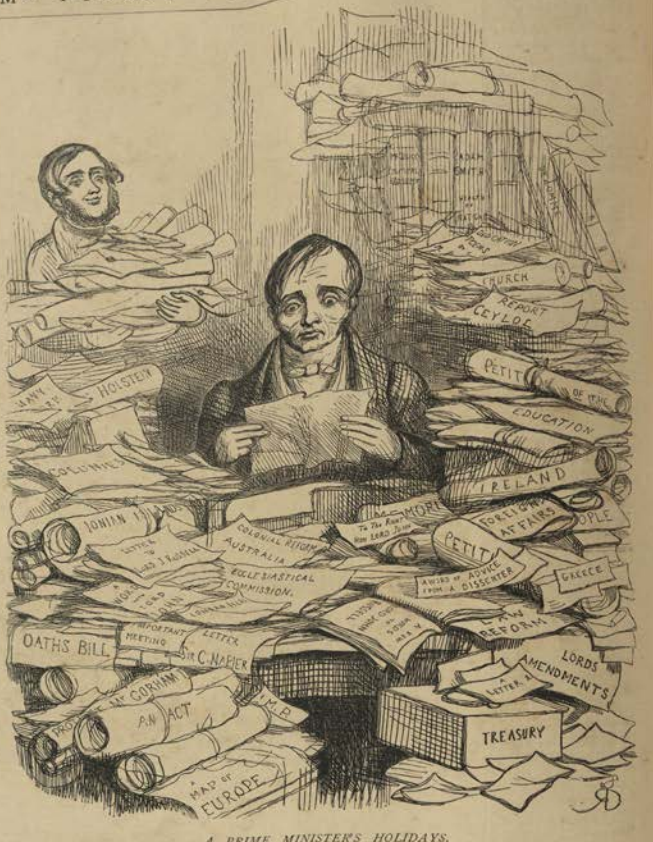
as certain portions of the Performance will be gone through in Dumb Show, realising to the imagination of the Audience

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF THE ROMAN RITUAL!

and it is confidently asserted that the Delusion will be Complete. The Rev. Mr. Bam will perform the celebrated feat of reading various Passages

WITH HIS BACK TO THE AUDIENCE;

* See the Bishop of London's Charge.



A PRIME MINISTER'S HOLIDAYS.

and by way of improvement upon ordinary summersets, the Rev. Mr. Hoakes will cut a series of right angles in the air. The novel trick of

SHIFTING THE LECTERN,

will be introduced by that celebrated illusionist, the Rev. Mr. Cozens, who also, together with the Rev. Messrs. Hummall, Checks, and Greener, will exhibit a variety of

ECCLESIASTICAL POSES PLASTIQUES!!

Fully equal in point of attraction to the most remarkable spectacle of the kind ever witnessed in the genuine

HALL OF ROME!!

The Text, instead of being spoken, will be delivered in recitative, varied by the introduction of solos and choruses, for which latter an efficient corps of choristers has been engaged; and Mr. Benedict Bam will give his favourite *preghiere* in his admired *sotto voce* style. The Effects will comprise the thrilling incident of a

TERRIFIC APPEARANCE IN THE WHITE SURPLICE,

By a Reverend Gentleman, who will deliver an impressive recitation; and the piece will terminate with a

GRAND CHORAL FINALE.

Great attention has been paid to the Lighting of this Theatre, and public notice is respectfully called to the arrangement of Large Wax Candles at the back of the Stage to burn by day, as well as night, according to the Roman system of illumination.

*** The eminent illusionist, the Rev. Mr. Ignatius Cozens, the Oxford Wizard, will shortly deliver a lecture at the above Histrionic Temple, in which he will perform the Astounding Marvel of Swallowing (in a non-natural sense)

ANY GIVEN NUMBER OF NO LESS THAN THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES!!

Doors open at seven (in the morning); performance to commence at half-past.

Vivat Pontifex Romanus!

No money returned!

BISHOP OF LINCOLN. BISHOP OF OXFORD. BISHOP OF EXETER.

THE HOT POKER.

Nov. 27.

MR. BENNETT ceased his ministrations at St. Barnabas, Pimlico, and resigned his post as Curate at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The Bishop of London, addressing him, wrote, "Upon the whole, if you are not prepared to comply *simpliciter ex animo* with the requisition contained in my letter, I must call upon you to fulfil your offer of retiring from a charge which, I deliberately think, you could not in that case continue to hold without great injury to the Church."

The subject of Puseyite practices within the Church of England, taken in connection with the Papal Aggression, produced great public excitement. Some of our leading ecclesiastics were suspected of a tendency to tamper with Ritualism. Towards the end of the year crowded public meetings on the subject, of an angry character, were of almost daily occurrence in all parts of the country.

(*See Cartoon, "The Hot Poker."*)

1851

THIS was the "Great Exhibition Year," the year of the famous Paxton-designed, *Punch*-christened "Crystal Palace" of International Art and Industry in Hyde Park. "Its approach" (says *Mr. Punch's* Introduction) "occupied so much of the public attention, that the proceedings in Parliament failed to attract the same amount of consideration that they might otherwise have done." They must find their place, however, in the chronicle of the year.

"The position of the Ministry" (continues the Political Summary) "though weak and tending to decline, was allowed to continue without exciting any popular demonstration. The general condition of the country was satisfactory, the revenue was prosperous, commerce thriving, and the labouring population satisfied and hopeful. The only exception to the general prosperity was the agricultural interest, some of the farmers still struggling with the consequences of the late change in the Corn Law. The ferment created by the Papal Brief and the measures likely to be adopted to counteract its effects, had not lessened in interest, but appeared to have increased at the usual period for the meeting of Parliament."

The Romanising tendencies and ritualistic absurdities of the Puseyites, as they were called, continued also to excite much angry comment and no little ridicule.

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

PUSEYITE PARSON. "What! Want to leave your Situation! Why, I thought you were Perfectly Satisfied?"
COOK. "Well, Sir, the fact is, I ain't equal to them Fast Days: for what with a Hegg here, and a Hegg there, and little bits o' Fish for Breakfastes, and little bits o' Fish for Dinners, and the Sweet Omelicks, and the Fried and the Stewed Heysters, and the Bashawed Lobsterres, and one think and the hether, there's so much Cooking, that I ain't even time to make up a Cap!"

(*See Cartoon, "A Pretty Kettle of Fish."*)

FEB. 4.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person. The Royal Speech referred chiefly to "the recent assumption of certain ecclesiastical titles conferred by a foreign Power," and "the difficulties still felt by owners and occupiers of land." Mr. Roebuck ridiculed the Papal aggression scare, and asked "where was the aggression upon Her Majesty's prerogative, because Dr. Wiseman chose to call himself a Cardinal, and put on a large hat and red stockings?" "Was it wise or worthy of the noble lord, so long the advocate of civil and religious liberty, to aid a cry which had its source in some of the vilest passions, and lend the sanction of his great name to the puritanical bigotry of England?" Mr. Disraeli also rather ridiculed the tone of Lord John Russell's Durham letter, and denied that the Papal action was either "insidious" or "insolent." Lord John defended his letter, repudiated any desire to persecute Roman Catholics, and announced his inten-

tion to bring in a Bill on the subject.

The strong references in the Royal Speech to the Papal Aggression, with the inspiration of which Lord John Russell was popularly credited, were the subject of much warm debate, both in Parliament and the country.

(See Cartoon, "The Writing Lesson.")

FEB. 7.

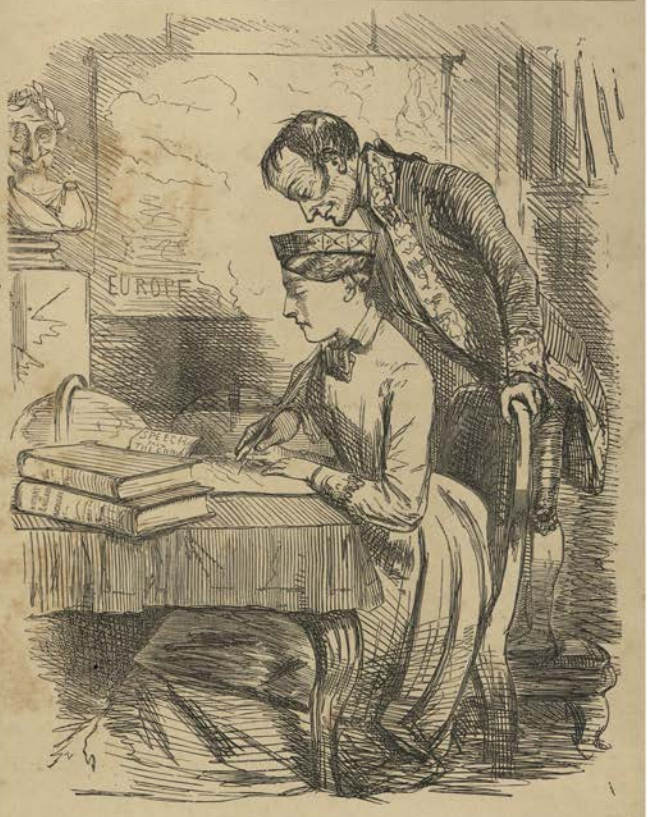
LORD JOHN RUSSELL moved for leave to introduce a Bill to prevent the assumption of certain ecclesiastical titles in respect of places in the United Kingdom. This became known as "The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill." "The measure," he said, "would forbid the assumption by Roman Catholics of titles taken from any territory or place within the United Kingdom." Leave was granted by 395 votes against 63.

Lord John Russell suggested that Cardinal Wiseman should adopt the title of Archbishop *in* Westminster in place of Archbishop *of* Westminster, and that he should reside in Rome instead of coming to England, advice which the Cardinal showed no inclination to take, although he delayed somewhat assuming his new functions.

FEB. 11.

MR. DISRAELI moved a resolution calling upon the Government to introduce without delay measures for the relief of "owners and occupiers of land."

He contended that "the cultivators and owners of land were entitled to a large remission of taxation to compensate them for the effects of recent legislation:" which, however, he disavowed any intention to reverse. The House of Commons now had, he said, "a golden occasion, to which, in my mind, it would not be easy to find a parallel in the records of the Parliament of England. They may perform a great office, and fulfil an august duty; they may step forward and do that which the Minister shrinks from doing. They may terminate the bitter controversy of years; they may bring back that which Lord Clarendon called the good old temper of the people of England. They may terminate the unhappy controversy between town and country; they may build up again the fortunes of the land of England—that land to which we owe so much of our power and of our freedom—which has fulfilled the union of two qualities for the combination of which a Roman emperor was deified, '*imperium et libertas*,' and this too, not by favour, not by power, not by sectarian arrangements, not by class legislation,



THE WRITING LESSON.

but by asserting the principles of political justice, and by obeying the dictates of social equity."

The words "*imperium et libertas*," here quoted by Mr. Disraeli, became somewhat famous in after years when again used by him in a far later stage of his brilliant, if erratic, career.

Sir James Graham warmly defended the policy of the late Sir Robert Peel, whose latest declaration in favour of Free Trade he referred to in eloquent and impressive terms. He said that the day for recalling Protection, or for any attempt to secure the price of food, was past.

The motion was lost—267 votes for, 281 against.

(*See Cartoon*, "*Dressing for a Masquerade.*")

FEB. 17.

THE Budget, introduced this day, showed a balance of nearly two millions. The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to apply one million to reduction of the National Debt, to continue the Income Tax, and partially to reduce the Window Duty. The Budget was unfavourably received.

THE MINISTER PUZZLED.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.
THE WINDOW TAX.
THE INCOME TAX.
THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.
THE TEA DUTY.
THE SOAP DUTY, &c. &c.

The Stage represents the Office of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER *in Downing Street.*

The CHANCELLOR *discovered alone, bending over papers.*

Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Was ever Minister so much perplex'd?
This horrid surplus overcomes me quite:
To me 'tis such an unaccustomed thing.
I feel as strange as one who meets the ghost
Of some one that he never met before.
Now, had it chanced to be a deficit,
I should have felt most perfectly at home;
Against a deficit, I've many a time
Stood boldly up—knowing there 's nothing in it.
I 'll nothing then to do but look around,
Select my victim for my needed tax,
And hurl him down the widely-yawning jaws
Of the exhausted Treasury's abyss.
'Tis easier far to boldly take from one
Than satisfy a hundred loud demands.
'Tis simple work supplying simple wants;
But expectation with its million hands,
And twice ten million tongues, I cannot soothe.
'Tis Hydra teeming with additional heads,
Briareus with ten thousand extra hands,
And Argus starr'd with supplemental eyes.
The million-headed Hydra's million tongues
Make on the surplus near a million claims.
Each finger of Briareus' countless hands
Makes at the public purse a desperate clutch;
While I, beneath the gaze of Argus' eyes,
See in them all the green of jealousy.

Her goes on with his calculations, and softly waltz to the slow sounds of an Italian Organ Boy without. While he sleeps, clouds gather round from the dust of the surrounding papers, enveloping everything in obscurity, and the Genius of the WINDOW TAX *appears.*

DRESSING FOR A MASQUERADE.

MR. DISRAELI AS A GREAT PROTECTIONIST LEADER.

Ghost of Window Tax. List! list! oh list! thou sleeping Minister!
How canst thou sleep while I still stalk abroad?
My troubled spirit, with its weight of conscience,
Can never, never rest, till thou hast laid me.

(The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER *starts, and turns round.*

'Tis well thou startest!—better still, thou hast turn'd—
I'm glad to see that thou art turn'd at last;
But listen now, and thou shalt start still more.
See'st thou yon wretched hovel, where a crowd
Of miserable beings, closely packed,
Lie huddled in a fetid atmosphere:
Disease and death are in solution heh!
Through every breath that stirs or stagnates there.
Talk of oppression and a tyrant's chains!
What greater tyrant is there than disease?
What worse oppression than the full-mouthed fiend,
Who, nightmare-like, sits on the tortured breast.
And with the poison from his lips exhaled
Corrupts the life-blood; turns the pleasant glow
Of genial warmth to fever's fitful heat?
And when the sufferer seeks a purer air,
He seeks in vain; for I, the Window Tax,
Shut up the wholesome vents which should supply

CINDERELLA; OR, LORD JOHN TRYING IT ON AGAIN.

All Nature's sustenance—the breath of life.
On me Mortality's tremendous bills
Hang like a debt—to which I daily add.
But 'tis enough. I know thou meanest well.
Thou'lt lay my troubled spirit in the grave—
Abolish me for ever. So, farewell!

(The WINDOW TAX *disappears in a flame from the light of Civilization, and immediately afterwards the* GHOST OF THE INCOME TAX *is seen in its place.*

* * * * * *

FEB. 20.

THE Government were defeated by a majority of 100 to 52, over Mr. Locke King's motion to extend the county franchise to £10. This, with the bad reception of the Budget, produced a Ministerial Crisis, Lord John Russell, on the 24th, announcing that he had tendered his resignation to the Queen, who had sent for Lord Stanley. Lord Stanley being, however, unable to form a Ministry, Her Majesty had requested him to undertake the task of reconstructing one. He therefore asked the House to adjourn till the 28th February. The Russell Ministry was ultimately reinstated.

(See Cartoon, "Cinderella; or, Lord John trying it on again.")

MARCH 7.

SIR GEORGE GREY re-introduced the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill in a somewhat modified form. Great opposition had been offered to the measure both by Catholics and by many Protestants.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE MOUSE.

(Being a Lay of the Crisis.)

THERE'S blank amaze at Brooks's,
At White's is note of war;
O'er Barclay's beer, or Meux's,
In pot-house parlour jar.
Old gentlemen on 'buses
Vex the driver as he climbs,
And flap him, spite of *cusses*,
In damp sheets of the *Times*.

And many a Carlton muffin
Is toughening on its plate,
As those who should be stuffin'
Are eager in debate.

And the Reform Club Porters,
To the "buttons" boy, put on
The lofty air of martyrs,
In honour of Lord John.
* * * *
'Twas on the stormy Saturday
Lord John flung up the reins:
'Twas on that day the Mountain
Was seized with labour-pains—

And though the quiet Sunday
It throbbed, and heaved, and groaned,
And the hushed House learnt on Monday
That the birth was still postponed.

And in those earthquake cleavings,
Till Friday morn came round,
What sudden strange up-heavings,
What sinkings to the ground!

Even the Country party
A while was tossed on high,
And a light head and a dizzy
One moment touched the sky.

By Downing Street's convulsions,
Together thrown were seen
The fierce and flashing Stanley,
The canny Aberdeen;

THIS IS THE BOY WHO CHALKED UP "NO POPERY!"—AND THEN RAN AWAY!!!

The Baronet of Netherby,
Cold heart and ready tongue,
Beheld himself, with wonder,
Towards Whig embraces flung.

A week of Mountain-labour,
That passed and brought no sign—
A week of combinations
That never would combine.
Till e'en Whig statesmen's brothers
If they were in might doubt,
And e'en Whig statesmen's mothers
Knew not if they were *out*.

And then when gossip ended,
And rumour's fount was dry,
When the gobemouche and the quidnunc
Had not question nor reply—
When on the second Friday,
The pangs were fruitless all—

We heard how the old Doctor
"Twas determined in to call.

And through the British nation,
East, West, and South, and North,
Watched eager expectation
Of the birth that might come forth.
When to the eyes past counting
That watch'd the Commons House,
From the flanks of the rent Mountain,
Crept forth a little Mouse!

A little Mouse came creeping,
'Mid the clamour loud and high,
And said, with small voice cheeping,
"The Mountain-birth am I;
And my name, as all may witness,
Is Papal Titles Biffy;
I was small before the row came,
And now I'm smaller still."

The Irish Members of the House threatened to fight the modified measure unfalteringly. Sir James Graham and many conspicuous members of the Liberal party were opposed to it. On the other hand the changes made caused considerable dissatisfaction amongst the more ardent supporters of the measure. This gave rise to *Mr. Punch's* memorable Cartoon, "The Boy (Lord Russell) who chalked up 'No Popery!' and then ran away." The Bill as amended passed its second reading on the 25th March by a majority of 438 to 95, but it was discussed in Committee for several months longer. It ultimately passed into law.

(*See Cartoon, "This is the Boy who chalked up 'No Popery!'—and then ran away!!!"*)

MAY 1.

THIS memorable May Day saw the opening of the Great Exhibition of the Industries of All Nations in Hyde Park. Prince Albert's idea of an Universal Exhibition had fallen somewhat flat, and even excited ridicule, till resuscitated and made practicable and, what is more, popular by Joseph Paxton's great and at first startling idea of a Glass House! The opening ceremony was a wonderful and unprecedented spectacle. So great an assemblage of people had never before mustered in the metropolis. The Queen of course opened it, and Prince Albert, two of the Royal children, the Duke of Wellington, and a host of celebrities gathered round the throne from which she, through the mouth of the Marquis of Breadalbane, declared "the Exhibition open."

(*See Cartoon, "Her Majesty as she appeared on the First of May."*)

THE MAY QUEEN.

You must see they call me early
—call me early, that's a dear!
To-morrow will be the least of a
joke of all days in the year.
No doubt 'twill go off well, love
—but still 'tis a trying day;
For I am the Queen, and it's
May, my dear; I am the
Queen, and it's May.

Pray, tell Gold-Stick in waiting,
that the moment he awake
He'll have all the Bed-chamber
Ladies up before the day
doth break.
You know those horrid Robes
of State must be put on for
the day;
For I am the Queen, and it's
May, my dear; I am the
Queen, and it's May.

There's Colonel Rowan round
the porch will muster all
his powers;
And I trust, to damp our pleasure, we shan't have any
showers;
You know I carry the sunshine where I go, as the people
say; 'Tis always May.
For the Queen, 'tis always May, my dear; for the Queen,

I haven't the least doubt, love, there'll be no cheering ill;
That they'll cheer us, as usual, down Constitution Hill;
That for rich and poor alike 'twill be a merry-making
day; [Queen, and it's May.
For I am the Queen, and it's May, my dear; I am the

HER MAJESTY, AS SHE APPEARED ON THE FIRST OF MAY,

Surrounded by "Horrible Conspirators and Assassins."

So you'll see they call me early—call me early, that's a
dear!
To-morrow will be a trifle for you, love, never fear;
But still you know it's sure to be a very fatiguing day;
For I am the Queen, and it's May, my dear; I am the
Queen, and it's May.

MAY 2.

MR. HUME proposed that the Income Tax should be limited to one year, so that the entire scheme of taxation might be considered by a Select Committee. The motion was carried against the Ministry by 230 to 224.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had re-introduced his Budget, somewhat modified, and including the total abolition of the Window Duty, on the 5th April. Later, Mr. Disraeli censured him for "bringing forward a budget which had

to be withdrawn, and at the same time availing himself of the surplus which it indicated." There was considerable opposition to the Tax, which was considered inquisitorial, and unfair in its incidence.

(See Cartoon, "The Inquisition in England.")

THE INCOME-TAX.

A SCENE FROM *PUNCH'S* "FAUSTUS."

SCENE.—*The Interior of the* CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S *Office in Downing Street.* MEPHISTOPHELES *solus.*

Meph. The sturdy Moralist up yonder knew
Who the first Whig was. Any how, we're stanch!
'Twere mean and shabby to desert one's own
In time of need. My friend that sleeps within [his part.
In me has one, at least, to take
They are at hand.
[*Disguises himself as the* CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.
What he would do without me I'm the Deuce knows—or he *should* know—for *I* don't.
So!

Enter Deputation of Sufferers to complain of the Income-Tax.

Now, your pleasure, worthy gentlemen?

1st Suff. Right honourable Sir, we come to crave
A due adjustment of the Income-Tax,
Whose most unequal pressure galls us sore,
And cripples our small means.

Meph. Thy calling, friend?

1st Suf. Sir, a poor Author.

Meph. Poor! What say'st thou? Poor?
Thank Luck thou hast an Income-Tax to pay!
And thine?

2nd Suf. A Tailor, Sir.

Meph. Poor sufferer!
Yet, 'tis not hard for thee to clip and pare.
Come, cut thy coat according to thy cloth.
Of what complain ye?

1st Suf. Sir, that our hard earnings
No less a tax than rent or interest pay;
Which, pinching Income, spares fat Property.

Meph. What property hast thou?

1st Suf. Just half-a-crown,
Within this poke: the rest my brain must earn.

Meph. Well; then thy Income is thy Property,
And it is Property in thee that pays.

2nd Suf. But pays a vast deal more than Stock or Land.

Meph. What then?

3rd Suf. We're cornered, cheated, swindled, robbed.

Meph. Sweet Sir, fair words. Pray do we rob the lamb
Because we don't—or you don't—shear the pig?
Dost e'er eat mutton?

3rd Suf. Ay, when I can get it,
Which is not always—thank your Schedule D.

Meph. Thou eatest mutton—and thou hast the face
To grumble for that thou art victimised!
Victimisation is a law of Nature:
Victims there must be—hares, and deer, and doves,
As well as hawks and eagles, hounds and squires.

1st Suf. The stronger back should bear the heavier burden.

Meph. Ay—but the greater strength will throw it off.
You'd have the tax on Income justly shared
By Property that laid it on; a boon
Which I can only wish that you may get.

1st Suf. Evasion, therefore, is our sole resource:
Cheated, to cheat; encounter fraud by fraud.
Extortion meet by lies; and as we're done——

Meph. To do. [*Bows them out.*

THE INQUISITION IN ENGLAND.

GRAND INQUISITOR (LORD JOHN). "Oh, *He's got Plenty of Money!*—*Away with Him!*—*and put the Screws on for another Year!*"

MAY 13.

ON this day occurred one of the most memorable matches in racing records between two of the most celebrated of English thoroughbreds. Lord Eglinton's "Flying Dutchman," who had won the Derby and St. Leger in 1849, was matched for 1000 guineas against Lord Zetland's "Voltigeur," who had won the same two races in 1850. The race was run at York, Flying Dutchman carrying 8 st. 8½ lbs., ridden by Marlow, and Voltigeur, 8 st., ridden by Flatman. After an exciting race Flying Dutchman won by a length. The race run in the present year (1887), between Ormonde, Minting, and Bendigo, has been compared to that between Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur, both as regards the quality of the competitors, the excitement of the race, and the enthusiasm roused by the victory of the Duke of Westminster's splendid and unbeaten horse Ormonde.

MAY 26.

THIS was the first shilling day at the Crystal Palace. £920 was taken.

(See Cartoon, "The Pound and the Shilling.")

JUNE 1.

ON this day the United Kingdom Alliance for the suppression by law of the traffic in intoxicating liquors was established at Manchester.

JULY 4.

THE Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was read a third time in the House of Commons by a majority of 263 to 49, and sent up to the Lords. Mr. Gladstone's final protest against the Bill he had so strenuously opposed was as follows:—He said he opposed the Bill "as hostile to the institutions of this country, more especially to its established religion; because it would teach it to rely on other support than that of the spiritual strength and vitality which alone could give it vigour; because its tendency was to undermine and weaken the authority of the law in Ireland; because it was disparaging to the great principle of religious freedom on which this wise and understanding people had permanently built its legislation of late years; and, lastly, because it would tend to relax and destroy these bonds of concord and good-will which ought to unite all classes and persuasions of Her Majesty's subjects." On the 29th August the Bill was read a third time in the Lords, and passed without a division.

"In Ireland" (says *Mr. Punch's* Political Summary, vol. xxi.) "Drs. Cullen and Cahill, the most violent of the Papist leaders, made

THE POUND AND THE SHILLING.

"WHOEVER THOUGHT OF MEETING YOU HERE?"

treasonable and ridiculous harangues to the poor ignorant Irish; and but for the good sense of the Government in allowing them to proceed unchecked, might have produced some temporary difficulty."

(*See Cartoon, "The Fiery Cross!"*)

THE FIERY CROSS!

See "The Lady of the Lake."

'TWAS all prepared; and from the flock
An oaf, the biggest of the stock,
The needful articles conveyed,
For any row a ready blade.
The scowling Priest, with grin and glare,
Sedition's Rood did next prepare:
A halter's length in measure due;
The shaft a torch; the limbs were two;
The Cross thus form'd he shook on high,
With felon hand, and evil eye,
And fierce and frenzied feelings woke
In imprecations whilst he spoke:—

"Woe to the spalpeen who shall view
This symbol of our native stew,
And not resolve that he will do
Whate'er he can a storm to brew,
For England's overthrow!
Deserter of his Prelates' trust,
He ne'er shall profit by our dust;
But, from each shrine and relic thrust,
The faithful's execration just
Shall doom the wretch to woe."
He paused;—the word his vassals took,
With grinning teeth and wolfish look;
On high their dingy fists they shook,
Their shirtless bosoms widely strook;
And first they mumbled low,
And then, applauding his discourse,
Their ill blood heating at its source,
They roared and bawled with all their force,
And yelled and screamed, till they were hoarse.
"Woe to the divil, woe!"
Hush'd was the scream, and still'd the yell;
The Monk resumed his mumbled spell;
Nasal and low his voice became
The while he tipp'd the Cross with flame;
And the few words that reach'd the air,
Although some saintly names were there,
Had more of balderdash than prayer.

Then rang the tongues of females, till
It seemed the clacking of a mill,
Everyone scolding with a will;
And children, you'd have thought them ill,
Did squeak and squall also;

Answering, what to repeat we dread,
And likewise "Punch the sinner's head;
A couch of nettles be his bed,"
And "sorrow take him, too," they said;
"Bad luck to him, and woe!"

Then paused the holy man anew,
And doubly hard he puff'd and blew,
Worse than he had already said
He strove to say, against the blade

Sedition's call who disobeyed;
And thus again his voice was heard,
In language perfectly absurd:—

"Now bear this Cross, boys, in your van,
And pass it on from man to man.
Blind be the ear that fails to heed!
Deaf be the foot that shuns to speed!
Confusion seize the speechless eyes!
Scorn make the heartless soul its prize!

THE FIERY CROSS!

Drive the black traitor through the earth!
Scout the pale coward from each hearth;
And be a dwelling him denied,
Driven in exile to reside!
As dies in gloom this brilliant spark,
So live his name in odium dark!"
He ceased; and all his hearers then
With one accord exclaim'd "Amen!"

JULY 18.

THE House of Lords had on the 17th thrown out once more the Bill for admitting Jews into Parliament by a majority of 36. On the 18th Mr. Salomons presented himself to take his seat as elected Member for Greenwich, but refusing to recite the words, "upon the true faith of a Christian," was ordered by the Speaker to withdraw. He, however, did not do so, but took his seat. Lord John, in answer to questions, said the Government did not intend to take proceedings against Mr. Salomons for thus taking his seat in an informal manner. A few days later, on the 21st, Mr. Salomons repeated this process, and again the Speaker requested him to withdraw. It was moved by Mr. Osborne that he was entitled to take his seat, but the motion was lost by 229 to 81. The Speaker directed the Sergeant-at-Arms to remove Mr. Salomons, and, on the Sergeant touching his shoulder, to give the desired appearance of coercion, Mr. Salomons retired. The electors of London and Greenwich petitioned to be heard at the bar of the House in favour of Baron Rothschild and Mr. Salomons, but this was disallowed by 77 to 44.

THE LORD MAYOR-IUS MOURNING OVER THE RUINS OF SMIFFEL.

AN AFFECTING APPLICATION OF AN ANCIENT AND CLASSICAL INCIDENT.

A proposition for the abolition of Smithfield Market was before Parliament. *Punch*, as usual, brought all his weight to bear against the ancient abomination.

THE LAST DAYS OF SMITHFIELD.

SMITHFIELD is going, is going, is going,
Smithfield is going, and soon will be gone;
No more will the lowing, the lowing, the lowing,
Of ring-droves in agony startle the dawn.

No longer the squeaking, the squeaking, the squeaking
Of pigs, with lambs' bleating, will tunefully blend;
Nor females with shrieking, with shrieking, with shrieking,
As they fly from the mad ox, our ear-drums will rend.

The drovers, by swearing, by swearing, by swearing,
No longer will heighten the sheep-dog's fierce bark,
While the torches are flaring, are flaring, are flaring,
On each market morning so early, by dark.

Those cruel brutes' oak sticks, their oak sticks, their oak sticks,
No more on the horns of the oxen will ring;

They'll soon cease to poke sticks, to poke sticks, to poke sticks,
Armed with goads, in the flank the poor creatures to sting.

The Market's Committee, Committee, Committee,
Let us hope, will not make the Lords throw out the bill;
So, preserving the City, the City, the City
In its old vested rights, and its nastiness still.

(*See Cartoon, "The Lord Mayor-ius mourning over the Ruins of Smiffel."*)

Aug. 7.

Mr. Gladstone had addressed to the Earl of Aberdeen a letter on the subject of the infamous cruelties involved in the State prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government. This letter, couched in terms of eloquent indignation, had created a great sensation. On reference being made to it in the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston spoke in warm approval of the course Mr. Gladstone had taken, and said he had thought it his duty to send copies of Mr. Gladstone's publication to the British Ministers at the various Courts of Europe, directing them to give copies to each Government. This outspoken announcement was received with much cheering.

Aug. 8.

Parliament was prorogued by the Queen in person.

LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS!

American Youth. "I guess, Master Johnny, if you don't look sharp, I'll show you how to make a Seventy-four next!!"

MR. PUNCH'S REVIEW OF THE SESSION.

Now, August arriving, by dint of contriving,
The Bills are shoved on with unwonted progression;
Till in part by hard working, and partly by barking,
The Commons have managed to wind up the Session.
A short retrospection may lead to reflection
On the sum of performance, compared with profession:
So as popular leaders, we call on our readers
To follow us through a slight sketch of the Session.

We'd best make the most of our one Bill to boast of,
The slap on the face given to Papal Aggression;
And that once recorded, still perhaps for't awarded,
One scarce knows what else we have got from the Session.
The old Income-Tax, Sir, is still on our backs, Sir,
And it's not Sir Charles Wood's fault we haven't a fresh 'un)
And for Window-Tax gone, Sir, there's House-Tax laid on, Sir;
And that's the financial great coup of the Session.

When promised a Jew Bill, we thought 'twas a true bill,
And hoped to see Rothschild in quiet possession
Of his seat in the House, Sir, but the hope was a chouse, Sir,
For, thanks to the Lords, that's put off for the Session!
So, instead of one Jew, Sir, we now have got two, Sir,
To make a still louder appeal 'gainst oppression;
And City votes hustle poor dear Lord John Russell,
To take up once again his dropped Bill of the Session.

On the whole, looking back, Sir, one feels there's a lack, Sir,
(I think one may say so without indiscretion),
Of much to be proud of, or boast very loud of,
In all that's been done through the whole of the Session.
But there's one consolation for *Punch* and the Nation,
If one turns from performance away to profession,
The less that's done now, Sir, the more, you'll allow, Sir,
Is left for that wonderful period—next Session.

Aug. 22.

The United States yacht the *America*, 170 tons, vanquished all the vessels of the Royal Yacht Club at Cowes, coming in 8 miles ahead of her nearest competitor.

(*See Cartoon, "Look out for Squalls!"*)

THE LAST APPENDIX TO "YANKEE DOODLE."

YANKEE DOODLE sent to Town
His goods for exhibition;
Everybody ran him down,
And laugh'd at his position:
They thought him all the world behind;
A gomey, muff, or noodle;
Laugh on, good people—never mind—
Says quiet Yankee Doodle.
Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, &c.

Yankee Doodle had a craft,
A rather tidy clipper,
And he challenged, while they laughed,
The Britishers to whip her.
Their whole yacht-squadron she outsped,
And that on their own water;
Of all the lot she went a-head,
And they came nowhere after.
Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, &c.

O'er Panama there was a scheme
Long talk'd of, to pursue a
Short route—which many thought a dream—
By Lake Nicaragua.
John Bull discussed the plan on foot,
With slow irresolution,

BLOOMERISM—AN AMERICAN CUSTOM.

While Yankee Doodle went and put
It into execution.
Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, &c.

A steamer of the Collins line,
A Yankee Doodle's notion,
Has also quickest cut the brine
Across the Atlantic Ocean.
And British agents, noways slow
Her merits to discover,
Have been and bought her—just to tow
The Cunard packets over.
Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, &c.

Your gunsmiths of their skill may crack,
But that again don't mention;
I guess that Colt's revolvers whack
Their very first invention.
By Yankee Doodle, too, you're beat
Downright in Agriculture,
With his machine for reaping wheat,
Chaw'd up as by a vulture.
Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, &c.

You also fancied, in your pride,
Which truly is tarnation,
Them British locks of yourn defied
The rogues of all creation;
But Chubb's and Bramah's Hobbs has pick'd,
And you must now be view'd all
As having been completely licked
By glorious Yankee Doodle.
Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, &c.

The pages of *Punch* at this time, and for many months thereafter, were full of caricatures of the contemporary movement known popularly as "Bloomerism." It was a fashion of American origin, and in May and June of this year certain female lecturers from that country had publicly advocated the adoption by English ladies of the costume known as the "Bloomer," the chief characteristic of which was a form of lower garment approximating to the male pantaloon, of a somewhat more pronounced description than the "dual garmenture" and "divided skirt" known to fame in later years.

(*See Cartoon, "Bloomerism—an American Custom."*)

OCT. 11.

THE Great Exhibition was this day closed finally. It had been proposed to maintain it in Hyde Park as a Winter Garden, but the

scheme fell through, and the "Crystal Palace" was eventually transferred to Sydenham.

OCT. 23.

THE patriotic Hungarian leader Louis Kossuth arrived in this country from Turkey, and became for some time the most popular of public "lions."

The French Government had refused him permission to pass through France on his way to England.

(*See Cartoon, "You can't pass here!"*)

THE VOICE OF THE EXILE.

On a red sword her ill-knit bulk up-propping,
The Anarch Force I saw;
Across her knees was laid a Knout, blood-dropping;
Beneath her feet was Law.

Each with his heel upon a nation's forehead,
Her armed guards stood round;
Nations—that, strip'd of all wherein they gloried,
Were lying gagged and bound.

There, Italy, still lovely through her anguish,
Bled, but disdained to weep;
Her cheeks were sunk and white, like theirs who languish
For years in dungeons deep.

Germany, with her kind face, made for loving,
Now written, sharp, and sour,
Lay, ever and anon her large limbs moving,
Half conscious of their power.

Passionate Poland her chained hands was clenching,
While her full Eastern eye
With fires of hate, perennial and unblenching,
Glared upwards to the sky.

And like a war-spent soldier, faint and breathless,
Hungary, prostrate there,
Lay, seeming wounded to the death; but deathless
Was her defiant stare.

At first, the seat where Anarch Force was sitting,
Seemed set in living stone,
And all those mail-clad guards, supporters fitting
For such a firm-based throne.

But, lo! the clamps which chair to base did fasten
Were almost eat away;
And the blood dropping from the knout did hasten
A change of rock to clay;

And those huge guards, whose firm and even treading
Seemed proof 'gainst overthrow,
On foot-hold wet with gore of their own shedding
Slipped, swaying to and fro.

Then she and they, with jubilant acclamations,
Their song of triumph sung—
An impious *Te Deum* o'er the nations
That 'neath their feet were flung.

But all at once that song did check and waver,
Then stopped with sudden jar,
As a voice came, low first, but swelling ever—
A voice, heard, from afar,

Singing like a caged bird, in spite of chains,
And calumny, and wrong—
Singing like one who, looking from the plains,
Sees morning strike along

The mountain-tops, and tells how with the day
The sunlight will descend,
And chase the mists that choke the valley gray,
Muffling it, end to end.

Anon, from hope rising into defiance,
It spoke with trumpet tone,

LOUIS NAPOLEON. KOSSUTH.

YOU CAN'T PASS HERE!

Calling mankind to holiest alliance
'Gainst Brute Force on her throne.
And, though in a strange tongue, with wondrous power
That deep voice filled the land,
Till Anarch Force upon her throne did cower;
Her sword shook in her hand;
And her huge guards were sudden terror-stricken,
With dull brows ashy-white;
While those down-trodden Nations seemed to quicken
With new-awakened might,
Thrilled by the power that in their half-numbed members
Aroused the pulse of men,
Like the seer's word that kindled life's dead embers
In the dry bones again.

NOV. 13.

A new wire having been laid across the Channel, telegraphic communication was this day renewed between England and France.

(*See Cartoon, "The New Siamese Twins."*)

THE NEW SIAMESE TWINS.

DEC. 2.

Coup d'état in France. Louis Napoleon, the President, had lately indulged in various enigmatical utterances on the subject of public disorder and the violence of party. "A vast demagogical conspiracy," said he on the 4th November, "is now organizing in France and Europe." He desired a change in the electoral law by which universal suffrage should be restored, but the Ministerial Bill embodying that change was rejected by 355 to 348. On the 9th, addressing the officers of regiments lately arrived in Paris, he said, "If ever the day of danger shall arrive, I will not do as the Government which preceded me did. I will not say to you 'March, and I will follow you,' but I will say to you 'I march; follow me.'" On the 2nd December he abolished the Constitution of the Republic, and in an address to the people, submitted under five heads "the following fundamental bases of a Constitution." Of these a main point was the first, "A responsible head named for ten years." The Deputies, entering the Hall of Assembly by a side entrance, attempted to carry on business as usual, but being hampered by the military, adjourned to the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement, where they voted the President guilty of high treason. They were arrested and confined in the barracks. Later in the day certain of the Deputies, led by Charles Baudin, with the Book of the Constitution in his hand, ranged themselves in front of a barricade about to be attacked by the troops, and made a peaceable appeal to the latter.

The soldiers deliberately fired into the group of scared Deputies, and Baudin, with others, fell dead. On the 4th, the Republican party went "down into the streets," barricades were raised, and resistance attempted; but the troops attacked the barricades and carried them,

with great loss to the people. The streets of the city became indeed a scene of massacre, immense numbers of citizens being slain, and large numbers of prisoners subsequently shot. No quarter was given to the people. Paris "is in a state of siege. The President establishes universal suffrage, and appeals to the people." So came the startling news to London. On the 8th Louis Napoleon wrote, "Frenchmen! the disturbances are appeased. Whatever be the decision of the people, society is saved. The first part of my task is accomplished. . . . . I shall always respect the decision of the people." He claimed to have precipitated the crisis in the interests of society, and affected to await with calmness the verdict of the nation upon his *coup d'état* and his proposed Constitution. He presented his stroke of violence as "the appeal to the nation for the purpose of terminating the struggles of parties," which, said he, "*I* knew would not cause any serious risk to the public tranquillity." He had doubtless his own idea of the word "serious." The issue seemed to justify him, however—in a sense. On the 14th, the voting for Louis Napoleon as President of the French Republic took place, and the result showed 7,439,219 votes for, and 640,737 against. It seemed that violence, if not wisdom, was justified of her works.

(*See Cartoon, "Louis Napoleon's Coup d'Etat."*)

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S COUP D'ÉTAT. CUTTING UP HIS GOOSE FOR THE GOLDEN EGGS.

BILL OF THE FRENCH PLAY.

THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS, ÉLYSÉE!

Sole Manager, M. LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Every Day, until a farther *Coup d'état*, will be presented the Laughable Farce, entitled,

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC; OR, FREEDOM IN FETTERS!!

Principal Characters by MM. LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, ROUHER, TURGOT, ST. ARNAUD, DUCOS, &C.; and MLLE FORTUNE; together with a large *corps* of Supernumeraries.

In addition to whom, the Performance will be supported by

THE ENTIRE STRENGTH OF THE FRENCH ARMY!!!

To give every facility for Criticism, and the exercise of Unbiassed Opinion,

THE FREE LIST, WITHOUT THE EXCEPTION OF THE PRESS, IS ENTIRELY SUSPENDED!!!!

∴ *In preparation, and will be duly announced,*

A Revival of the grand serio-comic-melo-dramatic Spectacle,

THE EMPIRE!!!!

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity! [*No Money Returned.*

DEC. 5.

LORD PALMERSTON wrote to Lord Normanby, the British Ambassador in Paris, that he had been commanded by Her Majesty to instruct him not to make any change in his relations with the French Government.

(*See Cartoon, "The 'Judicious Bottle-Holder.'"*)

"OLD PAM," *ALIAS* "THE DOWNING STREET PET"

[THE WELL-KNOWN JUDICIOUS BOTTLE-HOLDER].

In presenting our readers with a portrait of this celebrated sporting character, we have no intention of going into a detailed account of his performances in the Diplomatic ring.

He may be strictly called "a veteran;" but he has been such a remarkably steady man, and, thanks to this, is still so fresh, and in such good preservation, that no one would think of clapping on his head more than two-thirds of the sixty-seven years he carries with so much pluck and liveliness.

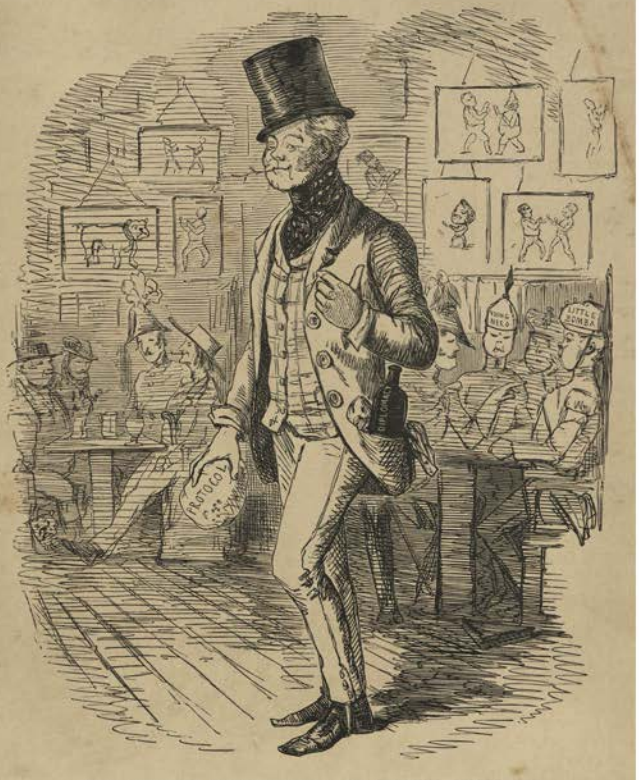
"Old Pam," as he is affectionately called by the nobs of the Fancy, with whom he is deservedly a great favourite, entered the ring in the good old milling times, when a fight rear a fight, and no mistake. Boney the bruiser was still open to fight all the world, any weight, size, or odds, and Pam made his bow in St. Stephen's, the Tennis Court of those days, just after Boney's great mill with "the Prussian," which came off in Austerlitz Fields, and on the event of which so much changed hands.

Pam was trained in the sharp fast-hitting school of poor George Canning—that brilliant favourite of the Fancy. The style of this school, though very showy, was rather deficient in "slogging," and punishing qualities, and Pam early showed considerable judgment in combining with the neat sharp countering of the Canning school, a good deal of the straight-forward go-in-and-win style, which never fails to insure a man backers in England.

It is not, however, as a fighting man, but as a second, and still more as a bottle-holder, that Pam is distinguished. He is great in arranging the preliminaries of a mill, though some have complained that there is a good deal of bounce about him, and that as a backer he is not to be trusted, being apt to desert his own man at the last moment, and hedge. It was no doubt a good deal owing to Pam's services that the "Constantinople Slasher" (whom Pam both backed and acted as bottle-holder to) gained his victory over "Old Egypt" in 1840; when "Little Thiers," who did the needful in the same way for "Old Egypt," was such a loser, that he quite lost his temper in the field, and wanted to make a match to fight Pam in the same ring. However, Pam never lost his good-humour with the little fellow, whose tendency to chaff was well known; and nothing serious ever came of it.

Pam was very busy in 1847, arranging the preliminaries of a mill between Johnny Bull and the late Lewis Phillips, on the occasion of the latter entering into a match with "The Don," contrary to his engagement with Johnny. Many, however, thought that neither he nor Guizot, who acted as Phillips's "friend" on the occasion, ever meant fighting, and that neither one nor the other could have made the necessary deposits, though they both talked big.

Pam is always to be found in his own well-known sporting crib in Downing Street, where most of the matches and fights to come are negotiated. Recently there has been a good deal of talk about an affair of unparalleled interest, to come off between two well-known



THE "JUDICIOUS BOTTLE-HOLDER;" OR, DOWNING STREET PET.

"Bless you! it's all Chaff—Won't come to a Fight. Old Nick's got no Constitution—and then I'm Bottle-Holder on t'other side, too!"

heavy-weights, "Nick the Bear" and "Young Europe," in which both sides have applied to Pam: who has always hitherto been looked upon as a backer of the latter, and who, if he has any regard for his own character and that of his establishment, will certainly have nothing to say to Nick's backers, who have always patronised a rival house. We trust that wherever Pam appears as bottle-holder, it will be on the right side, assured, as we are, that this is the only way in which he can continue to merit the support of his friends and the public.

We have nothing to say against him, unless it be that he certainly is open to the charge of occasionally bullying men that he thinks can't stand up to him, and that when he wants to get up a mill, he is not always careful enough about the character of the man he backs.

Thus, in "Pacifico's" fight with "the Greek," when Pam backed the Jew, it was felt by many that Pam did not deal quite fairly; and that though the battle-money was paid over to the Jew, "the Greek" would certainly have won, had Pam gone quite "upon the square."

As a companion, Pam is a great favourite—great at chaff, sings a good song, and is seen to great advantage at the harmonic ordinary in St. Stephen's, Westminster, where he is the life and soul of the table, and where in the sparring *scrapes*, for which the House is so celebrated, "the Downing Street Pet," despite his seven-and-sixty summers, is still one of the quickest and neatest hands with the gloves that ever stepped on a stage. His performance, on the occasion of his own benefit, last season, was an example of perfect science; his quickness in stopping, his sharpness in countering, and, above all, his style of getting away from his man, were considered worthy of the best days of the Parliamentary Ring.

His precipitate recognition of the proceedings of Louis Napoleon was not in this country thought to be very judicious, and it involved "the Bottle-Holder" in trouble, and led to his dismissal, as will be seen.

FRANCE IS TRANQUIL!!

DEC. 8.

On this date Louis Napoleon wrote as follows: "The calm attitude of the people of Paris, the reprobation with which they condemned the insurrection, have testified with sufficient clearness for whom the capital pronounced itself. . . . Thanks be rendered to the intelligent and patriotic population of Paris. Let it persuade itself more and more that my only ambition is to ensure the repose and prosperity of France."

(See Cartoon, "France is tranquil!!")

THE NEW NAPOLEON CODE.

THE following Code will be given by me to my loving country, and it is my fervent desire that it may tend to the Honour and Glory of France.

IT IS DECREED—

I.—That any person who looks out of window shall be immediately shot.

II.—That any person who refuses to look out of window shall be suspected of high treason.

III.—That any person who has blinds to his windows, or letter-boxes to his door, or ventilators to his walls, or harbours a balcony in front of his house, shall be liable to have that house blown about his ears, without a moment's notice.

IV.—That any person who has a poker or tongs, or shovel, in his possession, shall be deemed guilty, without trial, or benefit of court-martial, of concealing fire-arms, and condemned accordingly to be shot for not having surrendered them to the State.

V.—That any person found smoking a cigar in the street, shall, for the first offence, be pronounced guilty of supplying the insurgents with fire, and carried instantly to the Champ de Mars, there and there to be shot.

VI.—That any two, or three, or more persons discovered talking together, shall be tried for uttering sedition against the State, and condemned accordingly.

VII.—That any person detected whistling, or coughing, or sneezing, or having, or pretending to have, a cold, in the street, shall be taken up and imprisoned in Vincennes for life, for holding concerted signals with the insurgents with the view of inducing them to rise.

VIII.—That any person who, upon coming before a portrait of Louis Napoleon, does not take off his hat, and shout *Vive l'Empereur!* shall run the risk of losing his head by the hand of the first soldier who witnesses the act of contempt.

IX.—That any person who does not walk with his hands uplifted in the air, with the view of proving he carries no weapons about with him, shall be left to the mercy of Louis Napoleon, and, without fail, *punished* accordingly.

X.—That any person who gives a party of *conversazione*, without the previous sanction of the Police, and sending to the properly constituted authorities a true list of the guests invited and things provided, shall do so at the risk of having himself and company carried off to Mazas, and imprisoned there, at least, for life.

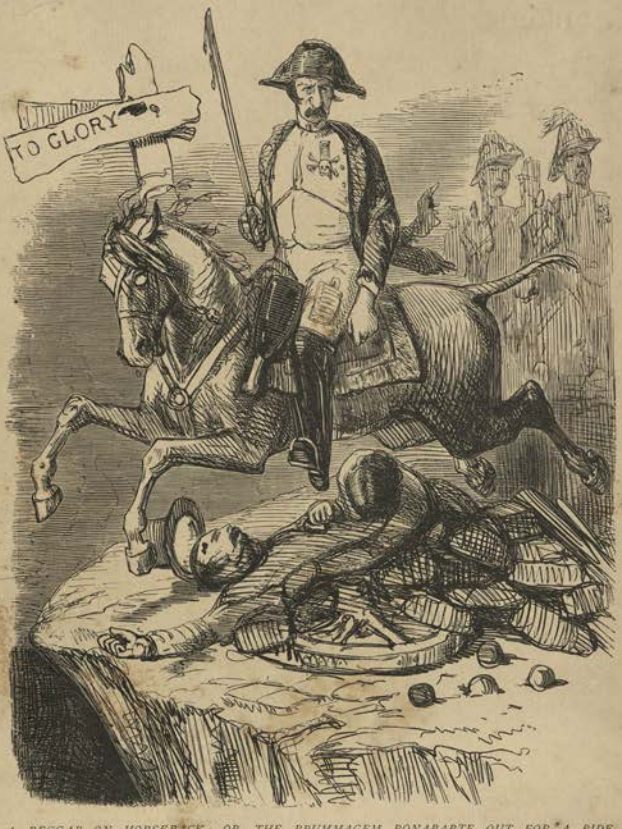
* * * *

XX.—That all other offences, charges, or misdemeanours, not included in the above cases, shall be punished by Death.

(Signed) LOUIS NAPOLEON,
Empereur de tous les Français.

Given at the Elysée, this Second Day of December (the Anniversary of one of my Uncle's Battles), 1851.

(*See Cartoon, "A Beggar on Horseback."*)



A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK; OR, THE BRUMMAGEM BONAPARTE OUT FOR A RIDE.

DEC. 17.

LORD PALMERSTON was dismissed from the office of Foreign Secretary, on the advice of Lord John Russell, on the ground of his having acted without due consideration for the Queen, and due consultation with his colleagues, in his official recognition of the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon. His action in the matter was regarded as having been too independent and high-handed. Parliament not being sitting, he was unable to offer his defence until the 3rd of the following February. He was succeeded at the Foreign Office by Earl Granville. The action of the *parvenu* Prince excited much indignation in this country.

1852

THE revival of trade, the influx of gold from California and Australia, the abatement of agricultural distress and dissatisfaction—these and other causes tended to invest the opening of the year 1852 with brightness and hopefulness, so far at least as Great Britain was concerned.

"The political horizon, however," (says *Punch's* Political Summary, vol. xxii.) "was not unclouded. A serious difference had arisen in the Cabinet, between the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and resulted in the dismissal even of Lord Palmerston."

This refers to the discharge of Lord Palmerston from the post of Foreign Secretary on the advice of Lord John Russell, as previously explained. When Parliament met, Lord Palmerston made an elaborate defence of his conduct in the matter of recognizing Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, but it was hardly regarded as satisfactory, either by the Queen or the country.

(*See Cartoon, "There's always Something."*)

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING.

"I'm very sorry, PALMERSTON, that you cannot agree with your Fellow Servants; but as I don't feel inclined to part with Jones, *you must go, of course."*

JAN. 1.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON'S acceptance of the ten years' Presidency, which was a leading feature in his new Constitution, was on this, the first day of the year, inaugurated by a splendid religious ceremony at Notre Dame. The nation, with some notable exceptions, seemed to resign itself to what the President called "the French Republic in its new form, sanctioned by the suffrage of the People."

Mr. Punch lyrically suggested the real nature of that "suffrage," the exact worth of that "sanction."

SONG FOR THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

Air—"The Glasses Sparkle on the Board."

THE musket, bayonet, and sword
Assert the sway of Might;
The Reign of Terror is restored,
Of Panic, Dread, and Fright,
The prize is won; the game's our own;
The troops at our control;
If men of brain or worth remain,
We've cow'd them, every soul.

A truthful Press says awkward things:
Then surely it is wise
To gag it, like despotic kings,
Or make it publish lies.
Oppose our power—your str..ets we'll scour,
Our volley'd fires shall roll,
And roar again until we've slain
Or cow'd you, every soul.

It was decreed that the French eagle should be

restored to the colours of the army, it being urged that the Republic as now constituted "might adopt without umbrage the souvenirs of the Empire, and the symbols which recall the glories of that period." Thus adroitly was a flavour of Imperialism already given to the at present "constitutional" rule "of the nephew of his uncle."

MY UNCLE.

BY LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

WHO raised our race up from the dregs,
And set us youngsters on our legs,
Putting us up so many pegs?
MY UNCLE!

Who left us something still to do—
A name to keep French passions true
To *us*—the name of Waterloo?
MY UNCLE!

Who gave me all my little name,
My little hopes, my little fame,
My little everything, but blame?
MY UNCLE!

(*See Cartoon, "Scene from 'The President's Progress.'"*)

Who scratch'd up Europe like a hen,
To fling out grains for us young men?
Who shut the mouth, and stopp'd the pen?
MY UNCLE!

Who broke through rights, and smash'd through laws,
To find neat crowns for our papas?
And shot young D'Enghien in *our* cause?
MY UNCLE!

SCENE FROM "THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS."

(*Suggested by* HOGARTH.)

FEB. 3.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person. In the Queen's Speech was foreshadowed an Act for the further amendment of the Representation of the People.

Lord John Russell explained to the House the circumstances attending the resignation, or dismissal, of Lord Palmerston. He said that he considered "the noble lord's (Palmerston's) course in this matter to be putting himself in the place of the Crown, and passing by the Crown, while he gave the moral approbation of England to the acts of the President of the Republic of France, in direct opposition to the policy which the Government had hitherto pursued." "He" (Lord Russell) "had assumed the sole and entire responsibility of advising the Crown to require the resignation of his noble friend, who, though he had forgotten and neglected what was due to the Crown and his colleagues, had not, he was convinced, intended any personal disrespect."

Lord Palmerston made a lengthy explanation of his conduct, and defence of his policy. He said, "It was obvious that if the Minister for Foreign Affairs were never allowed, in easy and familiar conversation with foreign Ministers, to

express an opinion on foreign events, whether important or not, not as the organ of the Government, but as an opinion which he had himself formed at the moment, then such a restriction on the conduct of Foreign Ministers would be extremely injurious and prejudicial to the public service." He maintained "that it was a misrepresentation of the fact to say that he had given instructions to Lord Normanby inconsistent with the relations of general intercourse between England and France. It was no instruction at all. It was his own opinion."

FEB. 9.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL introduced his promised Reform Bill. The measure was regarded as a meagre one, and was not very warmly welcomed in any quarter. It was read a first time on the 12th, but was subsequently withdrawn, Lord John's Ministry having been defeated on the Militia Bill.

(*See Cartoon, "The Homœopathic Minister."*)

FEB. 20.

THE Government having been defeated on their Militia Bill, on Lord Palmerston's proposal to substitute the word "regular" for "local," Lord John Russell not only threw up the Bill, but announced his intention to resign. On the 22nd Lord Derby was called upon by the Queen to form a Ministry, and on the 23rd the resignation of the Russell Ministry was announced in Parliament.

THE HOMŒOPATHIC MINISTER.

"You see, Mr. JOHN BULL, large Doses of Reform are bad for your Constitution. But here is a Globule, or Infinitesimal Bill, which," &c., &c.

MARCH 12.

PARLIAMENT re-assembled. Lord Derby having succeeded in forming a Ministry, and the members of his Cabinet having been re-elected, Mr. Disraeli was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Earl of Malmesbury took the Foreign Office. The hopes of the Protectionists revived somewhat with the coming into power of a Tory Government, and in the anticipation—not justified by results—that the Tories would try to reverse the Free Trade policy of their predecessors, a meeting was held at Manchester on the 2nd March to re-establish the Anti-Corn-Law League. Questions were put to the Government in the House with a view to ascertain whether they intended to enter upon a reactionary policy, but the answers were equivocal, it being hinted that nothing definite would be decided upon until after an appeal to the country. "The next election," said Earl Derby, "must finally decide, at once and for ever, the great question of our commercial policy."

Still the Protectionists in the country looked with rising hope to the Ministers, and especially perhaps to Mr. Disraeli, to forward their favourite doctrines, and when they found their hoped-for champion inclined to blow hot and cold, their dissatisfaction and disappointment were extreme.

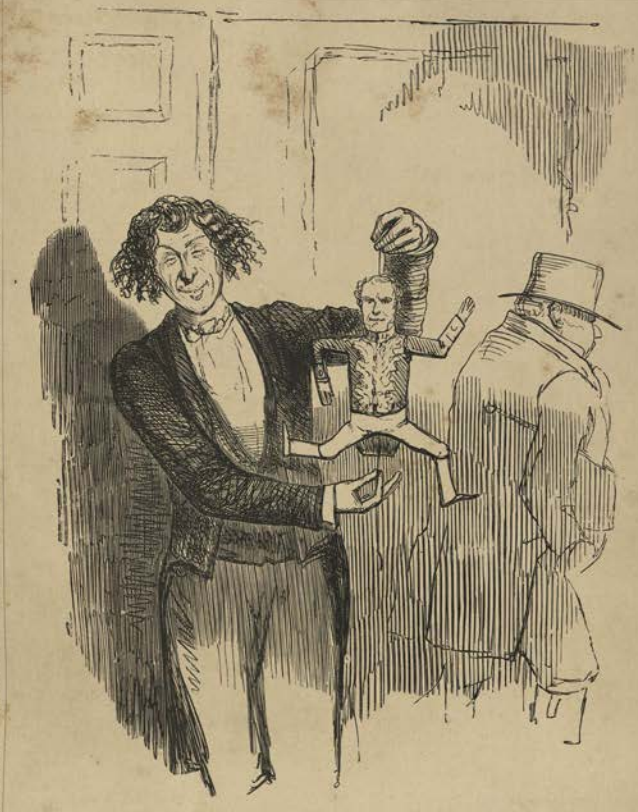
The influence of Mr. Disraeli in the Conservative Cabinet, and particularly over Lord Derby, was supposed to be considerable, and to be exercised with much adroitness. This popular view is indicated in a notice entitled "The Derby Event," which at this time appeared in *Punch's* pages.

THE DERBY EVENT.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI is truly grateful to his friends for the proud position they have now placed him in. He will have now every facility in manœuvring the Tip, which he will have the greatest satisfaction in forwarding. He begs the public not to be imposed upon by pretended prophets on the results of the Derby, for he feels assured of his being able so to manage the Tip, as to leave no doubt about the winner. Those who feel undecided about joining him, are referred to what he has said at different times about the Russell lot, and see if his predictions have not been verified. His advice is now sought in the very highest quarters; and his lists contain some of the most decided odds that were ever presented to public notice. All letters to be addressed to his new Office in Downing Street.

This view was further enforced in the Cartoon called "The Game of Speculation." This was the title of a drama translated from the French, in which Mr. Charles Mathews played the leading character. In the course of the piece he indicated by means of a toy that one of the other personages of the drama could be easily played upon. The movable toy in the picture upon which Mr. Disraeli is playing, represents his nominal chief, Lord Derby.

(*See Cartoon, "The Game of Speculation."*)



"THE GAME OF SPECULATION."

(AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, ST. STEPHEN'S.)

MARCH 29.

AT the swearing-in of the Senate and Legislative Body, Prince Louis Napoleon said: "If by underhand intrigues parties endeavour to sap the basis of my Government; if, in their blindness, they contest the legitimacy of the popular election; if, finally, they endanger by their incessant attacks the future prospects of the country; then, and only then, it may be reasonable to demand from the people, in the name of the repose of France, a new title which will irrevocably fix upon my head the power with which they invested me." A further proof of the imperialistic schemes of the oracular Prince-President.

The Rime of the Ancient Ministere.

PART I.

An ancient Ministere meeteth three on their way to yᵉ House, and detaineth one.

It is an ancient Ministere,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long pale face, and warning eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"St. Stephen's doors are opened wide;
Debate will soon begin;
The House is met, the Speaker set,
Mayst see the M.P.s go in."

He holds him with his skinny hand.
"When we were in—" quoth he.
"Hold off—unhand me—good Lord John!"
Efsoons his hand dropt he.

Yᵉ new Premier is spell-bound by yᵉ eye of yᵉ old Ministere, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his warning eye;
Sir Rupert he stood still,
And listens, with an ear resigned—
The Ex-Ministere hath his will.

Sir Rupert he sat there with a groan;
He cannot choose but hear,
As thus spake on that meager man,
The Whig Ex-Ministere:

Yᵉ Ministere tells how yᵉ Cabinet got on with a good wind and fair weather.

"The Ins were cheered, the Outs were queered;
Merrily did we stop
A question here, a motion there;
Nor Estimates need lop.

"The Opposition they were left
In a minority;
And as for Bright, when he showed fight,
The House was all with me.

"Higher and higher, every day,
Till that Lord Palmerston—"
Here Rupert suppresst a look distrest,
For the Debate was on.

Yᵉ new Premier heareth yᵉ debate begin, but yᵉ Ex-Ministere continueth his tale.

Sir Rupert suppresst his look distrest,
For he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spoke on that meager man,
The Whig Ex-Ministere:

Yᵉ couch nearly upset manie times.

"Now Mr. Ballantyne came, and he
Got up a case so strong;
And then Locke King, he had his fling
The county votes among.

"And, to the pressure forced to bow,
I came out with a sort of vow,
That, if they'd not insist on't now,
But put his Bill to bed,
The Session past, I'd give at last,
My own Reform instead.

Yᵉ fearfulle mistake of yᵉ Durhame lettere.

"The country, though, why I don't know,
Seemed to grow wondrous cold;
And that was why I thought I'd try
That Durham letter bold

"It was my drift to get a lift
By help of Church and Queen;
But wisest men will, now and then,
Go down two stools between.

"The Pope was here; the Church was there;
Dissent was all around;
And Ireland growled, and Maynooth howled,
And we got quite aground.

Till a great master of words called PALMERSTON came to yᵉ rescue, and was received with great joy and cordialitie.

"Then I must own, Lord Palmerston
Unto our succour came;
If he sometimes puts us in the hole,
He oftener play'd our game.

"He cheer'd our friends—our foes he met;
Gave dinners, soirées too;
Heal'd many a split, made many a hit;
In fact, he pull'd us through.

And lo! PALMERSTON proveth a good bottle-holdere, and helpeth yᵉ Whigges out of manie a muck.

"When words and wind I couldn't find,
Lord Palmerston would follow;
And rattling away, half grave, half gay,
Carried many a question hollow.

"In storm and cloud, uncheck'd, uncow'd,
He aye maintain'd our line;
And still show'd fight night after night,
When I thought we *must* resign."

Yᵉ ancient Ministere angrilie throweth overboarde yᵉ judicious bottle-holdere.

"Now, save thee, ancient Ministere,
What means that bitter groan?
Why look'st thou so?" "Remorse and woe
I threw over Palmerston!"

PART II.

"Another Session now drew nigh;
To Council gather'd we.
One man I miss, and all I'd left,
Together, were less than he.

"Oft words and wind I should fail to find;
But no Palmerston would follow;
Nor any day, half grave, half gay,
Win us a victory hollow.

His co-mates cry out against yᵉ Ministere for throwing overboarde yᵉ judicious bottle-holdere.

"And I have done a foolish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averr'd they had never heard
Worse grounds than I had to show.
'Ah, shame!' said they, 'to cast away
A man who served us so!'

"A motion dread hung o'er our head,
Which Grey could not resist.
Then all averr'd, when we came to be heard
How Palmerston would be mist;
"Twas wrong,' said they, 'to fling away
The best name on our list.'

Yᵉ Cabinet openeth yᵉ Session, and tries to raise yᵉ winde with Reforme, but becometh suddenly becalmed.

"I scarcely knew what we should do
That fourth of February;
To avert the storm, I broach'd Reform,
And explain'd what the Bill would be.

The Rime of the Ancient Ministere—*(continued)*.

"Down came the Press; the House came down;
'Twas cold as cold could be:
And none did speak, unless to wreak
His wrath on Schedule B.

"All in a small minority
'Twas clear we should be soon;
And the country scorned to reach its hand
To take so small a boon.

And Palmerston begins to be avenged.

"Day after day, day after day,
We waited that Cape motion;
For my part, how to steer the ship,
I hadn't the least notion.

Yᵉ Tapers and Tadpoles in their sore distresse would faine throw yᵉ whole guilte on yᵉ ancient Ministere, in sign whereof Palmerston is flung in his teethe.

"Grumbling, grumbling everywhere,
And all my friends did shrink—
Grumbling, grumbling everywhere:
A fact that none could blink.

"Ah, well-a-day! in what bad books
Was I with old and young;
And, by every one, Lord Palmerston
Into my teeth was flung!

PART III.

A wearie Time followeth, and the end of yᵉ Ministrie seemeth to drawe nighe.

Yᵉ ancient Ministere hath an idea.

"Then passed a weary time; each vote
Was told; defeat seemed nigh.
A weary time—a weary time—
And Adderley drew nigh;
When, lo! methought I found a dodge
To give him the go-by!

A flash of joy.

"My friends they quaked; their fate seemed
On that Cape motion still; [staked
Some were for bringing in fresh blood;
Some for throwing over Grey or Wood;
I cried, 'A Bill—a Bill!'

"Their hopes awake; they cease to quake;
Agape they heard me call;
Graunt ye! they for joy did grin;
And what the Bill I would bring in,
Demanded one and all.

Yᵉ ancient Ministere propoundeth his idea, which looketh feasible.

"'See, see!' I cried, 'this talk of war,
Turned to account with skill,
We're safe triumphant to divide
On a Militia Bill.'

But yᵉ avenging bottle-holdere riseth up between the Ministere and his motion.

"And well-nigh desperate seem'd our game;
Yet something might be done:
It was upon a Friday night
My motion I brought on;
When 'twixt leave for the Bill and me,
Up started Palmerston!

Yᵉ House greeteth him well.

"Straight the whole House broke out in cheers,
In spite of his disgrace;
He snubbed our Bill, and with a sneer
Proposed his in its place.

And he divideth against ye ancient Ministere.

"And when my turn to answer came,
The House was cold as ice.
'The game is done—I've won, I've won!'
Quoth he—and in a trice

Yᵉ whippers-in look blank on yᵉ casting-up of yᵉ votes.

"Out go the whips; M.P.s rush out,
With Hayter and Lord Mark;
And from their whispers soon I see
That things are looking dark.

Yᵉ ancient Ministere findeth himself in a minoritie.

"And while the votes are adding up,
We wait; for 'twixt the lip and cup
Full often comes a slip.
Taper look'd blank, and sick with fright,
And Tadpole's face in the gas gleam'd white;
From his brow the dew did drip.
In a minority we are,
In spite of Hayter's and Lord Marcus' energetic whip!

One after another yᵉ Tapers and Tadpoles go oute.

One after one, their places gone,
With stifled groan and sigh;
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,
And reproach'd me with his eye.

Leavinge the weight of their defeat on yᵉ ancient Ministere.

"From Treasury Bench condemned to fly,
Their salaries forego:
Each seem'd to say, as he pass'd me by,
'It's all your fault, you know.'"

The Ministere who's lost the fight,
Whose office-life is o'er,
Is gone; and now Sir Rupert turns
Into St. Stephen's door.

He looks like one that hath been bored;
But bores must still be borne.
Let's hope he'll be a wiser man
Than try protecting Corn.

MARCH 29.

THE Home Secretary, Mr. Walpole, moved for the introduction of a Militia Bill, which he brought up on the 2nd of April. The subject of the National Defences was discussed at some length. *Mr. Punch's* summary says that "A strong debate arose upon the second reading of the Militia Bill, which was carried by 335 to 165, and the effect of the division was greatly to strengthen the position of the Government. The Bill subsequently became law. It was the chief measure of the session, for "the members of the new Government were most guarded in making statements as to their commercial policy, but a more liberal feeling was suspected with regard to Free Trade, possibly with a view to the coming General Election, which all saw was inevitable."

(See Cartoon, "An Easy Place.")

MARCH 30.

IT had been reported in the American press that the Sea Serpent had not only been seen but captured by Captain Charles Seabury of the American ship *Monongahela* in the Pacific Ocean. *Mr. Punch* in the following humorously exaggerated lines ridiculed the journalistic yarn.

THE DEATH OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

BY PUBLIUS JONATHAN VIRGILIUS JEFFERSON SMITH.

Arma virumque cano, qui first, in the *Monongahela*,
Tarnally squampush'd the Serpent, mittens horrentia tela.
Muse, look smart with your Banjo! I guess, to relate or invent, I
Shall need all the aid you can give; so, Nunc aspirate canenti.
Mighty slick were the vessel progressing, jactata per æquora ventis; [uentis:
But the brow of the skipper was cloudy cum sollicitudine
For whales had been skase in them pearts; and the clipper, so long as he'd known her,
Ne'er had gather'd less ile in her cruise, to gladden the heart of her owner.

"Darn the whales!" cried the skipper at length, "with a telescope forte videbo
Aut pisces, aut terras." While speaking, just two or three points on the lee bow,
He saw coming towards them, as fast as though to a combat 'twould tempt 'em,
A monstrum, horrendum, informe (cui lumen was shortly ademptum).
On the taffrail up jumps in a hurry dux fortis, and seizing a trumpet,

With a blast that would waken the dead, mare turbat et æëra rumpit—
"Tumble up, all you lubbers!" he cries, "tumble up! for, careering before us,
Is the real old Sea-Serpent himself, cristis maculisque decorus."
"Consarn it!" cried one of the sailors, "if e'er we provoke him, he'll kill us:
He'll surtinly chaw up *hes* morso, et longis implexibus *illos*."

AN EASY PLACE.

THE JOBBING BOTTLE-HOLDER. "*Well, Dizzy, how do you like your Place?*"

D'ISRAELI. "*O, Jolly! Capital Wages, and only got to Carry out these Light Things at present.*"

Loud laughs the bold skipper, and quick premit alto corde dolorem;
If he does feel like running, he knows it won't do to betray it before 'em.
"O Socii," inquit, "I'm martin you air not the fellers to funk, or Shrink from the durum certamen, whose fathers fought bravely to Bunker.
You, who have waged with the hairs, and the bufficler, proelia dura,
Down to the freshes and licks of our own free enlighten'd Missourer!
You! who could whip your own weight catulis savis sine telo,
Get your eyes skinn'd in a twinkling, et ponite tela phaselo!"
Talia voce refert, curisque ingentibus æger,
Marshals his 'cute little band, now panting their foe to beslaguer.
Swiftly they lower the boats, and swiftly each man at his oar is,
Exipe Britanni timidi duo, virque coloris;
(Blackskin, you know, never feels how sweet 'tis pro patriâ mori;
Ovid had him in view when he said, "Nimium ne crede colori.")
Now swiftly they pull towards the monster, who seeing the cutter and gig nigh,
Glares at them with terrible eyes, suffoctis sanguine et igni;
And never conceiving their chief so swiftly will deal him a floorer,
Opens wide, to receive them at once, his linguis vibrantibus ore;
But just as he's licking his lips, and gladly preparing to taste 'em,
Straight into his eyeball the skipper stridentem conjicit hastam.
Soon as he feels in his eyeball the lance, growing mightily sulky,
At 'em he comes in a rage ore minax, linguâque trisulcâ.
"Stern all!" cry the sailors at once, for they think he has certainly caught 'em;
Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.
But the bold skipper exclaims, "O terque quaterque beati!
Now, with a will, dare viam, when I want you, be only parati;
This hoss feels like raising his hair, and in spite of his scaly old cortex,
Full soon you shall see that his corpse rapidus vorat æquore vortex."

THE EASTER RECESS.

Dizzy. "Oh, no! I'm not at all Giddy. I should like to go ever so Much Higher."

[shall hit it,"
Hoc ait, and choosing a lance, "With this one I think I
He cries; and straight into its mouth ad intima viscera mittit.
[commotum,
Screeches the critter in pain, and writhes till the sea is
As if all its waves had been lash'd in a tempest per Eurum et Notum;
Interea terrible shindy Neptunus sensit, et alto
Prospiciens sadly around, wiped his eye with the cuff of his paletôt;
And mad at his favourite's fate, of oaths utter'd two or three thousand,
Such as, Corpo di Bacco! Mehercule! Sacré! Mille tonnerres! Potatausend! [fight dare finem,
But the skipper, who thought it was time to this terrible
With a scalping-knife jumps on the neck of the snake, secat et dextrâ crinem;
And hurling the scalp in the air, half wild with delight to possess it, [ventos vita recessit."
Shouts, "Darn it! We've fixed up *his* flint, for in

APRIL 6.

PARLIAMENT adjourned for the Easter recess until the 19th April.

(See Cartoon, "The Easter Recess.")

APRIL 30.

MR. DISRAELI, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced his first Budget. He

proposed to continue the Income Tax for yet another year, "as a provisional remedy until other means could be devised." The Budget was on the whole favourably received on both sides of the House.

MAY 1.

IT had been finally decided to pull down the Crystal Palace. *Mr. Punch*, with many other persons, regretted this determination. He gave about this time the second part of his version of "The May Queen."

THE MAY QUEEN.

PART II.

If you 're waking, call me early,
call me early, Albert, dear,
For I would see the May sun rise
on the Crystal Palace clear;
It may be the last May morning
that its light roof will be seen,
For perhaps they 'll lay it low in
the Park, as it had never been.

Last May I oped the mighty
Show; we had a glorious day,
And everything went off, dear,
in a most delightful way;
And you read the Address so
well, and minded all the stops;
And there was that old China-
man, with his pig-tail and
Ruth chops.

Of course, Lord Seymour must
be right; we ought not to
complain;
But I own it seems a pity to pull
it down again.
That Iron Duke of Wyatt's
comes so ugly 'gainst the sky,
One wants some graceful object
but to relieve the eye.

A charming Winter-garden, I 'm
sure it would have made,
All alive with flowers and
fountains, a world of various
shade;
With statues peeping from the
leaves, and perfumed airs that
pass,
Bringing the sweet South home
to us beneath that heaven of
glass.

You might point out to Disraeli
that it would be a bore
To waste in pulling down a
hundred thousand pounds and
more,
And that when Fox and Henderson and Paxton all
declare [repair.
That for five thousand pounds a-year they 'll keep it in

Good night, dear Albert; call me before the day is born,
I should like to see the sun rise on the Palace this May
morn.
But after all, I hope and trust it 's not to disappear;
They 'll surely never pull it down—Do you think they
will, my dear?

THE DOWNING STREET CAD.

CONDUCTOR. "*Would any 'Party' go Out to oblige a Lady?*

JUNE 1.

IRELAND was this day connected with England by submarine telegraph.

JUNE 2.

IN his address to the electors of Buckinghamshire, Mr. Disraeli said, "The time has gone by when injuries which the great producing interests endure can be alleviated or removed by a recurrence to the laws, which, previously to 1846, protected them from such sad calamities." Such utterances as these greatly dashed the hopes of the Protectionists.

(*See Cartoon, "The Downing Street Cad."*)

JUNE 10.

On this day the National Exhibition of Irish Industry and Art was opened at Cork by the Lord Lieutenant.

JUNE 18.

MR. GLADSTONE, the Member for Oxford University, had lately given evidence of advance in the direction of Liberalism, which displeased many of his Tory supporters. To-day Dr. Wynter, in reply to a remonstrance from the Rev. R. Gresswell, wrote saying that Mr. Gladstone's opponents did not yet feel warranted in discontinuing their efforts to make a change in the representation.

JUNE 28.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, Prince President, in closing the session of the Legislative Assembly, said that "there existed in France a Government animated with the faith and the love of good which reposes in the people, the source of all power; in the army, the source of all force; and in religion, the source of all justice." These optimistic and high-sounding assurances however did not inspire much confidence in the friends of liberty, who remembered the Prince's past, and distrusted his future.

JUNE 29.

THE equivocal attitude of the Ministers in general, and Mr. Disraeli in particular, towards the question of Free Trade *versus* Protection, still disturbed the Tories, and puzzled whilst it amused their opponents. Lord Stanley, writing to his constituents at King's Lynn, said, "In questions of taxation especially the feeling of the people is to be considered; and I have no hesitation in saying that I believe that feeling to be such as to render the imposition of any protective duty impossible. It is to economy in the national expenditure, and revision of the national taxation, that the farmers of England must look for the amelioration of their present condition." The farmers of England were by no means cheered or encouraged by this deliverance, and many of Mr. Disraeli's recent utterances led them to charge him with a faithless mutability.

(*See Cartoon*, "*The Political Chameleon.*")

THE POLITICAL CHAMELEON.

THE POLITICAL CHAMELEON.

A FABLE FOR THE TIMES.

'Tis oft the lot of *Punch* to mark
An empty sub-official spark,
With scarcely wit enough at most
To occupy the whipping-post.
Yet round the Lobbies he has been
To see what Members can be seen,

Returning from his servile tour
Grown ten times perter than before.
Whate'er opinion you may drop,
The Whipper-in your mouth will stop.
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,
I ought officially to know."
So asks you—free from all condition—
To pay to him a prompt submission.
Two country-men, of such a cast,
As the refreshment-room they pass'd,
And, on their way, in empty chat,
Talk'd much of this, and more of that,
Touching on all things as they went,
Spoke of the present Government.
"A stronger compound," cried the one,
"Never existed 'neath the sun:
A Tory body, hot and strong,
Protection's head, a Free Trade tongue:
Its teeth to bite its tongue inclined,
And then its tail—how far behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue,
The regular Protection blue."

"Hold there!" the other quick replies;
"Its Free Trade colours met my eyes,
As it with open mouthpiece lay
At Aylesbury the other day.
Taking it cool, the thing I view'd,
Eating its very words for food."

"I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
And say it takes Protection's hue.
At Ipswich I the creature saw,
The while it exercised its jaw."
"Free Trade, Free Trade, Sir, I assure you."
"Free Trade!" cries t'other, in a fury,
"Do you believe my wits I've lost?"
The friend replies, "'Twere no great cost;
For, if they serve you always thus,
They are not worth the smallest fuss."

So high at last the contest rose,
The Members nearly came to blows;
When, luckily, there came a third,
To whom the matter they referr'd,
And begg'd he'd tell them if they knew
Protection's shade from Free Trade's hue.

"Sirs," cried the umpire, "cease your bother,
The Government's not one nor t'other.
I saw the animal last night;
View'd it by House of Commons' light.
I mark'd it well—the truth to hint,
The body wears a neutral tint.
You stare! but I've a plan in view
To prove the fact."—"Explain, Sir, do."

"Well, then, at once to clear the doubt,
Suppose we turn the creature out,
On Opposition benches set him,
And if he's then Free Trade, I'll eat him."
He spoke: then full before their sight
The Government appear'd—'twas white,
With no decided shade to sink,
It had become a perfect blank.

All stared and look'd extremely wise.
"My victims," the Ex-Premier cries,
(For being out, he found his tongue)
"You all were right, and all were wrong:
When next you speak of placemen's hues,
Remember there are selfish views:
Nor wonder if 'tis sometimes shown,
A Government can sink its own."

THE SETTLING DAY OF THE "BETTING OFFICE" FREQUENTER.

(SPORTING YOUTH IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE "BORROWED" HIS MASTER'S CASH BOX TO PAY HIS DEBTS.)

JUNE 30.

PUNCH, in the notes to this Volume says, "Betting offices were opened in various parts of London by persons of ill-repute, and there any one could back a horse for so low a sum as a shilling by depositing the money. If the race went against the office-keeper he, of course, disappeared. Many cases of embezzlement and ruin were traceable to their influence. Legislature interfered and made such places illegal. Tattersall's being 'a club' is exempt from the operation of the Act."

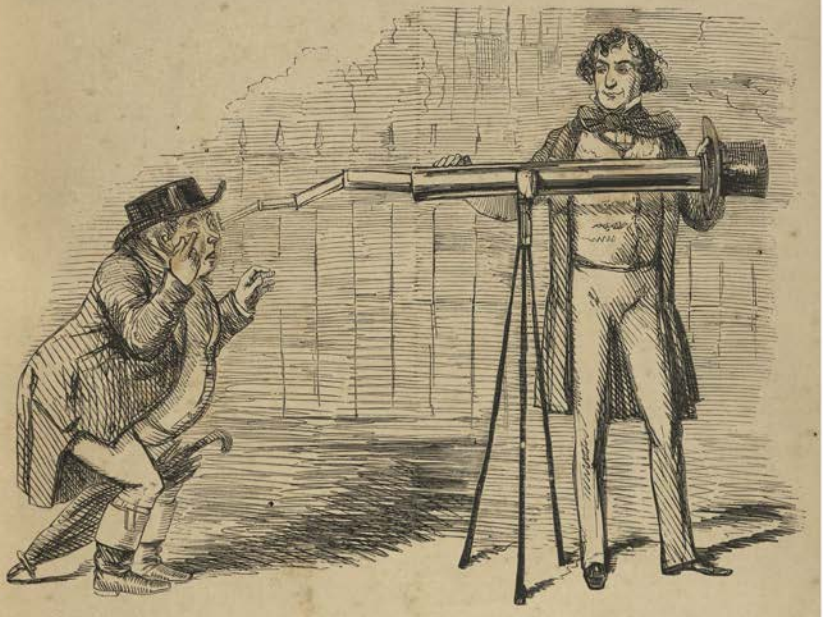
(*See Cartoon, p. 136, "The Settling Day of the 'Betting Office' Frequenter."*)

JULY 1.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued by the Queen in person. The last paragraph of a long Royal Speech announced her Majesty's intention of dissolving Parliament without delay.

JULY 14.

THE poll at Oxford University resulted in the return of Sir R. Inglis at the head, and Mr. Gladstone second, the numbers being, 1,368 votes for the former and 1,108 for the latter.



SOMETHING "LOOMS IN THE FUTURE;"

OR, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER MAKING IT QUITE CLEAR TO MR. BULL.

JULY 16.

MR. DISRAELI, at the nomination for Buckinghamshire, was called upon to explain a phrase he had used a few days before about "events looming in the future." He replied jestingly that the first event looming in the future was his return, in a few days, as one of the members for Buckinghamshire. He added that "No one supposes or ever supposed that the present Administration has any intention, or ever had any intention, to bring back the laws that were repealed in 1846."

(*See Cartoon, "Something 'Looms in the Future.'"*)

JULY 26.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM, addressing the electors of East Cumberland said, "We are told that after the overthrow of Lord Derby's Government the deluge comes . . . I think the deluge is past and Babel is come. There are not two members who hold the same language . . . . . We hear of things 'looming in the future.' I will tell you what is 'looming in the future.' A quart bottle, into which a conjuror will jump."

JULY 30.

THE elections up to this date, when all but the most distant of the constituencies had

been polled, showed 310 Ministerialists, 344 Opposition.

(See Cartoon, "The Derby Acrobats; or, coming back from the Country.")

AUGUST 5.

THE first pillar of the new Crystal Palace at Sydenham was fixed by Mr. Laing.

A PEEP INTO THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

Taken at its Foundation on Thursday, August 5, 1852

SARDANAPALUS was a king,
Extremely fond of pleasure:
His palace was a decent thing,
In style, extent, and treasure.
Darius dwelt in marble halls,
That shone with gilding burnished,
With splendid paintings on their walls,
And elegantly furnished.
Belshazzar had a mansion, which
Was viewed with admiration;
Louis Quatorze possessed a rich
And sumptuous habitation;
And George the Fourth at Brighton here
Rejoiced in his Pavilion;
But not a Palace e'er came near
The Palace of the Million.

THE DERBY ACROBATS; OR, COMING BACK FROM THE COUNTRY.

That Palace *Punch*, with mental eye,
The other day inspected,
For *Punch*, of course, a slander-ly,
Saw its first prop erected:
And music's swell and cannon's bang,
With cheers and plaudits mixing,
Proclaimed the act of Mr. Laing,
His hand that pillar fixing.

* * * * *

Flowers, vases, statues, intermixed,
Are in profusion lavished,
So that beholders stand transfixed,
Bewitched, bedazzled, ravished.

The buried Past—the old world too—
It is designed to rummage,
In order thoroughly to do
The sovereign People homage.
Egypt, Assyria, Rome, and Greece,
And eke the Middle Ages,
Located in a court a-piece,
Illustrate history's pages.
Besides the rarest herbs and greens
That Mother Earth produces,
You've manufactures and machines
For every kind of uses.

Upholsterers with all their fuss,
With gold, and paint, and varnish,
No regal mansion ever thus
In all the world did garnish;
No potentate upon a throne,
With power of axe and gallows,
Can call such furniture his own
As decks the People's Palace—
The Palace where His Majesty,
When tired of occupation,
In fitting state, right royally,
May take his recreation;
And, whilst amusement he pursues,
His mind with knowledge filling,
Improve his taste—enlarge his views—
And all this for a shilling!

AUGUST 21.

IN his Number bearing this date *Mr. Punch* had a short recipe:

"How to make one Dizzy."—"Take one half Protection, and one half Free Trade, and pour from one Conservative measure to another, until you get a fine head with plenty of froth. It is this mixture of half-and-half smartly combined, that makes one Dizzy."

Mr. Disraeli at this time was hovering hesitatingly on the edge of Free Trade.

(*See Cartoon, "A Dip in the Free Trade Sea."*)

Prophecies of woe to England in consequence of her conversion to Free Trade principles were of course plentiful at this time. They were ridiculed by *Punch* in the following satirical sketch.

SPECIMENS OF THE DELUGE.

A PROPHECY; BY LORD MUDSTONE.

(*This was meant for Lord Malmesbury.*)

IN LEAVES FROM THE LOG.

WEATHER hazy in the bay. Wind: Downing Street by Somerset House. Took soundings in the hold.* No water; or should have sent Herries to the pumps. Ordered Malmesbury aloft to look out: reported that he could see nothing before him: didn't expect he would. Ship rides like a duck—sounded again, and not a drop of water; but then, as Pakington says, we pitched it so very strong.

——Wind variable, in all places at once. Dreadful to see everywhere the bodies of Free-Traders—even Dizzy nearly swept! Colonel Sibthorp counted two hundred, entering their names in his own pocket-book of ass's skin. Again put the helm up to get rid of the spectacle. Wind light. Called upon Walpole to make a joke; and mast-headed him for disobeying orders.

—— Wind anyhow. Free-traders' bodies still float by our gallant craft. Walpole swears he sees a man alive. Boatswain Beresford declares he's only one of the rabble. Man nears us, and proves to be the venerable and veracious editor of the *Standard*. He calls for a life-buoy, when Dizzy—(that Chancellor in the human shape)—throws him over, but he declares in mistake,—a file of the sinking man's own paper: both instantly disappear.

—— Wind gone to bed. Ship answers everything but her rudder; Dizzy says he's ready to answer for even that. What a fellow he is! Swears he sees next week in the distance. Took an observation: found we were just over Manchester. AT 1 P.M. John Bright floating in his own hat, passed us. Sibthorp wanted to bring a howitzer to bear upon him, but B—p interposed. Again called upon Walpole for a joke: still obstinate, and threatened him with irons.

—— Wind, worst and by worst. Found we were directly over Free-Trade Hall. Saw the top of one chimney at least, with Cobden distinctly upon it, waving a flag of distress, a Manchester bird's-eye. Saw the Agitator through telescope; but remembered Nelson's blind eye and the signal, and—though the B—p suggested something—would *not* see him.

—— Wind, squally.—Passed Gladstone on a cotton-bog.—

—— Light airs.—Saw Manners, whom we forgot to take up when the deluge began, astride a dolphin.

A DIP IN THE FREE TRADE SEA.

"THERE, TAKE OFF HIS COAT LIKE A GOOD LITTLE BEN, AND COME TO HIS CORDEN."

* *Mr. Punch* need not observe even to the most ladylike readers of even nautical novels, that the ship-knowledge of the keeper of the log seems a good deal at sea.

—— Blowing a gale. Passed Joe Hume in a patent life-belt. Going straight for the Exchequer. Disty wanted to have a shot at him; B—p benevolently interfered.

—— Wind gone down. Took soundings. Found we were just over the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament. Thought we were sinking; to lighten the ship threw Malmesbury overboard.

—— Foundered on the House of Commons.—

* * * *

(*Here log becomes broken, &c.*)

—— "Only a shower," and no deluge after all!

In the same Number *Mr. Punch* had the following:

A KIND WORD WITH JONATHAN.

PERISH all the cod and mackerel in the Ocean—fine eating as they are—before we go to war with brother Jonathan for a cause as scaly as any fish can be that have no scales. We can't think of quarrelling with Jonathan about fish at a time when our general enemy is plotting everywhere to reduce us, in a greater measure than we like, to a fish diet; and would, if possible, move all the nations, and Heaven and Earth, and another place also, even worse than Ireland, against us for that end. We must recollect that Jonathan is now the only national creature of any importance, except ourself, that is not priest-ridden and soldier-ridden; the Soldier in the saddle, and the Jack-Priest on the crupper. Our natural relation to Jonathan at present should be that of a league, offensive and defensive, against despotism and papal petticoat government all over the world. We may, however, remonstrate with Jonathan in a brotherly way on occasion; and we do so remonstrate with him respecting the following passage from the *New York Herald*, on the supposition that it correctly expresses his mind as to the matter between us:

"It is a shame that the great expedition to Japan, for a hydrographical survey of those islands, and the conversion of the heathen therein to Commerce and Christianity—it is a burning shame that the expedition for these great objects should be broken up, from the necessity of detailing the flag-ship of the Commodore to the protection of our Yankee fishermen in the Bay of Fundy."

Now, Jonathan, are you not taking this querulous—and audibly nasal—tone rather inconsiderately? Does it not occur to you that you are a little inconsistent in setting out to convert the heathen to "Commerce and Christianity" in one quarter of the globe, and going a-poaching in the other?

Never mind your collocation of "Commerce and Christianity." Success to you in your endeavour to convert the Japanese to both your religions.

JOHN AND JONATHAN.

PUNCH. "*Now, MASTER BULL, what's all this Noise about?*"

MASTER BULL. "*If you please, Sir, young JONATHAN wanted my Dinner, and a Fish Bone stuck in his throat. But it's all right, now.*"

This had reference to a fisheries dispute which had taken place between this country and the United States. On June 26, our Secretary for the Colonies had addressed a note to that Government complaining of the encroachments of their vessels on British fisheries off the coast. Many hard words had been used concerning us in America.

"Take our word for it," said *Mr. Punch*, however, "there will be no fighting between America and England. We have seen a letter from the President to Mr. Thomas Baring, that breathes nothing but port and sherry. It is an invitation to dinner, and is couched in the following terms:—'Come and discuss the matter pleasantly. There will only be a quiet little bit of fish, and a small bone to pick afterwards!'"

(*See Cartoon, "John and Jonathan."*)

SEPT. 4.

IN his Number bearing this date *Mr. Punch* had a paragraph entitled:

FIREWORKS FOR THE FRENCH NATION.

MANY dull sensible people want to know what can have put it into Louis Napoleon's head to amuse the Parisian people with fireworks? Some recollection of Vauxhall, probably, combined with a notion of turning the Republic of France into a "Royal Property."

It has been a wonder to the stupid why President Bonaparte should have treated his subjects—or whatever he calls them—to a pyrotechnical display, seeing that he has himself so great an objection to squibs. But M. Bonaparte only objects to squibs which fizz at his own expense.

Considering how deep a purpose has actuated the ruler of the French nation in playing off his rockets and Roman candles, it is probable that posterity will pronounce that his fireworks are with a peculiar propriety called *feux d'artifice.*

This referred to the *fête* called "The Festival of Napoleon," which had been held with great pomp and parade in Paris on the 15th of the preceding month, with a mock naval fight on the Seine, and other pageantry of the popularity-hunting sort.

(*See Cartoon, "Terrific Ascent."*)

Punch's "Mr. John Thomas" gives the following graphic description of the festival:—

MR. JOHN THOMAS AND THE FEAST OF EAGLES.

Yang Doo, Row de River Lee, Parry, August 15th.

O! MARY HANN, I planely sea
A Frenshman's fate is fitin,
For shum fites, and the Sham de Mars
Is all he takes delite in.

They've ad a feest of Heguls here;
Lawk! how our foke would stair [found
If at a Lord Mare's feest they
Such fouls among the fair.

If he such caryon did purwisle,
His sitty frens, I no,
Would cum prepaired, wen are they dined,
With him to pik a cro.

But, Hontry Noo, French Heguls, Dere,
For wich such blud is spilt,
Is only wooden burds, hadorned
With silver and with guilt;

An wen they're on the flags, they arn't
Much bigger than a thrush:
Lor! harfter our brave Hunyon Jak
Such flags arn't worth a rush.

However, fifty thousen men,
Parishioners so gay,
This mornin', to the Mad Lane Church
Set hout at brake of day.

Perhaps u think they went to church
'Cos 'twas a day of rest;
But Lor! they only stopp'd outside
To get their Heguls blest.

For here, to make these Heguls fierce,
And give and take no quarter,
They allus get the preests to wet
Their bekes in Holy Warter.

TERRIFIC ASCENT OF THE HERO OF A HUNDRED FÊTES.

Now wen the standard-barers got
Them blessed burds agen,
The Prinse hisself cum bout to see
The Heguls and the men.
Though, raily, harfter wot u no
Sum yeres ago tuk plaise,
I wunder how he dares to luk
A Hegul in the Face.
But still to sea and here the crowds
He seamed huncommon glad;
Ven they cried, "Ve've the Hemperor,"
Sez he, "I vish you ad."
And then free grashus at the play
They shode us, harfter dinner,
How one Hagustus once forgave
A most bowdacious Sinner.*
In corse Hagustus menes the Prinse,
He don't forgive, it's true,
But thinks that those who like sham fites,
May like sham Pardings too.
And Few de joy we should ave ad
At nite in hevery Rew;
But many fokes were grately vexed
When the wind put out the Few.
For hold Napoleon should have sat
Upon a hoss of flame,
To sho the peepul how he thro'
The grate Saint Burnard came.
But when the gass was hall alite,
And Fokes began to shout,
The storm rained in his firy stede,
And snuffed the Hemperor hout.
And so I cam home ere to rite
U word of all the fun,
Well noin u would like to get
A Billy from ure Jon.

SEPT. 11.

At this time there was much talk of Railway Amalgamation, and railway accidents were unusually numerous. *Mr. Punch* did not consider that the proposed amalgamation was by any means in the interest of the public. He said:—

"When certain folks fall out, 'tis known,
Some other folks obtain their own;
If Railway Boards combine 'tis quite
Time honest people should unite."

(*See Cartoon, "Railway Undertaking."*)

'RAILWAY UNDERTAKING.

TOUTER. "Going by this Train, Sir?" *PASSENGER. "M? Eh? Yes."*
TOUTER. "Allow me, then, to give you one of my Cards, Sir."

SEPT. 14.

On this day died, at Walmer Castle, the great Duke of Wellington. Apparently in his usual health when he retired to rest on the night of the 13th, he next morning complained of uneasiness in the chest and stomach. Medical aid was sent for, but he sank rapidly, and at 25 minutes past 3 P.M. peacefully expired. The Duke of Wellington was born on 1st May, 1769, and had consequently at the time of his death just entered on his 84th year. His death caused the greatest sorrow in the country. "England!—or rather Britain's pride, her glory, her hero, the greatest man she ever had produced, is no more! Sad day! Great and irreparable national loss!" So wrote the Queen, to whom the Duke was the most devoted of servants and the most trusted of counsellors. A public funeral for the dead hero was decided on, and his body re-

* Really! Mr. John Thomas. Corneille writes it *Cinna*.

mained under proper guardianship until the formal approval of Parliament should be obtained.

(See Cartoon, "September XIV., MDCCCLII.")

ALL bring their tribute to his name — from her
Who wears the crown to him who plies the spade
Under those windows where his corpse is laid,
Taking its rest at last from all those years of stir.

Years that remoulded an old world in roar
And furnace-fires of strife with hideous clang
Of battle-hammers; where they loudest rang,
His clear sharp voice was heard that ne'er will be heard more.

Courts have a seemly sorrow for such loss;
Cabinets politic regret: the great
Will miss his punctual presence at their state—
The shade of such eclipse even lowly hearths will cross.

But I, a jester, what have I to do
With greatness or the grave? The man and theme
The comment of my page may ill beseem;
So be it—yet not less do I pay tribute true.

For that in him to which I would bow down
Comes not of honours heaped upon his head,
Comes not of orders on his breast outspread—
Nor yet of captain's nor of councillor's renown.

SEPTEMBER XIV. MDCCCLII.

It is that all his life example shews
Of reverence for duty: where he saw
That commanding word or act, her law
With him was absolute, and brooked no quibbling gloze.

He followed where she pointed; right ahead—
Unheeding what might sweep across his path,
The cannon's volley, or the people's wrath;
No hope, howe'er forlorn, but at her call he led.

Hard as a blade so tempered needs must be,
And, sometimes, scant of courtesy, as one
Whose life has dealt with stern things to be done,
Not wide in range of thought, nor deep of subtlety:

Of most distrustful; sparing in discourse;
Himself untiring, and from all around
Claiming that force which in himself he found—
He lived, and asked no love, but won respect perforce.

And of respect, at last, came love unsought,
But not repelled when offered; and we knew
That this rare sternness had its softness too,
That woman's charm and grace upon his being wrought;

That underneath the armour of his breast
Were springs of tenderness—all quick to flow
In sympathy with childhood's joy or woe:
That children climbed his knees, and made his arms their nest.

For fifty of its eighty years and four
His life has been before us: who but knew
The abrupt, spare frame, the eye of piercing blue,
The eagle-beak, the finger reared before

In greeting?—Well he bore his load of years,
As in his daily walk he paced along
To early prayer, or, 'mid the admiring throng,
Pass'd through Whitehall to counsel with his Peers.

He was true English—down to the heart's core;
His sternness and his softness English both:
Our reverence and love grew with his growth,
Till we are slow to think that he can be no more.

Peace to him! Let him sleep near him who fell
Victor at Trafalgar; by Nelson's side
Wellington's ashes fitly may abide.
Great captain—noble heart! Hail to thee, and farewell!

OCT. 7.

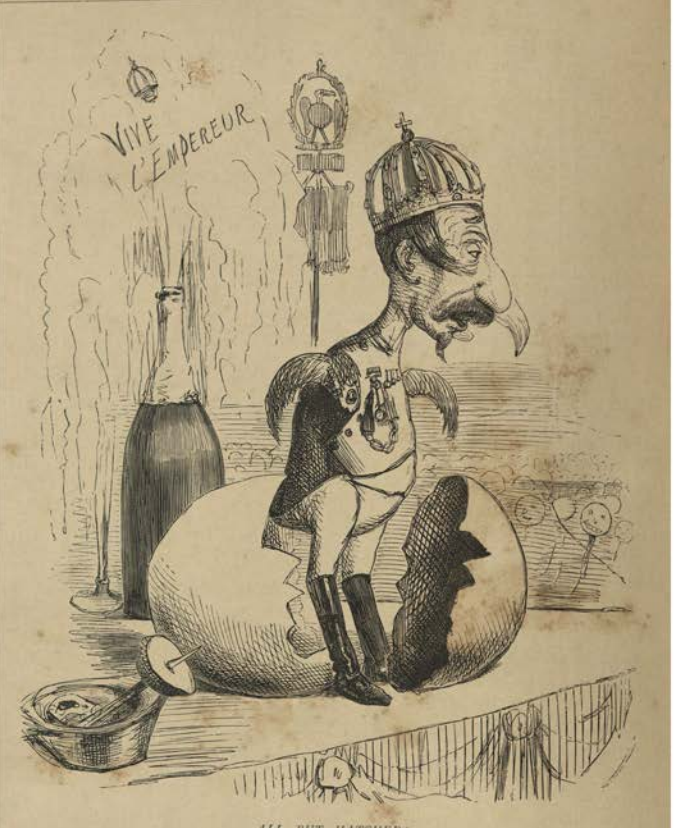
On this date "the town of Sevres, obeying its sentiments of affection and gratitude for Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the envoy of God and the elect of France, her saviour and her glory, proclaims him Emperor of the French, under the name of Napoleon III., and confers on him and his descendants hereditary rights."

Said *Punch* on this occasion, "The grand metaphorical figure of fun, embodied in the old *tableau* of the Three Tailors of Tooley Street, has been at last matched by the Mayor of Sevres, who in the name of the French people has proclaimed the Empire." But more remained behind. On the 9th, the President, addressing the Chamber of Commerce at Bordeaux, stated that France desired a return to the Empire. He admitted that one objection existed in some minds, the fear that the Empire meant only war. "But," said he, in words which passed into a "cry," "I say *the Empire is Peace*, for France desires it, and when France is satisfied the world is tranquil."

On the 4th November the President convoked the Senate to take into consideration "the wish that the nation had clearly manifested for the re-establishment of the Empire."

On the 7th December the French Senate passed a *Senatus consultum* re-establishing the Imperial dynasty; and constituting Louis Napoleon Emperor, under the title of Napoleon III.

(*See Cartoon, "All but Hatched!"*)



ALL BUT HATCHED!

MY VOICE IS FOR "PEACE!"

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

"In the name of the French nation—I mean the Empire—I ask and pray for peace. We want peace! What are armies? Necessary evils. What is glory? Golden smoke." Something after this fashion speaks Louis Napoleon at Bordeaux.

The eagle gives up a flesh diet; and, forsaking its rocky high place, will become even as domestic poultry. The eagle will perch, and no doubt do its best to coo in an olive-tree,—living upon olives as a poll-parrot eats shelled almonds.

"But how"—certain inquisitive people may ask—"how about the steam navy?"—

"To be sure. There is the *Napoleon*, capable of transporting 5000 troops."—

"Yes; and the *Austerlitz*, first-rate man-of-war steamer, with broadside weight of metal that can splinter up Gibraltar? What are these and others on the stocks for? All for peace?"

"For peace," replies the Emperor. "Built, purely, for voyages of discovery. To discover the Gardens of the Hesperides (*aside*, or the Gardens of Folkestone)—to trace the source of the Pactolus (*aside*, or the source of the Thames). Yes: I cry peace—peace is my mission. And so believing, how I yearn to plant the olive in the Tower of London, or the forecourt of Buckingham Palace."

Nov. 4.

The new Parliament was on this day opened by Commission. On this occasion the Commons assembled for the first time in their new Chamber in the Palace of Westminster. On the 11th the Parliament was formally opened by the Queen. In both the upper and lower Houses the leaders, to the huge disappointment of many, intimated that the result of the elections had finally determined them against re-opening the question of Protection, and in favour of the frank acceptance of Free Trade as the "decision of the country."

(*See Cartoon, "The Political Topsy."*)

Mrs. Beecher Stowe's Novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was at this time enormously popular. Topsy, the irrepressible nigger girl, was one of the most humorous characters. *Mr. Punch* thus adapted it to the political situation:—

WESTMINSTER THEATRE.

A new piece, adapted from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was read at the Westminster Theatre, preparatory to the opening of that establishment. The piece seems likely to be successful, owing, probably, as much to the consummate versatility and talent of the actors engaged, as to any intrinsic merit of the work itself. We have extracted the following Scene. We may mention that emblematical ribbons, bills, measures, and so forth, are a peculiar sort of African charm, which niggers always wear about their person.

THE POLITICAL TOPSY.

"I 'SPECTS NOBODY CAN'T DO NOTHIN' WITH ME?"—Vide "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Topsy (a Nigger, taken into the household of MR. BULL, *and whose former master was a Blacking-hamshire farmer)* . . MR. BEN. DISRAELI.
MISS FERLY (*housekeeper to* MR. BULL) . . MISS VICTORIA REGINA.
JOHN } *(well tried Servants of* MR. { LORD J. RUSSELL.
JOE } BULL'S . . . . . { MR. HUME.
Other Niggers, LORD DERBY, LORD MALMESBURY, MR. WALDRON, SIR FITZROY KELLY, *&c. &c.*

The Scene is laid in MISS FERLY'S *sitting-room, which commands a view of St. James's Park.* MISS FERLY *makes* TOPSY *stand opposite her.*

Miss F. Now, Topsy, who were your political parents?

Topsy. Dun' no, Missis—never had none. [*Grinning.*

Miss F. Never had any—what do you mean? Of what party were you born?

Topsy. Never was born. [*With a grin.*

Miss F. How long have you served your former master?

Topsy. Dunt 'zactly know, Missis.

Miss F. Don't know, Topsy! One year or several?

Topsy. Several, off and on, 'should think.

Miss F. Now, tell me who made you politically?

Topsy. Nobody as I know on. Don't think nobody never made me. I 'spect I growed.

[*Looking amazed and twinkling his eyes.*

Miss F. What did you do for your former master?

Topsy. Laws, nothin', Missis—jawed a bit nows and

Miss F. What can you do, Topsy? [thens.

Topsy. Anythin'. Chiefly I is good at climbin' up a poll. [*Grinning.*

Miss F. Now, Topsy, what are your politics?

Topsy. Laws, 'most anythink.

Miss F. Why, Topsy, what's this? [*Pulling at a ribbon which was hanging out of* TOPSY'S *pocket.*

Topsy. Laws, why that ar's the ribbon I had at late

Miss F. But here is another, besides. [Mas't's.

Topsy. Laws, why that's John's ribbon; how could it 'a got in my pocket?

Miss F. Topsy, you naughty thing, don't tell me a lie; you stole that ribbon.

Topsy. Missis, I declare for't I didn't. Never seed it till this blessed minnit.

[MISS FEELY *becomes so indignant that she shakes* TOPSY, *which causes some papers to fall.*

Miss F. There you! will you tell me you didn't steal the ribbon?

Topsy. Laws, now, if that isn't John's M'litia Bill (*looking rather guilty*). I mind John lost it one night, and I jest picked it up.

Miss F. You've tried to change its appearance, you naughty thing. Now, Topsy, confess what else you've stolen.

Topsy. Well, I took John's Chancery Reform Bill, and 'bout half his Parliamentary Reform Bill, what he had round his neck when he lost his M'litia Bill, and bits of Joe's measure, what he's al'ays losin'.

Miss F. Bless me, what a thief! (*Aside.*) Is there anything you have not stolen, Topsy?

Topsy. Laws! Missis. There's the Income Tax Repeal Bill.

Miss F. Now run, Topsy, you naughty thing, and get me the Reform Bills you stole from John and Joe, and what you have of your own. Mr. Bull wants them directly.

Topsy. Laws, Missis, I can't.

Miss F. What a story, Topsy! Get them this minute, or I'll discharge you.

Topsy. I can't, Missis (*with loud protestations, and tears and groans*). They's bossin', they is.

Miss F. You naughty creature! Why did you tell me you'd got them?

[*Quite bewildered at this incomprehensible language.*

Topsy. 'Cause I's wicked, I is; I's mighty wicked anyhow. I can't help it.

[*At this moment* JOHN *and* JOE *enter together:* JOHN *wearing his bill still round his neck, and* JOE *with bits of his measure stuck all over his person as usual.*

Miss F. Why, John and Joe, how did you get there again?

[*Pointing to the bill and the measure.*

J. and J. (*together*). Dese ar! had dese ar all de time. Can't pass dem nohows.'

Miss F. What in the world did you tell me you took those things for?

Topsy (*rubbing eyes and whining*). Why, Missis said I must 'fess or Mas'r would turn me away, and I couldn't think of nothin' else to 'fess.

Miss F. But of course I didn't want you to confess things you didn't do. That's telling a lie just as much as the other.

Topsy. Laws, now, is it? [*With innocent wonder.*

J. and J. (*looking indignantly at* TOPSY). Da's a'nt no such thing as truth in dat limb.

LORD JOHN BLOWING UP THE GUYS OF PARLIAMENT.

A DESIGN FOR THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

NOV. 5.

ALTHOUGH the Derby Ministry retained office after the General Election, it was with shaken power and diminished prestige. It was felt that their tenure of office was provisional and precarious, and Lord John Russell was suspected of intentions to turn the earliest opportunity of overthrowing them to the best account. Parliament had assembled on the "Eve of St. Guy," which gave *Mr. Punch* a suggestion for a Cartoon.

(*See Cartoon, "Lord John blowing up the Guys of Parliament."*)

NOV. 18.

ON this day took place the public funeral of the Duke of Wellington, a spectacle which

for solemn impressiveness of pageantry, and the universal yet respectful display of popular interest, has never been surpassed. "Honour," said the Earl of Derby, in his speech in the House of Lords upon this great occasion, "Honour, my Lords, to the people, who so well know how to reverence the illustrious dead!"

Lieut.-General Viscount Hardinge was appointed Commander-in-Chief in place of the deceased Duke. His first "General Order" related to the mourning of the army for "the greatest Commander whom England ever saw, and whose life has afforded the brightest example by which a British Army can be guided in the performance of its duties."

(*See Cartoon, "The Duke's Bequest."*)

RENDERING UP THE SWORD.

I.

His renders up the sword he held so long,
And used so well for Britain; never blade
Was freer from all tarnishing of wrong
Than England's, while his firm hand it obeyed.

II.

Old legends tell of Arthur's mystic sword
Excalibar—that never did forsake
His side, till, when death-wounded lay its lord,
A weird hand clutched it, rising from the lake.

III.

The old Arthur slumbers in the enchanted land,
The Lady of the Lake tending his sleep—
'Twas the old faith, when Britain craved his hand,
That up to life, all harnessed, he would leap,

THE DUKE'S BEQUEST.—FOR THE MOST WORTHY!

IV.

And, baring bright Excalibar once more,
Sweep, with his shadowy knights, from sea to sea,
Until, along the length of Britain's shore,
No foothold for an enemy should be.

V.

Then back to Enchanted rest, he and his knights
World vanish, till a new occasion came
Rousing them from their charmed sleep's delights,
To guard or free the land they loved from shame.

VI.

So sleeps our later Arthur: his life's coil
Is shuffled off—upon his bier we lay
Trophies and tears, ere to the worms a spoil
We render up his vesture of decay.

VII.

The dim lights burn about his gorgeous bier,
Sparkling in jewelled star and pendent cross;
Scutcheons and leading staffs and blazon near,
Tell to the world his honours and our loss.

VIII.

The highest and the humblest of the land
Are waiting to attend him to the tomb—
The mourners go about the streets, or stand
Sadly, as under sense of common-doom.

IX.

Our Arthur sleeps—our Arthur is not dead,
Excalibar shall yet leap from the sheath,
Should e'er invading foot this England tread—
Upstirring, then, his marble tomb beneath,

X.

Our Wellington's undying fire shall burn
Through all our veins—until the foemen say,
"Behold, their Arthur doth to life return!"
And awe-struck from the onset shrink away.

DEC. 1.

THE result of the *plébiscite* on the question of reviving the Empire was announced by the *Corps Législatif* as follows:—Ayes (for the Empire), 7,864,189. Noes (against), 253,145. Nil, 63,326. On the next day, the anniversary of Prince Napoleon's *Coup d'état*, the proclamation of the Empire took place in Paris, and on the 5th the same thing was done throughout France.

DEC. 3.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced the Budget. It reduced the Malt Tax, increased the Inhabited House Duty, and reduced but did not drop the Income Tax, which, on the contrary, was extended to properties and salaries in Ireland. The Free Traders did not like the Budget.

(*See Cartoon, "A Scene from English History."*)

"Was not Disraeli many a year
Sheltered within Protection's gates,
Shut out from sense and reason clear
By prejudice and party hates?
On him your party hung its fate,
Fawned on him, fêted and caressed—
Leaving its loves legitimate,
Its Granbys, Richmonds, and the rest,
Till stern Free Trade—that mate abhorred,
To whom St. Stephen's saw you tied—
Obtained the clue, your true knights floored,
And found through crooked paths a guide;
Then piercing to your central hold,
Collared your love more frail than fair,
And to him, frowning stern and cold,
Offered black bowl or dagger bare."

A SCENE FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.
QUEEN ELEANOR AND FAIR ROSAMOND.

On the 13th Mr. Lowe made an energetic attack upon it, especially with regard to the Malt Tax, which reduction he opposed. On the 16th Dec. the Chancellor of the Exchequer replied on the whole unusually protracted debate. He made a bold but unsuccessful defence of his financial schemes. Retorting upon Sir Charles Wood, he reminded him in words since often quoted, that "petulance is not sarcasm nor insolence invective." Mr. Gladstone replying, gravely rebuked him for the license of his speech, and characterised his financial plan as "this unsound and delusive scheme." On the division on the House Tax resolution, the Government was placed in a minority of 19; the numbers were 286 for and 305 against. The House of course adjourned, and on the 20th the Ministers announced that they had resigned, and that the Earl of Aberdeen had been sent for. On the 27th the Earl of Aberdeen made a statement of the reasons which had induced him to undertake to form a Ministry. The House on its rising adjourned till Feb. 10 in the ensuing year.

1853

THE year opened amidst the stir and strife of a General Election. The Ministerial Addresses were before the country. They promised (in the words of Sir James Graham) "cautious but progressive reform," and (in those of Sir Charles Wood) "well-advised but certain progress." Lord Palmerston said he trusted the new Liberal Government would answer "the just expectation of the country," and Lord John Russell pledged it to "rational and enlightened progress."

(*See Cartoon, "Pledging."*)

Mr. Disraeli, said *Punch*, "bore his loss of office with rather an ill grace." It was doubtless a sore disappointment to his soaring ambition to lose so soon the position he had manfully struggled for. He thanked the House for its indulgence, and said that if any word had escaped his lips which had hurt the feelings of anybody, he deeply regretted it, and hoped "that the impression on their part would be as transient as the sense of provocation was on his own." Sir James Graham admitted that he (Mr. Disraeli) had "conducted the cause of the Government for the last ten months with signal ability." *Mr. Punch* addressed the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer in the following lines:—

A FAREWELL TO DISRAELI.

From toils ministerial,
From state ceremonial,
From tangles imperial,
From murmurs colonial—
From net-work gigantic
Of red tape and tapists,
From Protestants frantic,
And high-flying Papists—
From all of the bubbles
Of Malmesbury's peddling,
From all of the squabbles
Of Pakington's meddling—
From Walpole's well-meaning,
From Beresford's dirt,
From Christopher's leaning
The truth out to blurt—
From hearing, in one sense,
Inscribed on your banners,
The feudalist nonsense
Of gentle John Manners,
From recording in acts
The entire contradiction
Which Free-trading facts
Give Protectionist fiction—
From having to swallow
Each word you have spoken,
From hopes all proved hollow,
From promises broken—
From venting palaver
You inwardly mourn for,
From stooping to shave
The men you feel scorn for—
From gracing Peel's triumph,
However you grudge it,

"PLEDGING."

"HALLO! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT O' SEEING YOU HERE?"

From hearing all cry "humph!"
At sight of your Budget—
From each trick, and turn
Of the baffled tactician,
Award greets your return
To a nobler position!
For he saw in your rising
The work of a brain,
Which its own aggrandising
Had toiled to attain

Unfavour'd by station,
Unaided by pelf,
You waited occasion,
And strove for yourself:
Till the House which derided
The youth who began—
Its laughter subsided—
Gave ear to the man:
And, subdued by the power
Of a resolute will,

Listened, hour after hour,
Deferential and still:
And in speech, subtle pleader,
In fight ne'er dismay'd,
You rose to be leader
Where once you obeyed.
Then the proud ones, your talkers,
To bow were full fain,
The Lords of the Acres
To the Lord of the Brain.

THE NEW CREW.

"NOW, GENTLEMEN—PULL TOGETHER THIS TIME, IF YOU PLEASE."

The new, or Coalition Ministry, under the premiership of the Earl of Aberdeen, consisted of a combination of Conservatives, Whigs, and Radicals, and included Lord John Russell as Foreign Secretary, Lord Palmerston as Home Secretary, and Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was of course charged with being "a factious combination," a charge against which Lord John Russell vigorously defended it. Most of the Ministers were re-elected, though at Oxford there was some opposition to Mr. Gladstone, the clerical and ultra-Tory party beginning to have their faith somewhat shaken in their "rising hope," whose recent votes on ecclesiastical questions and whose political companionships had filled them with a growing fear. Mr. Gladstone denied that by his assumption of office under Earl Aberdeen he had made any change whatever in his principles as related to the Church.

In the new Coalition Ministry the Earl of Aberdeen was First Lord of the Treasury, Lord John Russell Foreign Secretary, Viscount Palmerston Home Secretary, the Duke of Newcastle Colonial Secretary, Lord Cranworth Lord Chancellor, Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir James Graham First Lord of the Admiralty, Rt. Hon. Sidney Herbert Secretary at War, Sir Charles Wood Board of Control, Earl Granville Lord President, and the Duke of Argyll Lord Privy Seal.

(*See Cartoon, "The New Crew."*)

JAN. 22.

ON this date the Emperor Napoleon made announcement of his approaching marriage with Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba. *Mr. Punch*, parodying a popular song of the time entitled "Barney Brallaghan," celebrated the occasion by writing "Louis Napoleon's Courtship."

"Twas evening, noon, and night,
And afternoon and morning,
The French Imperial wight
All foreign courts were scorning.
He begged from door to door
A wife to share his glory,
His love tale he did pour,
And that was part of his story—
Only say
You'll your husband make me,
France shall pay
Whatever your charge to take me.

Oh, list to what I say,
Pretty Royal Venus;
Name your price you may,
France we'll share between us.
The country's gone to sleep,
Void of sense and feeling,
Round about I creep,
All I long'd for stealing.
Only say, &c.

I've got a set of tools,
I've got the gold to glut them;
And if they're obstinate fools,
In prison I can shut them.
Men without a coat—
If truly I describe them—
A moderate bank-note
Will my morning bribe them.
Only say, &c.

I've got a little fame
By love of peace declaring;
I've got my uncle's name,
A little the worse for wearing.
I've got some gooseberry wine,
With sausages and pullets,
To make the soldiers mine
Where'er I want their bullets.
Only say, &c.

I've got a million pound, [ia]—
(That's what I'm to be paid
A sum so very round,
I'm sure will charm the ladies.
I've got the crown to wear,
And robes adorn'd with posies!
A bed—I've got—to share,
Of not exactly roses.
Only say, &c.

I've no one in my eye,
A wife alone I'm needing,
Who's got—what have not I—
The real Royal breeding.
I've wealth! that all will own,
No matter how I get it!
I've got, besides, a throne,
As long as they don't upset it.
Only say, &c.

For a wife—till death—
I'll take the first will prize me;
But oh! I waste my breath,
You every one despise me.
I'm just beginning to reign,
No wife I can discover
But that young girl from Spain—
So I'll be her constant lover.
Only say, &c.

THE EAGLE IN LOVE.

The marriage was solemnized a little later, the civil celebration in the Tuileries by M. Fould on the 29th Jan., and the ecclesiastical on the 30th in Notre Dame, by the Archbishop of Paris.

(*See Cartoon, "The Eagle in Love."*)

FEB. 10.

PARLIAMENT reassembled for the first time after the adjournment of the 31st of the previous December. The chief measures announced in Lord John Russell's statement as intended to be introduced during the Session, were those with reference to the National Defences and to Jewish Disabilities. The discussion about the National Defences elicited vigorous protests from the Peace Party—called in derision the Peace-at-any-price Party—represented by Messrs. Cobden and Bright, who at this period came in for much popular odium and a good deal of ridicule at the hands of *Mr. Punch*.

(*See Cartoon, "Strait Waistcoat."*)

PEACE AND WAR.

(BEING A DUET BETWEEN RICHARD COBDEN AND THE BRITISH LION.)

SAYS R. Cobden to the Lion, "French assurances rely
Never mind their Minié rifles and their sabres!
It's all a vile invention to assert they've the intention
Of doing any mischief to their neighbours."

Says the Lion to R. Cobden, "My house I won't be robbed in;
Nor have it broken into or bombarded;

STRAIT WAISTCOAT.

WORKED BY THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND FOR THE OPPONENTS OF NATIONAL DEFENCES.

And I'm very glad to say, I can quite afford to pay
The constables to keep it safely guarded."

Says R. Cobden to the Lion, "Napoleon's noble scion
Will feel hurt at all your warlike preparation;
So your claws put in their sheath, let the Quakers draw your teeth,
And trust, instead of Arms, to Arbitration."

Says the Lion to R. Cobden, "In France I've seen a job done
By that very noble scion you refer to, [ing,
Which assures me there's no harm in a little quiet arm-
If the Arbitrator's finding be demur to."

Says R. Cobden to the Lion, "I assure you I've my eye on
The French nation, and I'm not the least afraid, Sir;
For, throughout their vast dominion, the popular opinion
Is that war would play the devil with their trade, Sir."

Says the Lion to R. Cobden, "What *might* be by French mob done
Matters little; though they're friends both north to south, man;
Be the general voice unwarlike, the General's voice is more like
To be talking to us through the cannon's mouth, man."

Says R. Cobden to the Lion, "Army estimates look shy on;
To your soldiers pray give neither love nor money;
Land forces or aquatic—they're a swarm aristocratic
Of drones, who fatten idle on your honey."

Says the Lion to R. Cobden, "Ordnance charges may be jobbed in;
But if folks have foes, they must have men to face 'em;
Hist'ry teaches us (we'll tell 'em), '*Si vis pacem para bellum:*'
Not (*as you say*) '*Si vis bellum para pacem.*'

Says R. Cobden to the Lion,
"'Twas the Press set this mad cry on;
Talk of gun-boats, pinnaces, flotillas—why not 'coracles?'
If a man would live in quiet, he should join the Peace Society,
And take my friend John Bright and me for oracles."

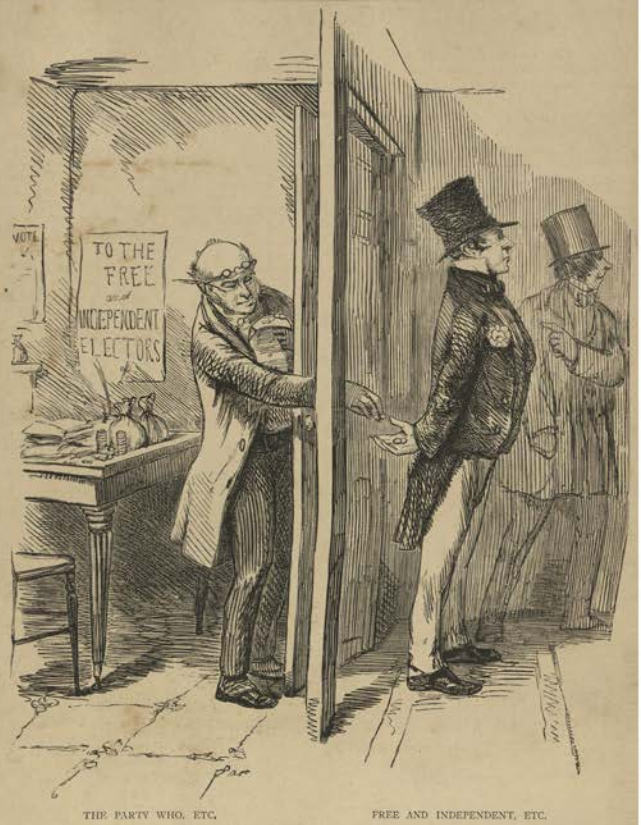
Says the Lion to R. Cobden,
"The papers you've been snubbed in,
And critics aren't so pleasant as reverers:
And we know that there are leaders, which produce upon their readers
More effect than other leaders on their hearers."

Says R. Cobden to the Lion, "I beg you'll cast your eye on
The Pamphlet I've produced on Peace and Warfare,
Where I've made it clear that we caused the war of ninety-three,
And have set distorted facts in aspects *more* fair."

Says the Lion to R. Cobden,
"Your Pamphlet I have just bobbed in;
And if ninety-three were only eighteen two, Sir:
Had Nap. ne'er mounted throne, or ne'er camped beside Boulogne,
I won't say but your conclusions might be true, Sir.

"But unhappily, you see, Eighteen two's *not* ninety-three;
Nap.'s a fact, and so's his muster at Boulogne, Sir;
But all talk's not worth a tittle:
I tell all Naps—great and little—
That the British Lion *will* be let alone, Sir.

"He begs to state most fully he don't intend to bully
(Wrong he knows, although triumphant, brings its Nemesis);
But waving brag and bounce, one thing he *does* announce,
HE WILL NOT STAND AN INTRUSION ON HIS PREMISES."



THE PARTY WHO, ETC. FREE AND INDEPENDENT, ETC.

THE ORDINARY LEGAL EXPENSES OF AN ELECTION.

MARCH 19.

THE fact that several of the Members elected to the new Parliament had subsequently lost their seats for bribery, had called public attention to the prevalence of Electoral Corruption.

(See Cartoon, "The Ordinary Legal Expenses of an Election.")

Mr. Punch satirically proposed that votes should be put up to auction. "It is easy," he said, "to see what bribery at Borough elections will come to. Open dealing in votes is better than clandestine corruption. Englishmen hate all underhand transactions; and the spirit of frankness that reigns in British boroughs will, if unrestricted, very soon assert itself in the sale of electors, without reserve or secrecy, by public auction."

ST. STEPHEN AND HIS CHERUBS.

ST. STEPHEN sat late at his new chapel gate
In a state of resigned expectation
Of the winding up of a lengthy debate,
Not the least affecting the nation.

When, up in the air, the Saint is aware
Of a sound as of wings and of voices,

And he lifts up his eyes in pious surprise,
To see what the cause of the noise is.

It comes from a rout of cherubim stout—
Parliamentary apotheoses—
Their cheeks once so chubby, bedabbered and grubby
With the tears that have run down their noses.

With agonised swings of their poor little wings
They try vainly to wipe their fat faces,
With bitter complaint, o'er the head of the Saint,
Flying out from their late pleasant places.

"What means this wild grieving?" said holy St. Stephen,
Quoth they, "We are victims to law, Sir,"
"Won't you sit and explain?" But they answered again,
"How sit? when we hav'n't *de quoi*, Sir!

"The seats are all gone that we late sat upon—
Ta'en away by our hard-hearted brothers;—
And the worst of the ill is, that, do what we will,
There's no chance of our meeting with others.

"Here's the Cherub of Clitheroe, whither, oh whither, oh,
Is he to go look for a borough?

Here's the Cherub of Chatham, they all went in at him,
Though they'd play just the same tricks to-morrow.

And the Lancaster Cherub 'll feel his loss terrible,
As his seat to get warm was beginnin';
And the Hull Cherubs 'twain must go canvass again,
With the Cherub of Rye, young Mackinnon.

"They who over the same bridge of gold in for Cambridge
Walked triumphant—one rich and one clever,
Before they can meet with as cozy a seat,
May go wand'ring the kingdom for ever!

HOW TO INSURE AGAINST RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

TIE A COUPLE OF DIRECTORS À LA MAZEPPA TO EVERY ENGINE THAT STARTS WITH A TRAIN.

And what adds aggravation to our sad situation,
Is the fact—which all folks must admit, Sir,
That the few thus ill-treated by being unseated,
Are no worse than the many who sit, Sir!"

Then the Saint with a grin stroked the beard on his chin,
And with voice, than which none could be blander,
Said, "In my home, you see, the proverb should be,
'Sauce for goose is *not quite* sauce for gander.'"

MARCH 26.

A NUMBER of Railway Accidents occurred about this time, and there was much public dissatisfaction at the want of care on the part of the Railway Companies.

(*See Cartoon, "How to Insure against Railway Accidents."*)

Mr. Punch had the following hit at the Companies:—

RAILWAY ASSURANCE.

WE understand it is in contemplation, by some of the principal Railway Companies, to try the experiment of starting, daily, a guaranteed train, for the accommodation of those who are desirous of being secured against accidents. There will be no difficulty in carrying out this arrangement, as it has been proved that caution is the only thing wanting to prevent the sacrifice of life; and preference tickets may be easily issued at an advanced price, entitling the holder to safe conduct to the end of his journey.

MARCH 29.

On this day a meeting was held at Newcastle, where it was resolved to memorialise the Government on the Turkish question. There were premonitory mutterings of the storm which was a little later to break forth in the Crimean War. Lord Russell, in reply to the memorial, promised that "the utmost vigilance should be shown, as the independence of Turkey could not be subverted without serious injury to British commerce."

It was felt however (as the *Times* at the time stated), that owing to Turkish misgovernment "the time is fast approaching when the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire in its present form will be found to be impracticable, acknowledged to be undesirable."

On the 9th January the Emperor of Russia, in a confidential conversation with Sir Hamilton Seymour, had made some significant remarks concerning the condition of Turkey. "The sick man," said the Emperor, "is dying, and we can never allow such an event to take us by surprise. We must come to some understanding, and this we should do, I am convinced, if I could hold but ten minutes' conversation with your Ministers—with Lord Aberdeen, for instance, who knows me so well, who has full confidence in me, as I have in him. And, remember, I do not ask for a treaty or a protocol; a general understanding is all I require—that between gentlemen is sufficient." Some days later the Emperor intimated to Sir Hamilton Seymour that he would not consent to the permanent occupation of Constantinople by Russia, but at the same time would not allow it to be occupied by the English or French, or any other great nation. Rather than that he would go to war, and fight while he had a man or a musket left. A dispute had taken place between Russia and Turkey concerning the Holy Places, as they were called, which had reference to certain privileges claimed by Russia in favour of persons professing the Greek religion in Jerusalem and elsewhere. Prince Menschikoff, appointed Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, had quarrelled with Fuad Effendi and other Turkish officials. Altogether the relations between Russia and Turkey were decidedly "strained." The phrase "Sick Man" was to pass into a proverb, and concerning him and his ailments, his foes and his friends, much more was to be heard in the immediate future.

TURKEY IN DANGER.

(*See Cartoon, "Turkey in Danger."*)

APRIL 4.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL obtained leave to introduce a National Education Bill, the principle and provisions of which he explained. It included an extension of the existing system, and a plan for dealing with educational charities. He declared against what was called "secular" education.

There was a good deal of hot sectarian dispute on the subject, especially between High Churchmen and Dissenters.

(*See Cartoon, "Who shall Educate?"*)

OLD ENGLAND'S BABES IN THE WOOD.

In a nurse's uncouth telling, in a broadside's random spelling, [gilt edges,
Or in statelier garb of story-book, with binding and
For ages has that story set Young England's tears a-welling, bridges.
That sanctifies the red-breast on our window-sills and

WHO SHALL EDUCATE? OR, OUR BABES IN THE WOOD.

How oft with tear-drenched pinafore, has he sat and lost his dinner for
The death of those good parents, in that uncle too confiding,
And wondered in his innocence, what he was such a sinner for,
As to hire those cruel ruffians who took the babes out riding.

How oft the nursery's rattle has been hushed before the prattle
Of those pretty babes which wrought so on the milder-minded *Walter*,
That in the lonely forest he gave his fellow battle,
And slew him, thereby cheating the gallows and the halter.

And then, instead of staying to keep the babes from straying,
He weakly left them, with command to "stop there like good children;"
For Young England well remembered his own manner of obeying
The like order from the nurse-maid whom he gloried in bewildering.

With what bursts of tender sobbing he blessed the gentle robin,
Who the forest leaves their faces laid with pious beak and claws on,
And how heavily in schooldays was he visited with cobbing [on.
Who the robin's sacred nest laid his sacrilegious paws

That old tale with a new dress on, for Old England has its lesson;
Touching *his* "Babes in the Wood" he a hint from it may borrow—
In the wood through whose entanglements scarce manly strength can press on—
The wood of sin and suffering, of ignorance and sorrow.

There the little children wander, while in mortal combat yonder
Those who call themselves their guides for the mastery are fighting;
There in striving for that wood's sour fruit their infant strength they squander, [benighting.
Deep and deeper in its hideous depths body and soul

The combatants are sturdy, skilled to use their weapons wordy;
And ere Chapel's got the better of Church, or Church of Chapel,
The children may be lying, while *Punch*, for pious birdie,
Straws his leaves on those that perished while their guides were in death-grapple.

APRIL 7.

THE QUEEN, at ten minutes past one o'clock this afternoon, was safely delivered of a son, Prince Leopold.

APRIL 18.

MR. GLADSTONE, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, had on the 8th brought forward his resolutions concerning the National Debt, which were agreed to. On the 18th he introduced his Budget in a speech of five hours' duration, which for lucidity of statement and charm of delivery won warm approval from all sides. Mr. Gladstone proposed a reduction in the Income Tax, and said, "we stand on the principle that the Income Tax ought to be marked as a temporary measure." The "temporary measure" has endured for 34 years since the delivery of that optimistic utterance. *Mr. Punch* warned John Bull in his verses entitled "The Last Chance" that the Tax was becoming a fixture.

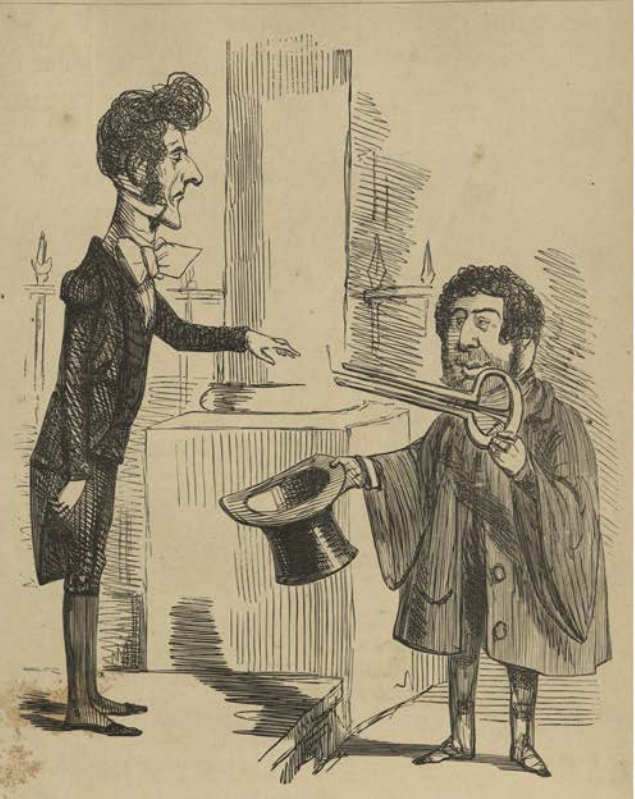
THE LAST CHANCE!

Now's the time, John Bull, or never, [fight,
'Gainst the Income-Tax to
Mr. Gladstone's very clever;
Let him dazzle not your sight.

Tolerate that confiscation
Once again, you're only sure,
Unredeemed by a 'teration,
Two years more that 'twill endure.

Time will certainly be hatching
Some excuse, at which, you'll find,
Government, adroitly catching,
On you will the load rebind.

Have that imposition 'nated
Now, or ne'er its end you'll see;
Untied it, perpetuated,
Groaning you'll remember me.



POOR LITTLE MO!

LORD SHAFTESBURY. "*Don't make a noise here—you'll get no relief from this 'House,' I promise you.*"

APRIL 29.

THE Jewish Disabilities Bill, again introduced by Lord John Russell, had passed the Commons, but, on the motion of the Earl of Shaftesbury (late Lord Ashley) was once more thrown out by the Lords, by 164 to 115.

(*See Cartoon*, "*Poor Little Mo!*")

POOR LITTLE MO!

My name is Mo Samuel, a poor little Jew;
Tro de Shety I trampsh it, de Commonsh in view;
But though I am shent dere, 'tis boorlesh to go,
For de Lordsh set deir face agin poor little Mo!

My constituentsh often have chose me in vain,
And shent me to Parliament over again,
Determined the shpirit of Britons to show;
But de Lordsh sets deir face agin poor little Mo!

Every year Lord John Russell proposhes a bill
To give de Electorsh of England deir will;
As often he finds 'tis no use to do so,
For de Lordsh sets deir face agin poor little Mo'!

MAY 5.

PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF presented an ultimatum to the Porte. It stipulated, in chief, that "The orthodox Eastern religion, its clergy, and its possessions, shall enjoy for the future, without any prejudice, under the protection of His Majesty the Sultan, the privileges and immunities which are assured to them *ab antiquo*, and, upon the principle of perfect equity, shall participate in the advantages accorded to the other Christian sects." It was demanded that this convention should be signed within five days. The Porte, in pursuance of a policy adopted in concurrence with England, declined to enter into this convention, and Prince Menschikoff and the Russian Embassy withdrew from Constantinople.

(*See Cartoon, "Unceremonious Treatment of the Russian Ultimatum."*)

UNCEREMONIOUS TREATMENT OF THE RUSSIAN ULTIMATUM.

A LITTLE POLITICAL GAME OF SPELLING.

England. I say, Russia, I'll bet you anything you can't spell Constantinople?

Russia. Can't I, just? Why it's easy enough.

England. It's not so easy to get through Constantinople, my boy, as you may imagine. Come, just you try.

Russia. Here goes at it then! C-o-n—Con; s-t-a-n—stan, Constan; t-i—ti, Constanti; n-o—no—

England (stopping him). No.

Russia (extremely puzzled). No?

England (positively). No, NO.

France (ditto). No, NO, NO.

Turkey (in consequence of the firmness of the other two, plucks up courage, and also says positively). No, NO, NO, NO.

All together (most positively). No! NO!! NO!!! NO!!!!

[RUSSIA *tries back, and tries very hard several times; but each time he tries it on, he is pulled up suddenly by the* NOES. *He gets very angry; and at last, not seeing his way at all clearly through Constantinople, he retires in the greatest rage and disgust,* ENGLAND, FRANCE, *and* TURKEY *still calling out after him,* "*No! No! No!*"

JUNE 1.

COUNT NESSELRODE informed Baron Brunow of the Czar's intention to occupy the Principalities. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was authorized by our Government, "in certain specified contingencies," to send for the Fleet, and on the following day Admiral Dundas was ordered to the Dardanelles.

The news of the despatch of our Fleet was

received with popular approval, but there were, as usual, many misgivings in the public mind concerning the ability of the Naval Departments to deal satisfactorily with the situation.

(*See Cartoon, "Portrait of an 'Admiralty Board.'"*)

JUNE 12.

COUNT NESSELRODE addressed a Circular Note, designed, as he said, "to rectify the false statements which may have been circulated about Prince Menschikoff's mission to Constantinople."

A note was added specifying the terms Russia was ready to accept for "the protection of the orthodox religion of the Orient, its clergy, churches, and possessions."

Mr. Punch replied to Count Nesselrode in the following manner:—

RUSSIAN REASONS.

(*Being the English Change for Count Nesselrode's Circular Note.*)

As Prince Menschikoff's mission has caused a great rumpus,
And a notion prevails that the Czar's in the wrong,
And as England and France may be able to stump us,
These our reasons you'll state, Courts and Cabinets among.

You need scarcely point out that of truth there's no particle
In the monstrous report, that our threatenings of war

PORTRAIT OF AN "ADMIRALTY BOARD"
(AFTER A DESIGN BY THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.)

Are meant to enforce on the Sultan an article
Which puts twelve million Turks 'neath the thumb of the Czar.

As no Cabinet gravely can hold such a notion,
You will go on at once to impress, at your Court,
The Czar's Christian care and unselfish devotion
For the Russo-Greek Church in the realms of the Porte.

You will say that his feelings are strictly parental [head:
Towards that Church, of which he is the father and
That the influence he wields is all moral and mental—
A fact proved by all he has done—at least, said.

Describe the Czar's wish to know wherefore this heat is
At demands which existing conventions allow;
Cite Kainardji's and Adrianople's two treaties,
And point out that they give all we're asking for now.

Show how, from beginning to end of the business,
All about Holy Places the question has been;
That, if 'twixt us and France there was some slight uneasiness,
The horizon on that side is now quite serene.

That the Russo-Greek rights have been clearly admitted,
And secured by a firman, and Hatti-Scheriff;

So that France and the Latin Communions outwitted,
Yield the *pas* to the Russo-Greek Church and its chief.

Recapitulate then, as these rights—in the first place—
Are what Russia has always enjoyed, beyond doubt;
And as—secondly—France is now put in the worst place
In the matter, wherreon she and Russia fell out!

And as—in the third place—the Sultan has granted
All we asked by a Firman, which clearly maintains
The rights of our Church, which was all we e'er wanted;
And as—in the fourth place—my note thus explains.

The duplicity, weakness, and tergiversation
Which the Porte through the whole of this business has shown,
And proves, too, the Czar's great forbearance and patience,
Guided, as he has been, by his duty alone:—

We cannot conceive what he's taken to task for,
If on the offensive he ventures to act,
Seeing that we have always had all we now ask for,
And have since got a firman confirming the fact.

Submit the above, as a full demonstration,
That no option we've had, 'tween disgrace and a war,
And ask if the Porte had so used them, what nation
But *must* have done just what's been done by the Czar?

JUNE 14.

A MILITARY Camp was formed on Chobham Common, where manœuvres and displays were carried on up to the 20th August. The Camp became very popular with the public, who flocked thither in large numbers, and displayed a sometimes almost too intrusive curiosity; and the "humours" of the scene gave plenty of work to the pens and pencils of the time. The season was a very wet and windy one.

(*See Cartoon, "A Gentle Reproof."*)

A GENTLE REPROOF.

GRENADIER. "*I say, Bill, I wonder what them ladies would say, if we was to go looking into their pockets!*"

JUNE 26.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA issued a Manifesto, stating that having exhausted all peaceful means in the endeavour to bring the Porte to reason, he had found it necessary to order his troops to occupy the Danubian Principalities, not as a beginning of war, but as an earnest of resolute determination to maintain the just rights of Russia. On the 2nd July accordingly the Russian troops crossed the Pruth and occupied the Principalities.

JULY 27.

ON this day occurred a great Cab Strike in London. A new Act had been passed reducing cab fares from 8*d.* to 6*d.* per mile, and the cabmen resented the reduction.

SAPPHICS OF THE CABSTAND.

Friend of Self-Government.

SEEDY Cab-driver, whither art thou going?
Sad is thy fate—reduced to law and order,
Local self-government yielding to the gripe of
Centralisation.

Victim of Fitzroy! little think the M. P.'s,
Lording it o'er cab, 'bus, lodging-house and graveyard,
Of the good times when every Anglo-Saxon's
House was his castle.

Say, hapless sufferer, was it Mr. Chadwick—
Underground foe to the British Constitution—
Or my Lord Shaftesbury, put up Mr. Fitzroy
Thus to assail you?

Was it the growth of Continental notions,
Or was it the Metropolitan police force
Prompted this blow at *Laissez-faire*, that free and
Easiest of doctrines?

Have you not read Mr. Toulmin Smith's great work on Centralisation? If you haven't, buy it;
Meanwhile I should be glad at once to hear your
View on the subject.

Cab-driver.

View on the subjeck? jigger'it if I've got one;
Only I wants no centrylisin', I don't—
Which I suppose it's a crusher standin' sentry
Hover a cabstand.

Whereby if we gives e'er a word o' cheek to
Parties as rides, they pulls us up like winkin'—
And them there blessed beaks is down upon us
Dead as an 'ammer!

As for Mr. Toulmin Smith, can't say I knows him—
But as you talks so werry like a gem'man,
Perhaps you're a goin' in 'ansome style to stand a
Shillin' a mile, Sir.

THE BEAR AND THE BEES.—A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

Friend of Self-Government.

I give a shilling? I will see thee hanged first—
Sixpence a mile—or drive me straight to Bow Street—
Idle, ill-mannered, dissipated, dirty,
Insolent rascal!

JULY 31.

THE representatives of the four great Powers (England, France, Austria, and Prussia,) met at Vienna and agreed upon a Note to be submitted to Russia and Turkey, which it was hoped would form a basis for a settlement of the disputed questions between them. The Note was accepted by the Emperor of Russia, and it was hoped for a time that peace would be maintained.

(*See Cartoon, "The Bear and the Bees."*)

AUG. 8.

A GRAND Naval Review was held at Spithead, attended by the Queen and her suite. A naval demonstration on so large a scale was unprecedented, and caused considerable public excitement and enthusiasm.

THE BATTLE OF SPITHEAD.

Or Cochrane and the Court,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to Spithead did resort
All that London could send down;
Where they lodged the night before, is unknown—
Room to sit, or sleep, or stand,
Fancy prices did command:
With the houseless, street and strand
Thick were strewn.

Many a cockney was afloat,
Unaccustomed to the brine;
But no wind to speak of blew,
And the day was bright and fine:
It was ten of Thursday morn by the chime,
And no ripple curled in wrath,
As they steamed upon their path,
And sniffed old Neptune's breath.
Oh, 'twas prime!

Old penny boats, new-brushed,
Till they looked quite smart and clean,
Their bows plebeian pushed
More nobby craft between.
"Give 'em coke!" the captains cried; and each one
Charged his furnace to the lips,
Till steamers, yachts, and ships,
The funnel's clouds eclipse—
Dark and dun!

In vain! in vain! in vain!
All attempts to keep 'em back;—
With a turn a-head, again
They were right across the track—
Underneath some first-rate's bows, or frigate's boom—
Spite of angry captain's hail,
And passengers grown pale,
When the Thames' steamers fail
To find room?

The well-bred yachting men
Much better did behave,
With six pounders and e'en ten
Their salute they duly gave,
And their burgees to the breeze did smartly fling—
While Solent's shores repeat
The thunders of the fleet,
That Her Majesty to greet,
Loudly ring!

Till to the great relief
Of eyes and ears and nose,
At a signal from the chief
The salutes came to a close,
And we thought the firing over for the day;
While Cobden and friend Bright sight
Asked themselves "if such a
Of powder we'd a right
To fire away?"

When sudden through the haze,
The foemen heave in sight,
And again those broadsides blaze
In the mimicry of fight—
But yet, from out the cannon's harmless roar,
Speaks a warning true and deep,
Of the floating powers that sleep,
The curse of war to keep
From our shore!

The friends of peace may chide,
But not the less 'tis true,
There's a *time* our strength to hide,
And a time to show it, too;
'Tis not always true economy to save—

Then wherever ocean rolls,
From the equator to the Poles,
May our hearts of oak bear sail,
True and brave!

(*See Cartoon, "Sham Fight at Spithead."*)

THE SHAM FIGHT AT SPITHEAD.

BOARDER. "*Ah! it's all verry well; but O, Jack—if you had been a Roshan?*"

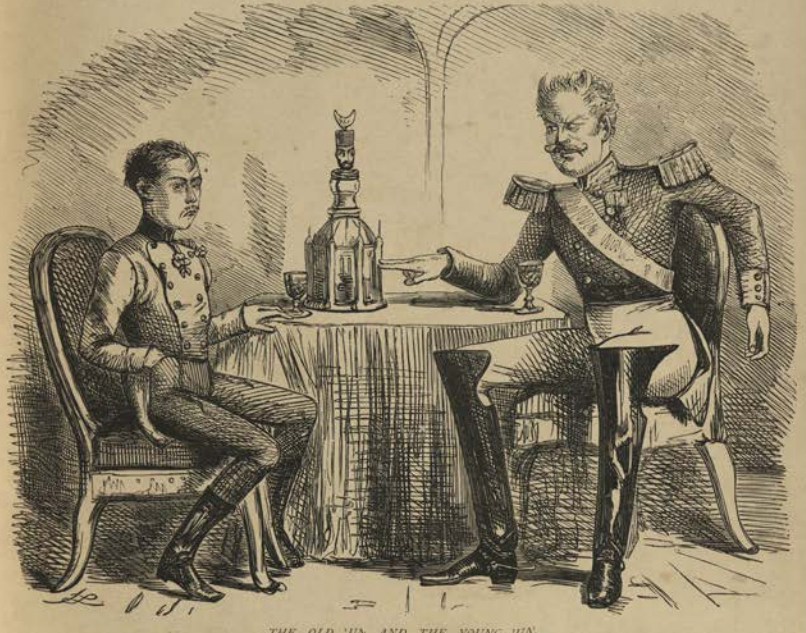
AUG. 16.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in the House of Commons, gave a long and detailed explanation of the recent course of events and the existing situation of affairs in connection with the Russo-Turkish question. Whilst expressing his regret at Prince Menschikoff's ultimatum, and at Russia's occupation of the Principalities, he referred to Russia's acceptance of the joint Note, and said he "thought we had now a fair prospect, without involving Europe in

hostilities, or exposing the independence and integrity of Turkey, that the object in view would be secured in no very long space of time." He said however, "it was quite evident that no settlement could be satisfactory which did not include, or immediately lead to the evacuation of the Principalities."

AUG. 20.

PARLIAMENT was this day prorogued by Commission. The Royal Speech contained the following somewhat reassuring passage concerning the Russo-Turkish quarrel:—"It is with deep interest and concern that her Majesty has viewed the serious misunderstanding which has recently arisen between Russia and the Ottoman Porte. The Emperor of the French has united with her Majesty in earnest endeavours to reconcile differences, the continuance of which might involve Europe in war. Acting in concert with the Allies, and relying on the



THE OLD 'UN AND THE YOUNG 'UN.

OLD NICHOLAS. "Now then, AUSTRIA, just help me to finish the PORTE."

exertions of the Conference now assembled at Vienna, her Majesty has good reason to hope that an honourable arrangement will be speedily accomplished."

SEPT. 4.

A severe visitation of Cholera came this autumn, breaking out at Newcastle on this date, and in London a little later.

SEPT. 23.

ON this date Lord Stratford de Redcliffe received instructions to have the British Fleet taken to Constantinople.

SEPT. 24.

ON this day the Emperors of Russia and Austria had an interview at Olmutz.

(*See Cartoon, "The Old 'Un and the Young 'Un."*)

Mr. Punch said at this time: "The Chinese Revolution progresses in a peculiar manner. Heads are not falling, as was the case in France, but tails are with marvellous rapidity in this Celestial Reign of Terror, the Robespierres of which are sending Mandarins by thousands to the scaffold to be deprived of those appendages."

This had reference to the rebellion of the self-styled Taepings, or "Princes of Peace," which under the Pretender Tien-teh (Celestial Virtue)

had broken out early in 1851, and had since given great trouble to the Imperial party in China. The object of the insurgents was to drive out the Tartars and remove the Emperor from the throne.

(*See Cartoon, "Subject for a Chinese Historical Picture."*)

MR. PUNCH IN CHINA.

SINCE each *gobe-mouche* is speaking of Nanking or Peking,
And as each critic, wit, or professional diner,
Explains that you can't choose but see that the Mantchews
Must soon be entirely driven from China,
And that a high price on our Pekoe and Hyson
Must be the infallible end of the clatter,
Mr. Punch, who's a strong *gobi* for Souchong and Congou,
Determines to go and see what is the matter.
It boots not to say *how* he goes; for to-day
Young and old, grave and gay, so affect locomotion,
That the press every hour produces a shower
Of "Rough Notes of a Slide on the Great Frozen Ocean,"
Or "A Midsummer's Ramble from Stamford to Stamboul;"
Or "The Steppes of the Cossacks, by one who has walked in 'em;"
And I'm sure that whate'er *Mr. Punch's* plans were,

SUBJECT FOR A CHINESE HISTORICAL PICTURE.

THE BROTHER OF THE MOON AND PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE SUN HAVING HIS TAIL CUT OFF BY THE REBELS.

(All the horrible details from very scarce Plates.)

If *these* tourists could prosper, *he* wouldn't be baulked in 'em.
Like the witches, perchance, he might choose to advance,
And so order his conchman to bring out his brougham;
Or ask Phœbus to lend forth that spirited steed,
Which is furnished, in turn, by each Muse, with a groom:
But, however, we'll fancy him safely in Quansi,
Or Quantong, where, taking his place 'mid the great, he,
Like any philandering son of a mandarin,
Sits enjoying his opium *cum dignitate*.

Rich and stately pagodas he finds on the road, as
He goes through the land, for the most part erected,
When the smallest house-tax on Gaul, Briton, or Saxon,
Would have stood not the least chance of being collected.
Wide canals, dykes, and sluices he sees, too, whose uses
Were applied both to traffic, to drainage, and tillage,
When a hard rain had undone both Paris and London,
To the mud they were made of restoring each village.
And they show him the pages of China's first sages,
Which were printed for sale in the towns of the Tartar;
When, with us, scarce a spark of wit gleamed in one clerk,
And De Montfort "his mark" set to our Magna Charta.
They declare, too, that banking quite flourished in Nanking,
And that printed bank-notes were in vogue at the hour
When our yeomen and reeves exchanged hannocks for beeves,
And seldom bought less than a sheep's worth of flour.
And he learns their silk factories furnished phylacteries,
Robes, handkerchiefs, tapestry too, in the jolly days

When our sires wore a quaint but
light coat of blue paint,
With a few streaks of red upon
high days and holidays;
And that long, long 'ere Bacon
and Bungay were taken
Unawares by the sudden blow
up of their crucible,
Each Chinese fire-eater had
found "the saltpetre"
To the purpose of killing "tall
fellows" invincible.
Then the more he enquires concerning their sires,
The greater the reason he sees
to anticipate
That much of the mystery shrouding the history
Of Europe, the records of China
will dissipate;
For as old Hoang Ti built the
wall, strong and high,
To check the fierce Huns as it
now checks the Tartars,
Not long after old Hannibal
conquered at Cannæ,
And then wasted his time in his
song winter quarters;
And as if China's sons had not
driven those Huns
Into Europe by many a subsequent battle, a
Longer respite, I ween, for old
Rome there had been,
Nor Europe so early had bowed
to an Attila.
It is clear that a stranger and far
greater danger
Threatened Rome when on
Carthage her wrath she was
wreaking;
And that Cato the Censor had
shown greater sense, or
Discernment, by crying "*Delenda est* Peking!"
But alas! all these stories of
China's old glories,
Mr. Punch plainly sees it is vain
to recall,
Since the course of the nation in
civilisation
Has for ages been typified best
by its wall.

A TERRIBLE TURK.

"I WILL FIGHT! HE HIT ME FIRST!"

Oct. 5.

The Porte on this date issued a declaration demanding the evacuation of the Principalities within 15 days as the sole alternative to war. The Russian General replied that he had no orders to commence hostilities, to conclude peace, or to evacuate the Principalities.

(See Cartoon, "A Terrible Turk.")

Oct. 14.

The combined fleets of England and France, at the request of the Sultan, left Besika Bay and entered the Straits.

Nov. 1.

On this date the Emperor of Russia declared war against Turkey, on the grounds that "amicable persuasion" had failed to elicit from the Ottoman Porte "inviolable guarantees in favour of the sacred rights of the Orthodox Church," and that therefore it was necessary by force of arms to compel Turkey "to respect treaties," and to obtain "reparation for insults."

Nov. 4.

The first engagement between the Russians and the Turks took place at Oltenitza. The fight lasted four hours, and the Russians were defeated and put to flight by the Turkish troops under the command of Omar Pasha.

On the 13th the Turks blew up the works at Oltenitza, retiring afterwards across the Danube to Kalafat, where they held the Russians in check.

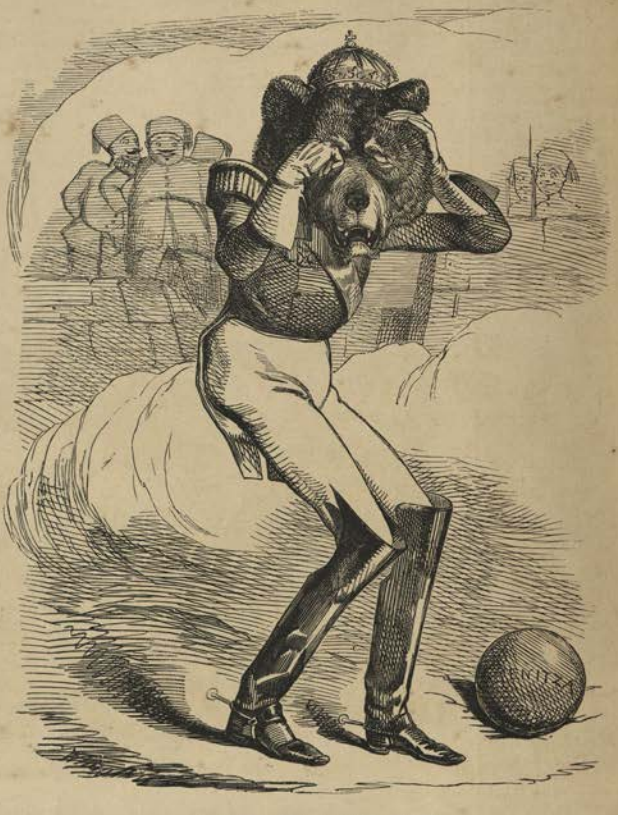
See Cartoon, "A Bear with a Sore Head.")

NICHOLAS'S DREAM.

I WANDERED in a rosy dream,
Where Danube's waters pour;
And there I saw the Crescent gleam
Upon the farther shore.

When lo! it seemed to pale and wane,
And through the sky go down;
Athwart the flood I leaped amain,
And clutched a Turkish Crown.

Oh! trust not visions, when, to fill,
Ambition they incline;
That Crescent bright its horns will fill,
Whilst I shall draw in mine!



"A BEAR WITH A SORE HEAD!"

Nov. 30.

ON this day occurred what was called "the Massacre of Sinope." A Russian squadron entered the harbour of Sinope where the Turkish fleet was lying, completely destroyed it, and fired a portion of the town. This outrage excited great indignation amongst the Powers, and greatly prejudiced the cause of Russia in the public mind.

Lord Clarendon wrote to the British Minister at St. Petersburg:—"It would have been a matter of sincere satisfaction to Her Majesty's Government, that the combined fleets should have remained at anchor in the Bosphorus, while negotiations were pending. But this has been rendered impossible by the attack on the Turkish squadron at Sinope."

The Russian fleet thereupon retired within the defences of Sebastopol.

Dec. 15.

THE Ambassadors of the four great Powers, England, France, Austria, and Prussia, communicated to the Ministers of the Sultan a Note embodying the conditions on which peace should be restored between Russia and Turkey. Reschid Pasha, on the 31st, accepted the propositions of the Allied Powers, and hoped that a definite answer might be expected from Russia within 40 days. In this condition was the case left at the end of 1853.

Meanwhile, on the 16th December, Lord Palmerston's resignation of the office of Secretary of State for the Home Department was announced. It was suggested that the cause of his withdrawal was his hostility to a Reform Bill in preparation.

The loss to the Government was the more serious because Lord Aberdeen's management of the Russian difficulty was thought to be dilatory

and indecisive, and he was popularly suspected of too marked leaning towards Russia.

(See Cartoon, "Aberdeen in his Un-popular Act of the Courier of St. Petersburg.")

The following lines from *Mr. Punch's* pages pretty clearly sum up the situation at the end of the year:—

OUR BOTTLE-HOLDER.

So, Palmerston's out! and the cannie Scotch Peer
Whom he cuts, is in haste to be first with the story,
And, to poison our Pam in the popular ear,
Proclaims that for years our old friend's been a Tory.

But *Punch* is afraid that another Scotch mull
Is marking the course of the friend of St. Nicholas;
For the good Mr. Bull is by no means so dull
As not to perceive that the charge is ridiculous.

What! Palmerston, Liberty's champion in need,
Who confronted oppressors with England's broad ægis,
And haughtily ordered the despots to read
On its blazon, the duties that Lords owe to Lieges

Who has fluttered, not pigeons (like us, dear Lord A.,
Who all "pigeon-livered, lack gall" to sustain us)
But Eagles, Spread, Double, Red, Black, White, and Grey,
And cried "kennel!" to Kings with his *Civis Romanus*.

ABERDEEN IN HIS UN-POPULAR ACT OF THE COURIER OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Whose name gives the sign for a chorus of groans,
Where, crowned and anointed things gibber in ermine
And, where slaves crawl and slaver the footsteps of thrones, [vermin.
Sends them off to their holes, as the light does night

It really won't do. To your patron, the Czar, [he
When the now forming file of the newspapers comes,
Will laugh out in scorn with a royal "Ha! ha!
To think Aberdeen was so helplessly clumsy."

So, call him what you, for about forty years,
Wipe—a Tory—or aught that comes into your noddle,
One only regrets that in these days one hears
Of so very few Tories who 're built on his model.

He remembers the service by Palmerston done
Since he took the portfolio, but yesterday hawked about;

How, shoulder to wheel, he went through at a run,
The work that all others had dawdled and talked about.

The grind for "six moons" to the wife-beating brute;
The foot on the dens where turf-gamblers would cozen;

The foul furnace throats made to swallow their soot;
The yet fouler charnel yards closed by the dozen.

The lecture your Lordship's Scotch friends would not print,
Who against Sabbath-breaking so tipsily hiccup;

And the scourge he was knotting, by way of a hint
To bid ruffians reflect before taking the stick up.

All this, my dear Lord, in our tablet's enrolled;
And we'd very respectfully say to your Lordship,
That the tales of your organs had better be told
To those worthies, the resident soldiers on board ship.

For all the Scotch Lords who e'er blessed Duke Argyll,
Pouring out all their spleen by the gallon—Scotch measure,
Could not poison John Bull from his jolly frank smile,
When he says, "*Punch*, here's Pam!" and *Punch* says, "John, with pleasure."

[*And they drink* LORD PALMERSTON'S *health*.

+1854+

"AT the beginning of 1854," says *Mr. Punch's* Political Summary, "there was but small hope of the continuance of peace, and a war with Russia appeared to be inevitable. The fearful massacre at Sinope had destroyed all confidence in the Czar, and "coming events" began "to cast their shadows before."

JAN. 13.

THE Plenipotentiaries of the Allied Powers assembled at the Conference of Vienna approved of Redschid Pasha's answer to their joint Note, and it was forwarded to St. Petersburg for the consideration of the Russian Government. Meanwhile the Russian Chancellor, Count Nesselrode, had been verbally informed of the intention of the Western Powers to cause their combined fleets to enter the Black Sea, for the protection of the ports and coasts of Turkey. The Russian reply to the Turkish proposition was carried to Vienna by Count Orloff on the 28th January, but the Plenipotentiaries declared its terms unsatisfactory.

"DANGEROUS!"

JAN. 17.

MR. GREVILLE, clerk to the Privy Council, wrote to the *Times* explaining the precise position occupied by the Prince Consort in that Council. This was rendered desirable by the persistent prevalence of rumours that the Prince was interfering unwarrantably in public, and especially in foreign affairs and with the army. Lord Aberdeen subsequently in Parliament defended him from such charges, denouncing indignantly "the persevering manner in which these scandalous and groundless imputations have been cast on the illustrious Prince."

(See Cartoon, "Dangerous!")

JAN. 31.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person. The Royal Speech contained the following passage:—"I have continued, in reference to the Eastern difficulty, to act in cordial co-operation with the Emperor of the French, and my endeavours, in conjunction with my allies, to preserve and to restore peace between the contending parties, although hitherto unsuccessful, have been unremitting." The foreign policy of the Government, however, was in many quarters considered as vacillating and unsatisfactory, and the Earl of Aberdeen came in for considerable popular odium, as may be seen by *Mr. Punch's* pages at the time. A Cartoon about this date, for instance, entitled

"The Compliments of the Season to my Lord Ab—rd—n," represents the Premier on a snowy day being 'bonneted' by a falling man of snow labelled "Public Opinion." Another, "What it has come to," shows him trying to hold back the infuriated British Lion from pursuit of the Russian Bear, and crying helplessly, "I must let him go." This indicated the prevailing set of public opinion in the matter, though the "Peace-at-any-price party" of course made their voice heard loudly on the opposite side. Indeed, on the 10th February, a deputation from the Society of Friends, composed of Messrs. Sturge, Pease and Charlton, waited upon the Emperor of Russia to express to him their horror at the idea of approaching war. Of course Nicholas claimed to be as good a friend of peace as themselves, but for all that declared he must insist upon Turkey fulfilling her treaty obligations.

(*See Cartoon, "What it has come to."*)

WHAT IT HAS COME TO.

ABERDEEN. "I must let him go!"

A FEW WORDS TO THE BRITISH LION.

They've roused thee then at last,
Thou old, majestic beast;
Did they think thy strength was past
Because thy roar had ceased?
By St. George! despite thy doze,
(And a long one it has been),
Few would dare to rub thy nose,
Or to get thy paws between!

After years of tranquil life
Gnawing calmly at thy bone,
Thou art loth to wake to strife
In a quarrel not thine own;
But the cause of the oppress
Has been thine from day of birth,
And you cannot tamely rest
Whilst a despot walks the earth.

Boldly walked he, noble brute!
Whilst he fancied that you lay
Too torpid and too mute
To care to cross his way.
In features so benign,
In attitude so still,
He marked no latent sign
Of defiance to his will.

You have undeceived him now,
And aghast he stands before
The anger of thy brow
And the thunder of thy roar;
For he feels that thus irate,
Both the power and will you bring,
To fix at once his fate
If he tempt thee to thy spring.

Stand up then for the right,
And in war, if it must be,
Strike out with all thy might
Till thy foe is on his knee.
Then take thy rest again,
Leaving safe the Russian Bear,
Tethered by too tight a chain
To break it—if he dare.

Z

FEB. 4.

BARON BRUNOW, the Russian representative in London, announced to Lord Clarendon "the formal suspension of diplomatic relations between the Emperor of Russia and the British Government." This was announced to the House of Commons by Lord John Russell on the 6th, and on the 7th Lord Clarendon wrote to Sir G. Seymour at St. Petersburg directing him to withdraw the Embassy. A like course was taken by the French Government.

Baron Brunow left the Embassy on the 7th of February.

(*See Cartoon, "Black Monday."*)

FEB. 13.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL introduced a Reform Bill. It was, however, but coldly received, and was subsequently withdrawn. Other matters than the amendment of the Representation occupied the public attention at this time.

REASONS AGAINST REFORM.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL (*rising*).

I OWN, Mr. Speaker, it was not my wish
To cook, in this fashion, our kettle of fish,
But my family motto impels me to state
That a wise man will yield to the dictates of fate,
And since the Reform Bill meets slight acceptation
From those I see here, or, indeed, from the nation
(Which can't take its eyes from the war in the East),
Why, we'll put off Reform "for the present at least."

* * * *

Because my Lord Aberdeen's patron, the Czar,
Has gone out of his wits (though the walk is not far),
Because Omar Pacha's received a smart sabre,
Wherewith the Don Cossacks he vows to belabour.
Because these slow Moslems won't work at the drill—
(But they've got some new officers, now, though, who *will*);
And because in the Baltic the ice has decreased,
We will put off Reform "for the present at least."

* * * * *

In short, I avow (with some pain to myself),
That the place for Reform is, just now, on the shelf.
The Bill's been more useful than might be supposed,
For Benjamin's mouth for the moment is closed:
The people don't seem at this crisis to care
For aught that's not warlike; well, that's their affair:
Mine's only to add, that my duty has ceased
When I've put off this Bill "for the present at least."

[*Moves that the second reading be taken on the 27th April.*]

BLACK MONDAY.—BRUNOW DEPARTING FOR HIS SCHOOL IN THE NORTH.

CLARENDON. "*There, don't cry, we shall have you amongst us again if you're good.*"

FEB. 17.

ON this date Lord John Russell made a spirited speech in the Commons on the Eastern Question, in the course of which occurred the following passage:—". . . . If peace is no longer consistent with our duty to Europe and our duty to the world—if the ambition

of this enormous Power has got to such a pitch that even its moderation is more ambitious than the ambition of other States — if Russia will not be contented with anything less than the subjugation of the whole empire of Turkey and the possession of Constantinople itself—if such are her feelings and such are her objects—then we can only endeavour to enter into this contest with a stout heart. May God defend the right! And for my part I shall willingly share the burden and the responsibility."

(See Cartoon, "God Defend the Right.")

"GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT!"

STIRRING our English pulses out of their even beat,
Flushing our English faces with an unwonted heat,
From heart and tongue, of old and young, rises that high appeal,
To wake a might which in the fight defieth shot and steel.

From humble homes and stately domes that cry goes through the air,
With the loftiness of challenge, the lowliness of prayer.
Honour to him who spoke the words in the Council of the land,
To find faith in old England's heart, force in old England's hand!

Who said that peace had eaten out the manhood from our race?
That love of gain, and fear of pain, for valour left no place?
That leave to spin and gold to win, was Englishmen's sole prayer—
Which so we got it mattered not how all besides might fare?

Back in the slanderer's throat we fling the cold and craven words;
Never of old with manlier hold our fathers clenched their swords;
Never in stour of Agincourt, or Cressy's desperate fight,
With lustier breath, defying death, rang "God defend the right!"

Nay, all the more—that, oft of yore, when rose that battle cry,
'Twas kingly strife that staked men's life, nought recking "how" or "why."
Ambition's game of sword and flame, serfs played as sovereigns chose,
Whose right or wrong seemed weak or strong, by sheer event of blows.

'Tis not so now; the knee we bow, as those who, kneeling, see
That war's event is ever bent by an all-wise decree,
That we who fight for truth and right, must win, whate'er betide,
For that the God of battles goes forth upon our side.

That right is old which we uphold, and call God to defend;
It took its birth with new-born earth, with out-worn earth shall end;
Mis-shapen Wrong, however strong in means, in minds, in men,
Before the power of Right must cower to the abyss again!

What wonder, then, if Englishmen are in this faith so bold?
That each man's hand grips to the brand his father drew of old?
[the fight,
What wonder that, with hearts elate, our soldiers seek
To the great cry—from the nation's heart—of "God defend the Right!"

"GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

FEB. 21.

IN a War Manifesto issued on this date, the Emperor of Russia indulged in the sort of pious patriotic outpouring that aggressive autocrats so greatly favour. "England and France," he said, "have ranged themselves by the side of the enemies of Christianity against Russia, fighting for the orthodox faith. But Russia will not alter her divine mission . . . . . Are we not now the same Russian nation of whose deeds of valour the memorable events of 1812 bear witness? May the Almighty assist us to prove this by deeds! And in this trust, taking up arms for our persecuted brethren professing the Christian faith, we will exclaim with the whole of Russia, with one heart, 'O Lord, our Saviour, whom have we to fear?'"

(See Cartoon, "Te Deum!")

THE COURAGE OF THE CZAR.

"Go, for our persecuted brethren fight!"
Veiling the lust of rule with holy zeal,
Snuffles the Czar: he means, "Go forth and steal!"
"Whom shall we fear?" the Imperial hypocrite
Exclaims, and of his eyes upturns the white.
Fear, of a truth, to him should be unknown,
Brave man! who dares before the eternal Throne
To lift his hand, and words like these to speak,
And then to thrust his tongue into his cheek; [groan
Eternal Justice whilst the dying
And curse of myriads on his head invoke.
Hero! with aspect so composed and meek, [tone
Blaspheming, and in such a pious
Uttering defiance to Heaven's thunderstroke.

TE DEUM!

FEB. 22.

ON this day the first detachment of Guards, consisting of the Grenadiers, started from Waterloo for Southampton, where they were joined by the Coldstreams. The Fusiliers followed on the 28th, watched and cheered by the Queen and Royal Family from a balcony in Buckingham Palace, and by multitudes of an enthusiastic populace which thronged the streets all along the route.

"UP GUARDS, AND AT THEM!"

THE voice that spoke those fiery words hath into silence passed,
But the words are words for ever—an eternal trumpet-blast
That rings in every English heart—as, to burst of drum and fife,
The gallant Guardsmen take their way unto the field of strife.

'Tis long since London streets have seen battalions bound for war;
Their heads are grey, their blood is thin that have looked thereon before—

Ha the grey heads rise erecter,
and the thin blood runs less cold,
As along the Strand to the clashing band their march the Guardsmen hold!

"Ye are young and know not warfare—its prices and its pain;
The names from household records it wipes out with bloody stain:
With what pressure upon labour it sets its iron hand;
In what deep draughts it sucks away the best blood of the land.

"Have we not read in history its lesson writ in gore?
Must we not pay, still, day by day, its price in taxes sore?
How many a heart it widowed, yet its widowhood is chill?
How many a hearth whose fire it quenched, is black and joyless still?"

All this we feel—but feel, nathless, great as war's price may be,
There are prices worse of payment of men that boast them free,
Such as honour paid for safety, or life redeemed by lies,
Easy taxes bought by crouching—or wealth of weakness prize.

Weak Right stands forth 'gainst giant Might;—and shall England brook a doubt,
Upon which side we take our ground, and draw our good swords out?
What matter names in such a strife? be the man judged by his work;
'Tis the ill-faith of the Christian 'gainst the good faith of the Turk.

The sword he draws for God's own laws who draweth it 'gainst Wrong;
In this great faith—through life and death—the people still are strong!
Let rulers glose and statesmen prune, the people's heart is true,
And goeth to the battle, good soldiers, forth with you!

Then drums, roll loud, as when ye cowed our foemen's hearts of old,
String nerves to strife, ear-piercing fife—speak, trumpets, loud and bold!
Shake your war-rags, emblazoned flags, till your glorious names of yore
Show added to the deathless list one deathless title more!

(See Cartoon, "Throwing the Old Shoe.")

THROWING THE OLD SHOE,

AT THE PARTING OF HER MAJESTY AND HER GUARDS.

FEB. 27.

ENGLAND delivered her ultimatum to Russia, declaring that unless the latter Power "by return of messenger" undertook that her armies should recross the Pruth so that the Principalities should be evacuated by the 30th April, the British Government must consider her silence or refusal equivalent to a declaration of war. Russia declined to give any reply, Count Nesselrode saying that she "would not declare war," leaving the result to "the course which Her Majesty's Government may adopt."

MARCH 6.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER introduced the Budget, having selected an early date for the purpose "that foreign nations might be aware of the promptitude with which Parliament was prepared to find the ways and means for carrying on the struggle in which we were about to embark."

MARCH 11.

THE Baltic Fleet, in command of Sir Charles Napier, left Spithead.

MARCH 22.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN read in the House of Lords a "Message from the Queen" constituting a Declaration of War against Russia. Her Majesty said she "felt bound to afford active assistance to her ally the Sultan against unprovoked aggression." Declaration of the cause of war was on the 28th published in the *London Gazette*.

APRIL 10.

A TREATY of Alliance was this day signed between England and France. The parties to the treaty engaged to do what lay in their power for the re-establishment of a peace which should secure Europe against the return of the existing troubles, to receive no overtures of peace except conjointly, and to seek no separate advantage. They also expressed readiness to receive any other European Powers into their alliance.

THE UNION JACK AND THE TRICOLOR.

THE Union Jack and Tricolor
are waving side by side,
Where France and England's
fleets upon the Euxine
billows ride,
Their two flags never thus have
flown since famous days of
yore,
When ours was not the Union
Jack, nor theirs the Tricolor.

To win the holy Sepulchre, beneath the Eastern sky,
Did then the golden lilies with our English lions fly,
True Christian from false Paynim to defend was then our work,
'Tis now against false Christian to protect the faithful Turk.

But larger is the cause wherein our banners are unfurled,
Free thought, free speech, just government; the freedom of the world,
Not priests', but man's crusade to fight, our ensigns now
The Union Jack of England and the Tricolor of France.

Well met, ye noble standards! and never may ye part;
May you be always emblems of the French and English heart.
To those united colours true, we trustfully may fight;
Thus let the Right assert itself, and Heaven will help the Right.

THE "MONTAGNE RUSSE."—A VERY DANGEROUS GAME.

On the following day Lord Raglan left England, to take his post as Commander-in-Chief of the British expedition, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge.

APRIL 17.

SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR, lately the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, said "he was satisfied that if any friend of the Emperor Nicholas had been courageous enough to explain to him the real feeling of other nations as to his interference in Turkish affairs, His Majesty would never have followed his present unfortunate course."

(*See Cartoon*, "*The Montagne Russe.*")

APRIL 18.

MR. BRIGHT wrote respecting the Russian war as follows: "I believe the war to be altogether unnecessary, and that nothing can be said either for its justice or its expediency. I believe, further, that after having permitted the country, by a series of blunders, to drift into war, the Ministers who have chiefly spoken on the subject, with the exception of Lord Aberdeen, have misrepresented the facts of the case, or have thereby misled public opinion. With regard to the professed objects of the war, I believe them to be impossible of attainment; and that Russia in her wildest dreams of ambition, never imagined so many calamities to Turkey as have been brought upon that devoted country in a single year by the friendship which our Government has professed towards her." This and similar utterances of himself and his friends made John Bright and the Manchester party exceedingly unpopular in the country.

(See Cartoon, "Pet of the Manchester School.")

THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE QUESTION,
AND
THE "RRIGHT" SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

"GRAPPLE with wrong, however strong,
Whatever the struggle may cost us;
Think nothing gain while wrongdoers remain,
Nothing loss till honour is lost us.
Nail the flag to the mast, and fight to the last; [sham."
Submission like the post
Oh this is the voice of England's choice,
And "the Right side of the Question."

"Count well the cost. What in honour's lost
Will be made up to us in money;
Busy bees are we, and stingless should be,
Intent but on storing honey.
Meddle not with war between Sultan and Czar;
Think how income-tax we may best shun."
Oh this is the rule of the Manchester school,
And "the Bright side of the Question."

"The strong belly who'd wreak his wrath on the weak
Must be taught there is a stronger;
The thief in his course of fraud and force
Must be left to prowl no longer.
Should protocols fail, lead pills like hail
Of our offers will aid digestion."
Oh this is the voice of England's choice,
And "the Right side of the Question."

"No'er ask of two foes, which provoked to blows;
With the stronger make alliance.
Pocket sneer or flout, if it come to the knout,
You may dodge, but don't offer defiance.
If the Czar we resist down goes cotton twist;
Non-resistance is our suggestion."
Oh this is the rule of the Manchester school,
And "the Bright side of the Question."

PET OF THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL.

"He shall have a little Turk to pull to pieces—that he shall."

"These Calmuck slaves, these Calmuck knaves,
Would tread out thought and culture;
But the talons we'll snip, and the wings we'll clip
Of the black Carpathian vulture,
The carrion bird, from the swoop deterred,
Henceforth shall the Turkey's nest shun."
Oh this is the voice of England's choice,
And "the Right side of the Question."

"The Russians sell corn and tallow as well,
And also hemp and bristles;
Raise their prime cost, how much is lost,
Dear payment for warlike whistles!
Let £. s. d. our standard be;
And every other test shun."
Oh this is the rule of the Manchester school,
And "the Bright side of the Question."

"There are worse things far than blood or war,
Higher things than cotton-spinning;
Such as Right and Truth, and Honour and Ruth,
And Glory for the winning!
There's a duty to do, and we'll carry it through;
Nor, Levite-like, the oppressed shun!"
Oh this is the voice of England's choice,
And "the Right side of the Question."

FELLOW-FEELING—THE BOMBARDMENT OF ODESSA.

ABERDEEN. "*Bombardment of Odessa! Dear me, this will be very disagreeable to my Imperial Friend!*"

NICHOLAS. "*Bombardment of Odessa! Confound it! This will be very annoying to dear old Aberdeen.*"

"Spin—spin—spin—spin! Tin—tin—tin—tin!
Man makes money and *vive verol*;
As 'twixt Turkey and Bear, for customer,
Though an ugly one, best have *Ursa*.
Ne'er fash your thumbs, so the money comes;
To ask whence it comes we'd best shun."
Oh this is the rule of the Manchester school,
And "the Bright side of the Question."

APRIL 22.

As outrage having been committed on a flag of truce, the allied fleet bombarded the fortifications of Odessa, and destroyed or silenced most of its batteries. The news was of course joyfully received in this country, but the Earl of Aberdeen was still popularly suspected of certain Russian leanings, and it was more than hinted that it might be less welcome to him.

(*See Cartoon, "Fellow Feeling—The Bombardment of Odessa."*)

Mr. Punch, in a note to the Cartoon published on hearing the news of the bombardment, said, "The Earl of Aberdeen had some family connection residing at Odessa, and had been very tolerant of the proceedings of Russia." The popular opinion of the time, rightly or wrongly, established some connection between the facts, and this did not tend to increase the public toleration of Lord Aberdeen's dawdling policy.

APRIL 26.

This day was set apart for a general fast and prayer for the Divine blessing upon our arms, and for the early restoration of peace.

(See Cartoon, "England's War Vigil.")

ENGLAND'S WAR VIGIL.

By solemn custom in the knightly time,
The squire deemed worthy to be dubbed a knight
Kept vigil lone, from evensong to prime,
Within the church—all in his armour dight.

And standing reverent, or kneeling low,
For past misdeeds did Heaven's forgiveness pray,
And guidance ask that he might bear him so
As true knight ought—in deed and word alway.

And, when the shadows of the night had waned,
And while the matin mass the priests intoned,
He on the altar laid his sword unstained,
As delicate thence'forth to God alone.

So kneels our England ere she goeth out
A knight—to battle in a godly cause,
Humbling herself—but not as one in doubt,
If God will bless the weapon that she draws.

She layeth down the burden of her sin,
Knowing it great, and hard to be forgiven;
And, for the strife that she must now begin,
Looks up for strength where true strength is—to Heaven.

And Heaven will hear her prayer and aid her hand,
For it is lifted to defend the weak;
To put down force and falsehood from command,
And Heaven's own vengeance for ill deeds to wreak.

Then wand by, selfish scoffer, with thy sneer
Of "Cross and Crescent"—creeds to deeds belong.
The Holy Symbol we then most revere
When we deny its power to sanction wrong!

ENGLAND'S WAR VIGIL.

APRIL 28.

On this date it was announced by Sir James Graham in the House of Commons that since the 9th February the Government had despatched to the seat of war 830 officers, 21,119 men, 3,359 horses, 2,800 tons of provisions and commissariat stores, and 3,000 tons of ordnance stores. Already, however, there were rumours of deficiencies and bad management as regards the commissariat and the dress equipment of the troops. The following article, which appeared in *Punch*, will show the feeling of the hour as regards the absurdities and discomforts involved in army regulations.

TIGHT LACING IN THE ARMY.

The press occasionally favours us with an estimate of the number of female lives that are sacrificed to tight lacing; but we wish that somebody would furnish particulars of the mortality arising from tight lacing in the army. Effeminacy is not now a failing with which our officers can be charged, but the military practice of tightening the waistband to a most uncomfortable degree, is less adapted to the stalwart wearer of the coat of mail

than to the slim occupant of the petticoats of the female.

We hear sad accounts from the seat of war of gaunt guardsmen fainting under the effects of tight lacing: and though there may be something interesting in a delicate young creature "going off" into a sufficient amount of swoon to justify the tender application of smelling-bottles and *Eau de Cologne*, there is a melancholy absurdity in the idea of a brawny Coldstream requiring a sprinkling of iced water on his mahogany brow, and having his lungs relieved from oppression by the application of a stout pair of shears to rip up the seams of his jacket.

Another grievance under which our army is groaning, or rather gasping, is the Regulation leather stock or black choker, which takes our gallant fellows by the throat in the most violent manner. It may remind the soldier of the ties of home, to have his neck encircled by one of those ties, the wearing of which is the stiffest job he has to perform on parade; but though it is desirable that the soldier should never bend the neck or bow the head to the enemy, it is a pity that apoplexy or suffocation should be the occasional price of his erect attitude. If our troops are left to faint under the tightness of their cravats and jackets, a whole regiment, instead of being able to "support," "carry," or "recover arms," will be obliged to use their best exertions in "supporting," "carrying," and "recovering" one another.

(*See Cartoon, "The Black Choker."*)

SERENADE FOR HEAD QUARTERS.

Why alter the Soldier's Hat?
Pray, what is the use of that?
If you were wise,
Heaven mend your eyes!
You'd attend to the man's Cravat.

In face he is almost black;
His eyeballs are like to crack;
To keep him upright,
As well you might
Drive a ramrod down his back.

He won't strike a heavier stroke,
He won't give a harder poke,
Because the chap,
With a leather strap,
You are fool enough to choke.

You tell him to stand at ease;
You may tell him what you please:
Of course the word
Of command's absurd,
While his neck you gripe and squeeze.

The fellow upon parade
That faints like a lady's maid,
Will have hard work
To defend the Turk,
Too warm for him, I'm afraid!

He drops in the sun's hot blaze,
Exposed to its broiling rays;
They're forced to unlock
His belt and stock,
As you'd cut a pair of stays.

No odds British soldiers dread;
They have seldom, or never, fled;
D'ye think they'd learn
Their backs to turn,
If you let 'em turn the head?

I request you to devote,
To the cut of the hat and coat,
Less thought and pains,
And exert your brains
To relieve the Soldier's throat!

THE BLACK CHOKER.

DEDICATED TO THE POWERS THAT BE.

PRIVATE JONES.—"Here! Hi! Bill!! Co-o-o-catch hold o' my musket! my head's o-o-coming off!"

MAY 22.

On this day the Baltic Fleet, under the command of Sir Charles Napier, opened hostile proceedings by bombarding Gustafsvaern.

WHAT NICHOLAS HEARD IN THE SHELL.

"So have I seen a boy . . . . . applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell."
Walter Savage Landor.

Aye—press it to thine ear, till confusion growing clear,
Thou canst read the mingled voices that fill its womb of war;
Hoarse sounds of fierce commotion, like the distant roar of ocean,
Drowning soba mixed with hymns as of devilish devotion,
Sabres clashing — houses crashing—
Horses' hoofs at gallop dashing—
And the thunder of great guns from afar.

And thy pale cheek warms with life at the melody of strife,
And thy firm lip is clenched firmer, and thy knit brow sterner grows—
But hark!—what hush is creeping o'er that mad sound onward sweeping?
And then upon the silence that burst of bitter weeping!
How it swelleth! how it knelleth!
How of broken hearts it telleth!
Cursing thee up to Heaven, as it goes!

Hark again to those faint groans!—the fever-stricken moans
Of victims that are fattening the dank Dobrudscha plains;
And mixed with that low moaning chaunt of full-fed priests intoning,
By the side of the Almighty their Autocrat enthroning.
And now, nearing, English cheering,
Blent with French—unwelcome hearing,
And a clank—as it were falling chains.

Hark, still, unwilling ear, as nearer and more near
War's music from the North blends with roaring of the sea.
Ha! knowest thou that thunder? 'tis thy forts that topple under;
Breadsides that shake the piles of St. Petersburg asunder,—
And strange noises, like the voices
Of a people that rejoices
To be conquered into freedom by the free!

Clash of prison doors wide flung; bursts of joy in Polish tongue:
Frantic greetings, as of those who ne'er thought to meet again;
Hearken yet, with chafing patience, to those hymns of [generations,
up-ris'n nations,
On whose throat thy hand hath pressed like a vice for
And the clamours of the hammers,
And the levers and the rammers,
That are hurling Great Dagon to the plain!

(*See Cartoon, "What Nicholas heard in the Shell."*)

WHAT NICHOLAS HEARD IN THE SHELL.

JUNE 10.

The Crystal Palace, which as before explained had been transferred to Sydenham, being now completed there, was opened by the Queen in state in the presence of 40,000 spectators.

JUNE 19.

THE *Times* had given expression to a wide-spread feeling that Sebastopol ought to be attacked by the Allies, and that fortress and the Russian fleet destroyed. Lord Lyndhurst, in a powerful speech in the House of Lords on this date, advocated the same policy, saying that the ambition and aggressive policy of Russia demanded more vigorous measures than a mere return to the *status quo*, suggesting that peace in no case should be declared until Russia was disabled from further aggression. The Earl of Aberdeen in reply said that the war was a defensive one, to preserve Turkey from encroachment, though contingencies might require the invasion of Russia. "War," said he, "should be waged merely for the sake of peace, though not less vigorously on that account, and should be terminated at the first moment that peace became possible on a just and honourable basis." This deliverance was thought to be too temporising, and not to promise well for an energetic and successful prosecution of the war.

(*See Cartoon*, "*A Home and Foreign Question.*")

"CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN."

"THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen,"
When blood runs quick in all besides;
The dilettante Scot serene
Shows his blank face, whate'er betides.
When Russian treason's dragged to bar,
Despite each diplomatic screen,—
When England brands the lying Czar—
"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen."

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,"
When news of gallant deeds is brought,
Of Oltenitza's blood-stained green,
Citate's fight so stoutly fought;
When from Silistria's leaguered hold,
The Russian turns with hang-dog mien,
And England bids "God speed the bold!"
"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen."

"There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,"
When Lyndhurst, with his load of years,
The same stout heart he still hath been,
Speaks out bold truths among his peers;
What though Russ lies to Europe's eyes
He bare and brand, with logic clean,
A joke—a sneer—will save replies—
"And cauld kail in Aberdeen."

Still "cauld kail in Aberdeen,"
At lies and truths—at loss and gain—
But what are we—thus meek and mean,
To brook command of such a brain?
Up—England—up! and with a shout
To startle e'en that Stoic spleen—
In honest Saxon thunder out,
Down with "cauld kail" and Aberdeen!

LORD ABERDEEN. LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

A HOME AND FOREIGN QUESTION.

JOHANNA.—"When's the fighting goin' to begin, GUDGEENA?"

JUNE 23.

On June 23rd the Russians had relinquished the siege of Silistria, and retreated across the Danube, pursued by the Turks. The English and French armies were then transferred to Varna, where, during the months of July and August, the most unhealthy in the year in that pestilential locality, their sufferings were extreme, and the mortality among them terrible.

In the siege of Silistria the Russians were said to have lost 12,000 men. The Governor, Moussa Pasha, who was unhappily killed by a shell shortly before the raising of the siege, had made a brave defence, assisted by Gruch, a Prussian officer, and by two British officers, Captain Butler and Lieutenant Nasmyth.

Already it was felt that the haughty Autocrat of All the Russias had entered upon an arduous and doubtful enterprise.

(See Cartoon, "The Russian Frankenstein and his Monster.")

JUNE 29.

The Duke of Newcastle, writing to Lord Raglan, said:—"I have, on the part of Her Majesty's Government, to instruct your Lordship to concert measures for the siege of Sebastopol, unless with the information in your possession, but at present unknown in this country, you should be decidedly of opinion that it could not be undertaken with a reasonable prospect of success. . . . The difficulties of the siege of Sebastopol appear to Her Majesty's Government to be more likely to increase than diminish by delay."

This seemed delicately to suggest a certain impatience at the dilatory proceedings at the seat of war, an impatience which was certainly shared by the public.

On the 18th August Lord Raglan informed the Duke of Newcastle of his intention to attack Sebastopol, though more in deference to the desire of the Government than from his own conviction of the wisdom or practicability of the project.

THE RUSSIAN FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS MONSTER.

JULY 21.

A memorandum was issued from the Horse Guards permitting the army to wear hair on the upper lip, "as the practice had been found beneficial by the army in the East." This is worth reading in connection with what *Mr. Punch* called "The Moustache Movement," which about this time furnished him with material for many humorous cuts. The "Moustache Movement" was destined to be more permanent than most fashions, and to alter

the trim of "The British figure-head" for many years, indeed up to the present time.

JULY 29.

ON this day precise instructions to attack Sebastopol were sent to Lord Raglan.

AUG. 12.

PARLIAMENT was this day prorogued by the Queen in person. After thanking Parliament for the liberal war supplies, Her Majesty said:—"In cordial co-operation with the Emperor of the French my efforts will be directed to the effectual repression of that ambitious and aggressive spirit on the part of Russia, which has compelled me to take up arms in defence of an ally, and to secure the future tranquillity of Europe." "The session just closed" (said *Mr. Punch*) "has been exceedingly unproductive." The public dissatisfaction at its barrenness was increased by the feeling that the campaign in the East was being tardily and inefficiently conducted.

THE HOLIDAY LETTER.

ROYAL MISTRESS (writes). "In the case of Masters ABERDEEN and RUSSELL, I regret to say that the most extreme idleness has characterised the whole half-year."

(*See Cartoon, "The Holiday Letter."*)

BREAKING UP.

(*Song for* MR. SPEAKER.)

Break up the House,
No more of your mag;
Away to the grouse,
With a gun and a bag.

No more prose and plod
On each wearisome theme;
Take your line and your rod,
And be off to the stream.

Fling blue books aside,
And throw up reports,
Mount your horses and ride;
You're dismissed to your sports

Go out in your yachts,
Having cut your debates;
Visit famed foreign spots,
Or your country estates.

By inhaling fresh air
In your drive, ride, or walk,
You the breath may repair
Which you've wasted in talk.

AUG. 16.

THE Russian fortress of Bomarsund in the Baltic, with 2,325 men, surrendered to the allied fleet. This was the first success in the war, and the news was welcomed joyfully by the English and French at home.

BOMARSUND TO BEGIN WITH.

Sing of the gallant Baltic Fleet,
Which, with our French allies,
did beat,
Thrash, whack, whop, wallop,
and routand
The enemy at Bomarsund.

With speedy news of the downfall
Of Cronstadt and Sebastopol,
May Nicholas's ears be stunned:
And I wish he had been at
Bomarsund!

SEPT. 1.

THE inactivity of the Aberdeen Government caused it to become increasingly unpopular; complaint grew daily louder, and caricature more incisive.

(*See Cartoon, "You are requested Not to Speak to the Man at the Wheel."*)

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

With halyard and rattlin the
wild wind is battling,
The canvas is flapping from
yard and from boom;
The hail and the sleet on the
sky-lights are beattling,
In the teeth of the gale comes
the thunder-cloud's gloom;
On our course as we're bounding,
the breakers are sounding,
The water is shoaling beneath
the ship's keel;
Ten to one we may touch on the
reef we are rounding—
What matter? "Don't speak
to the man at the wheel!"

The rising and falling of the wind
mocks the bawling
Of the hoarse master's call,
through the trumpet conveyed:—
For basins and brandy the passengers calling—
There are orders enough, so
they were but obeyed.
Her hows wildly yawing—and
madly see-sawing,
Now to starboard, now larboard, haphazard we reel:
To the fatal lee-shore near and
nearer we're drawing—
What matter? "Don't speak
to the man at the wheel!"

There are sailors aboard her who *could* bring to order
The chaos that reigns both above and below,
But ne'er fash your thumbs: soon the strait will get
broader,
And sooner or later the sea down will go;
The helmsman is hearty, well up in his Norie,*
And all other authors of maritime "skeel,"
But ere we're all sent, by his guidance, to glory—
Mr. Punch begs to "speak to the man at the wheel:"—

"YOU ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SPEAK TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL."

"From your dreams, *douce* and dozy, your pilot-coat cosy,
Wake up, ancient mariner—wake while you may:
'Tis a time for brave deeds, not for talk pert and prosy:
There are breakers to baffle and shoals in the way.
Yet we've strong gales to blow us, a good ship below us,
With a true British crew, hearts of oak, thews of steel;
Only one thing we lack—and, that one who will show us?—
Give him space, in your place—'tis "a man at the wheel!"

"Our sires have recorded what a helmsman before did—
They call him 'the pilot who weathered the storm:'
Be his faults what they might, he was bold and unscorded;
Defied Revolution, and longed for Reform:
The sons you are braving are summer-tides laving
Calm shores, to the waves with which he had to deal:
Catch a strain of his courage, and change your behaving,
Or England will soon change "the man at the wheel."

* Norie's Navigation Sailor's Text-book.

SEPT. 4.

PRINCE ALBERT was on a visit to the Emperor of the French, and was present when the troops were reviewed by the latter at Helfaut.

(See Cartoon, "The Entente Cordiale.")

A propos of this visit, *Mr. Punch* summed up the Emperor's motley career in the following lines:

THREE EPOCHS OF HALF-A-CENTURY.

1804.

I WONDER what his thoughts were—that sallow, silent man—
As adwart the lines of bayonets the dancing sunlight ran,
Sweeping in golden glory the white tents on the down,
And the old gray Roman watch-tower that looms o'er Boulogne town.
Did he think of all that he had done—or of what was yet to do?—
Of nations he had conquer'd, or of *one* still to subdue?
Was he prouder that he stood there, acknowledged Europe's lord,
Or angrier one small island should yet defy his sword?

THE ENTENTE CORDIALE.

EMPEROR. "*Well, now you have found your way here, we hope we shall see you often.*"
PRINCE. "*Oh, yes, and the next time we have a holiday, I hope our wives will be present!*"

For from that tower by daylight, if seaward turn'd his gaze,
Nelson's blockading squadron show'd its white sails through the haze; [sight,
If after dark he paced the cliff—on the verge, but fall in
There were England's beacons blazing, like red eyes, through the night.
And he knew those ships were waiting, if his dared put to sea;
And he knew those fires were lighted by men who still were free.
And though his soldiers, ships, and guns were as twenty unto one,
He knew what Englishmen could do—what Englishmen had done.

1840.

I wonder what his thoughts were—that shabby, silent man—
As thirty-six years later to shore a pinnace ran,
Bearing a homeless penniless adventurer, with his train,
A draggled pinioned Eagle, and some cases of champagne.

Was it trusting to the magic of his great uncle's name,
That on a desperate venture thus recklessly he came?
Or deemed he, like that uncle, he was following a star,
That beckoned him still forwards, on a road no force could bar?

Did he foresee the downfall of that throne that seemed so sure?
Deem'd he that desperate evils would hail a desperate cure?
Was it Debt, or was it Destiny that drove him on his way
To the maddest act that madman did ever yet essay?

How hired he on the scanty hand that made his cause their own?
Saw he or they the shadow of Revolution thrown
From the dim Future forwards?—saw he the prison-cell
Opening upon the palace? His thoughts—what man can tell?

Enough that to this shore he came—landed and fought and failed:
Nor is that madman's enterprise—one ever after—quailed;
A pleader for his forfeit life—a prisoner—but still
Silent and stern and saturnine, and of an iron will.

We cite the first Napoleon, when a banned and banished man,
With his handful of old grenadiers he sprang to shore at Cannes,
As one who threw a desperate throw, and thereby won a throne—
What was he unto his nephew—in *that* landing at Boulogne?

1854.

I wonder what his thoughts were—that sad-eyed, silent man,
As alongside Boulogne's jetty England's royal steamer ran;
While with a King beside him, that adventurer was seen
Greeting, as Emperor of France, the Consort of our Queen?

The ships around are gay with flags, the streets are green with boughs;
The people press about him, with cheers and prayers and vows;
The court, the camp, the church, its best, its bravest, holiest brings;
There stands the madman of Boulogne—a Kaiser among kings!

What memories are sweeping through that impassive brain?
Thinks he of that *first* landing—of his out-at-elbows train?
Of the oath—or the ballot—or the ballot—or of June's red barricades?
Or thinks he of December's yet bloodier fusillades?

Or turns he from the past—with its hend-roll of dark deeds,—
Its desperate encounters with yet more desperate needs,
To the present with its trials, its triumphs, and its tasks,
Or is't of the veiled future, her secret that he asks?

Is he thinking how what shall be may wipe out what has been?
How the blood-stains may be hid from sight under the laurels green?
How long Prestige of Power may into silence awe {Law?
The still small voice of Nemesis, the claims of Right and

Why question thus? Heaven sends the scourge; but in {command.
that guiding hand,
What chastens still to blessing turns. So doth this man's
Own we in him an instrument, through sin, and pain, and blood,
That worketh still, as all things work together, unto good.

A WATER PARTY.

AUSTRIA.—"*Come on, PRUSSIA! it's so jolly, and there's no danger.*"

'Tis due to him that France's flag floats side by side with ours, {England's powers:
'Tis due to him that France's hosts are leagued with
Thankful for this, 'twere out of place too curiously to scan,
Through the good deeds of the monarch, the ill deeds of the man.

SEPT. 5.

THERE were rumours at this time of a treaty of alliance between Great Britain, Austria, and Prussia; rumours which, as regards Austria, were not without foundation. Prussia as usual, under "King Cliquot," hesitated and equivocated. The policy of Austria and Prussia from the commencement of the Russian difficulty had been timid and tentative, that of Prussia especially so.

(*See Cartoon, "A Water Party.*"

Sept. 14.

On the 3rd of September the order had been given for the embarkation of the allied forces for the Crimea. Never was order more welcome than was this to the weary, despondent, disease-decimated soldiers at Varna. On the 13th, the ships carrying the troops anchored in Eupatoria Bay. The town surrendered. A French boat was the first to land its crew, raised the tricolor, and took formal possession of the Crimea. No one was in sight, save a mounted officer and three Cossacks; but Sir George Brown and the Quarter-master General, whilst reconnoitring, narrowly escaped capture at their hands.

Before nightfall of the 14th, 20,000 British infantry, with nearly a corresponding number of French troops, had been landed near Old Fort. Shortly the allied forces, consisting of 24,000 English, 22,000 French, and 8,000 Turks, had

SEBASTOPOL—A PRAYER FOR THE BRAVE.

been safely disembarked, and by the 18th Sept. were ready to march to Sebastopol. On the 19th, in fact, the order was given to advance.

(*See Cartoon, "Sebastopol—A Prayer for the Brave."*)

Sept. 20.

On this day was fought the Battle of the Alma—the first serious engagement in what became popularly known as "the Crimean War." Gallantly led, and fighting gallantly, the allied forces achieved a brilliant victory. The Russians fled to the south-east. They lost about 8,000 killed and wounded, and left 700 prisoners behind them. The loss of the Allies was 619 killed and 2,860 wounded.

Punch thus describes the fight:—

THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

Brightly, briskly runs the Alma, cold and green from mountain snow;
Pleasant shade, along its borders, oak and plane and walnut throw,
Where the Tatar shepherd shelters with his flock from noontide heat,
In a silence only broken by the browsing goat's faint bleat.

* * * * *

On the twentieth of September—they had march'd from early morn—
As our armies near'd the Alma they were weary men and worn;
But the heaviest tread grew springy, strength was in the weakest hand,
As the word "Halt!—Form!" was given—for they knew the Russ at hand.

There, along the southern heights, in entrenchments lay the foe,
With his batteries in position—seven-score great guns, levell'd low,

There was little time to count
them ere their roar the
silence woke—
And the dell has grown a hell—
all fire and sulphurous
smoke.

Now Zouaves and Tirailleurs!—
now Rifles and Chasseurs!—
Scatter wide, finding shelter
where you can;
Fire steadily and slow, till the
distant foemen know
That every Minié bullet has
its man!

Again — again — again — those
batteries iron rain,
And thick, alas! our gallant
fellows fall;
For the river it is deep, and the
banks they are steep,
And the heights there beyond,
are like a wall.
But a lusty British cheer, and a
thundering British charge,
and the foremost are already
in the flood,
Though the great guns ever roar,
down upon them from the
shore, and the water that
was green turns to blood!

Through the shallows, in the
deeps, o'er the boulders, up
the steeps,
British, French and Turk, eager
for the work,
And floundering and clambering
and rushing with mad
hops—
On again—on again—some are
left, though many die—
Your powder may be damp, but
your bayonets are dry:
Let it come but to the steel, and
the Muscovite shall feel
With what mettle he his prowess
hath to try!

Hark to those ringing cheers!
'Tis the bold Welsh Fusiliers,
Ever foremost where there's
work to be done:—
They've won footing on the bank
—they are closing rank on
rank,
Scores of dying, but of flying
never one!

Now, fiery Celtic blood, to our
French allies make good
The credit of the lineage that
you share!
They have gained the heights' bald
crown!—Now they stagger
—now they're down!—
But, hark, another cheer, and
the gallant Guards are
near!
And with glorious tartans streaming, and Highland bagpipes
screaming,
The Black-Watch to the rescue appear!

At length the crest is won! Stab the gunner at his gun!
Em to take up new ground the batteries wheel;
On—Britons, Turks and French—o'er redoubt and over
trench,
Surge on like a wave of flashing steel!—
Lo, they waver—lo, they shake—lo, their line begins to break,
With the tramp of flying men, flying horses, Earth
doth quake.

VICTORY OF THE ALMA.

You have fought a desperate fight, you have crushed a giant
And four hours ere the setting of the sun,
The triple flags wave high, bullet-rent against the sky,
And the Battle of the Alma hath been won!

(*See Cartoon, "Victory of the Alma."*)

SEPT. 23.

THE Russians sank seven vessels—a portion of their Black Sea Squadron—at the entrance to the harbour of Sebastopol, "effectually barring the entrance against any force for a month to come."

SEPT. 29.

MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD, commander of the French troops in the Crimea, died.

Oct. 1.

This day (Sunday) was observed as a General Thanksgiving Day for the unusually abundant harvest with which England had been favoured in this year of storm and peril. It was observed with much earnestness, the news of the victory at the Alma intensifying public gratitude. The farmers, however, it was suggested, did not take quite the same jubilant view of the bountiful corn crop.

(*See Cartoon, "Agricultural Distress."*)

Mr. Punch sang:

That the incense of thanks should ascend is most meet
For the harvest that brings in such plenty to eat.
May the good food give strength to our hearts and our hands,
To win peace from the Czar and his villainous bands.

Oct. 15.

It's the record ("Annals of Our Time") for this day, we meet, for the first time, with an illustrious name ever to be gloriously associated with the terrible tale of the Crimea. "Mr. Sidney Herbert solicits, on behalf of the Government, the assistance of Miss Florence Nightingale, of the Sick Governess' Institution, Harley Street, to organize and superintend the nursing department of the Soldiers' Hospital, Scutari." That name was to become a household word in England, and a message of peace and healing to the hearts of our suffering soldiers. Not even the gallantry of our heroes is more splendidly and more inseparably associated with the story of the Crimean war than the womanly sweetness and strong devotion of Florence Nightingale.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG TO THE SICK SOLDIER.

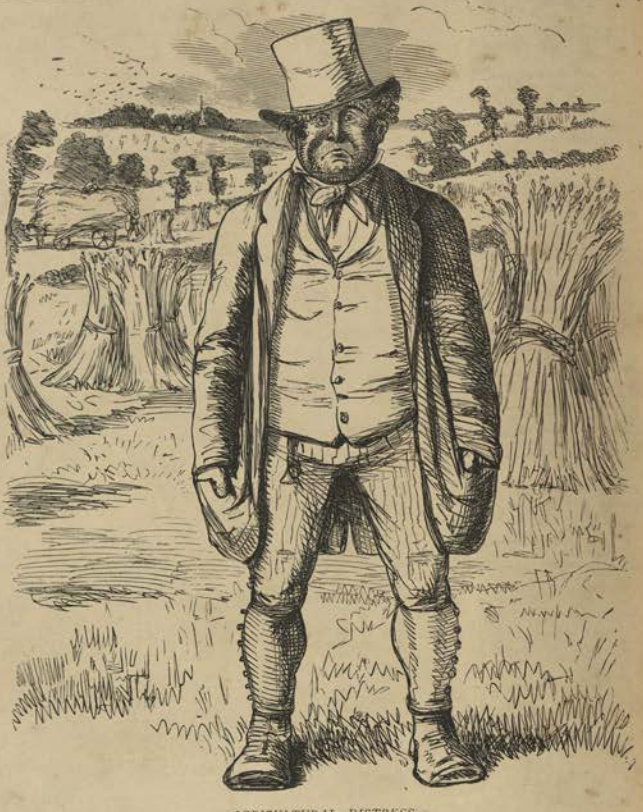
Listen, soldier, to the tale of the tender Nightingale,
'Tis a charm that soon will ease your wounds so cruel,
Singing medicine for your pain, in a sympathising strain,
With a jug, jug, jug of lemonade or gruel.

Singing bandages and lint; salve and cerate without stint,
Singing plenty both of liniment and lotion,
And your mixtures pushed about, and the pills for you served out,
With alacrity and promptitude of motion.

Singing light and gentle hands, and a nurse who understands
How to manage every sort of application,
From a poultice to a leech: whom you haven't got to teach
The way to make a poppy fomentation.

Singing pillow for you smoothed, smart and ache and anguish soothed,
By the readiness of feminine invention; [made
Singing fever's thirst allayed, and the bed you've tumbled,
With a careful and considerate attention.

Singing succour to the brave, and a rescue from the grave,
Hear the Nightingale that's come to the Crimea.
'Tis a Nightingale as strong in her heart as in her song,
To carry out so gallant an idea.



AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

British Farmer.—"*Well! here's a pretty business! I've got so much corn, that I don't know where to put it.*"

Oct. 16.

"The Russian prisoners" (says a note of *Mr. Punch*) "were almost fêted on their arrival in England, and the *Invalide Russe*, as a matter of course, asserted to the contrary."

(See Cartoon, "Cruel Treatment of Russian Prisoners in England.")

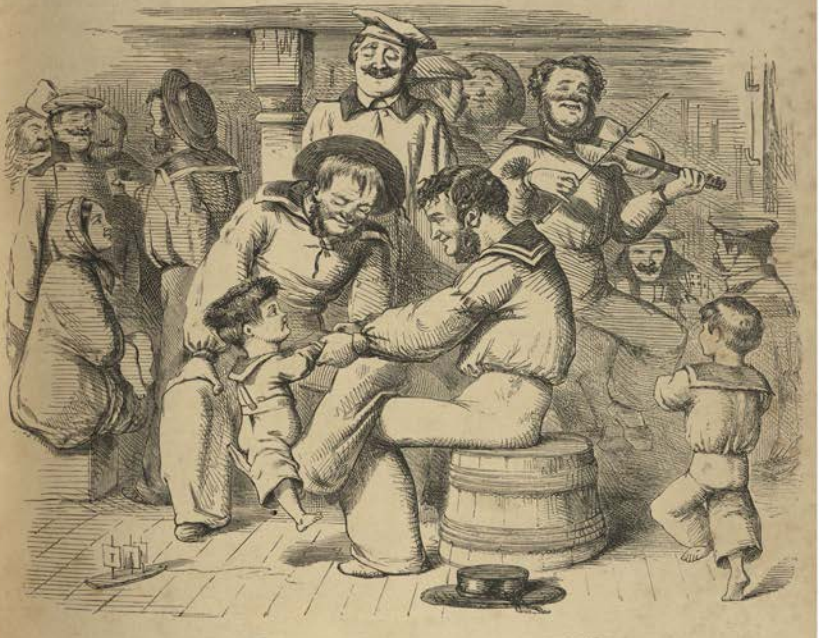
OUR RUSSIAN GUESTS.

Poor fellows, whom Nicholas no more commands
Having laid down your arms, give us also your hands,
We forget you were foes—and in truth you were not,
Any more than the stones that were crushed with our shot.

You were only a Tyrant's unfortunate thralls,
With your bodies for bricks who built ramparts and walls,
Which if we, to hit at him, were forced to strike through,
'Twas with sorrow and pain and compassion for you.

He piled you, like sandbags, or clods of mere dirt,
The blows which we aimed at his power to avert;
He cares not what swarms of his vassals may fall,
When yet he has more to oppose to our ball.

Should a score of his serfs stop a shot or a shell,
That, your monarch considers, will do pretty well,



CRUEL TREATMENT OF RUSSIAN PRISONERS IN ENGLAND.

Vide "Invalide Russe."

For he thinks his loss less in the slaves that we slay,
Than our own in the missiles which we shoot away.

Come; you're out of the clutch of your savage old chief.
Here's some bread for you: here are potatoes and beef.
And to wash it all down here's a jug of good beer;
We'll make you all jolly now we have you here.

May our nations soon cease this sad warfare to wage,
And your Czar have been caught and confined in a cage,
May you then to your country take back all you've gained,
Whilst by war's happy fortune you here were detained,

May you take the plumpudding whereon you have fed,
And the notions that each has had put in his head,
That by you Holy Russia delivered may be,
You, through being made prisoners, who learned to be free.

We shall make your captivity easy to bear,
And may our own people as happily fare,
As many as—but, may their numbers be few!
Are, or shall be, in like situation with you.

Oct. 22.

Dr. Rae, the Arctic traveller, brought an account of his discovery of the bodies of what were doubtless Sir John Franklin and his lost expedition.

THE FATE OF FRANKLIN AND HIS MEN.

Let us draw around the fire;
Embers ruddy glowing,
What a comfort they inspire,

Whilst the bitter tempest roars,
And it freezes out of doors,
And the wintry haze is snowing,
And the keen North-West is blowing!

Sit and listen to the gale;
Frost without is stinging:
What a sad and solemn wail
Runs throughout its gusty squalls,
As it rises and it falls
Ever with a death-psalm ringing
What a dirge the winds are singing!

Reddened in the heartlight warm,
From the great log yonder,
Housed and sheltered, safe from harm,
Tracing pictures in the coals,
On the poor unhappy souls
Homeless in the cold who wander,
Is it not a time to ponder?

Whose that wild wind's requiem,
Desolately sighing?
Has it not swept over them,
Whose unsepulchred remains

Now bestrew the icy plains,
Where for Science martyrs dying,
Franklin and his crew are lying.

There they starved among the snows,
'Mid the icebergs hoary,
There to death they slowly froze.
On such errand let brave men
Never be dispatched again;
Keep them for the strife of glory:
What a fireside winter story!

SIR EDMUND LYONS GOING IN HIS BROUGHAM TO THE OPERA AT SEBASTOPOL.

"The Agamemnon got about in places where no line-of-battle Ship ever thought of going before. SIR EDMUND LYONS'S Brougham, as it is called, is not at all a bad name for her. Own Correspondent of the Times.

OCT. 23.

ADMIRAL SIR EDMUND LYONS was in command of the British Fleet in the Black Sea. His ship, the "Agamemnon," was very active, and was nick-named "Sir Edmund Lyons' Brougham."

(See Cartoon, "Sir Edmund Lyons Going in his Brougham," &c.)

The fleet, however, had really very little to do, and the sailors, weary of inactivity, and pining for "a go at the Roosshans," were only too ready to volunteer for any service ashore.

"JACK'S HOLIDAY."

THE fleet was anchored taut and trim,
Beneath the Russian forts so grim,
When on the *Aggy*'s gun-deck dim,
Says Jack the topman unto Jim,
Says he, "Let's go a-shootin';
Blest if I couldn't pipe my eye,
To think like lubbers here we lie,
While them there sojers high and dry,
Ashore, gets all the shootin'."

Says Jim to Jack—"I'm blest," says he,
"If with that 'ere I don't agree;
But then the skipper mixed might be,
If when all hands was piped, d'ye see,
He found we'd gone a-shootin',
Sir Edmund he is fond o' game,
And thof we topmen is the same,
Blow'd if it wouldn't be a shame
To spoil the skipper's shootin',"

"Avast!" says Jack, "do you suppone
I ain't a man my duoty knows?
For liberty afore we goes,
To ax the skipper I propose,
Bein' he's fond of shootin':
There's you and me and all our mess,
In our shore-going togs we'll dress—
Blest if the skipper can do less
Than give us a day's shootin'.

Next day, the holystoning done,
Jack and his messmates, every one,
All from the captain of the gun,
Down to the powder-monkey, run
To ask for their day's shooting.
"No," says Sir Edmund, with a grin,
"For liberty the crew's too thin:
But here's the ship: let's take her in,
Arv! all have a day's shooting."

So said, so done: the anchor's weighed;
All sail the saucy *Agar* made;
Longside Fort Constantine she's laid,
And there her big broadsides she played,
As cool as if saluting.
Jack, at his gun's breech, all hot,
He slapped after a well-aimed shot,
That sent ten Russians to pot,
"My eyes, Jim, ain't this shootin'!"

(See Cartoon, "Jack's Holiday.")

OCT. 25.

THE Battle of Balaklava fought. It was rendered for ever memorable by the heroic, if mistaken, "Charge of the Light Brigade." The battle resulted in a victory for the Allied forces.

Mr. Punch thus described it:—

THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

The wind of dawn is breathing, the mists of night are wreathing
Up from the valley, in white swathes the mountain ranges sheathing;
Watch-fires are burning dimly; hill-batteries frowning grimly;
Troop-horses in the plain below at the picquets tethered trimly;
And the Turks in the redoubts, and the sailors on the hill,
And the Highlanders, within their tents, in the gray dawn, sleeping still.

When in with hot haste riding, our out-picquets bring tiding,
That the Russians in force within the Eastern gorge are hiding.
Boot and "saddle," and "*re-saddle!*" in the cool clear-air ring gaily,
And horse and foot are forming, all eager for the *mêlée*;
Marine and sailor batteries are alive with fuse and match;
Every English heart 's a-fire,—every English eye 's a-watch.

Manned by our Turkish ally five redoubts command the valley;
From a gorge, a short mile distant, the Russian vanguard sally:
Tirailleurs and Cossacks dashing o'er the plain, with lance-points flashing—
Now they open! Two field-batteries their showers of [horse,
grape send crashing;
Add as the smoke blows over, six squares of Russian
Three on each flank, *en échelon*, proclaim the foe in force.

JACK'S HOLIDAY.—A SCENE OFF BALAKLAVA.

JACK.—"Ask yer Honour's pardon, but may we and JEM GRAMPUS have a liberty day ashore, to go a-shootin' with them Sojers?"

The redoubts with shell they 're plying. By Heaven, the Turks are flying!
Under Cossack lance and sabre, by scores, like cowards
Curse the slaves, and never mind them; there are British hearts behind them,
With British bayonets sharp and sure—and so the foe shall find them.
Two drop the gallant Ninety-third are formed to bear the
And the Russian horse come thundering on that unshaken front!

They 're at six hundred paces—wait till you see their faces—
Down go the rifles, with a fire, that empties scores of places;
But on their line still dashes, when a second volley flashes,
And as lightning cleaves a cloud, through the Russian squadron crashes; [with the slain—
Down, reel and van, go horse and man, the wounded
That mounted host will count the cost, ere they charge our Scots again!

Meanwhile their chargers reining, and their own hot hearts restraining,
Our heavy horse upon the right inactive are remaining—
The hill their squadrons hiding, when o'er its summit riding,
All a-blaze with blue and silver, and in their strength confiding,
The Russian horse, in triple force, to what our line can show,
With loosened rein, upon the plain flash, shouting as they go.

In spurs, and out sabres! Now bend to your labours,
Enniskillen, and gallant Scots Gray!
Full oft in the fight you 've aforetime stood neighbours,
But ne'er in more desperate fray.
The First Royal Irish are hard on your track,
With the Fourth Dragoon Guards at their side,
And the gallant First Royals, that never showed back,
Nor found foe that their onset defied.

On they dash, boot to boot, bended brow and bare blade—
What care they for the numbers against them arrayed?
In *file-on-file* on the foe, like a bolt from a bow,
With a cheer, loud and clear as a trumpet, they go.

Through a line, twice their length, and three deep for their one,
They have past, like a blast—but their work is not done.

Fresh squadrons close round them: 'tis one man to three!
Out-flanked and out-numbered, what rescue may be?
Hurrah! the Dragoons and the Royals so true,—
They 'll finish what work you have left them to do!
Soon they clear all the rear, with the sweep of their blades,
And that shout tells the rout of the Russian brigades.

Oh, would to God that gallant charge had closed the bloody day!

ENTHUSIASM OF PATERFAMILIAS,

ON READING THE REPORT OF THE GRAND CHARGE OF BRITISH CAVALRY ON THE 25TH.

Then clear of blame had shone the fame of Balaklava's fray;
But who is there, with patient tongue the sorry tale to tell,
How our Light Brigade, true martyrs to the point of honour, fell!
"'Twas sublime, but 'twas not warfare," that charge of
woe and wreck,
That led six hundred to the guns, and brought two hundred back!

Enough! the order came to charge, and charge they did—like men;
While shot and shell and rifle-ball played on them down the glen.
Though thirty guns were ranged in front, not one drew breath.
Unfaltering, unquestioning, they rode upon their death!

Nor by five times their number of all arms could they be stayed;
And with two lives for one of ours, e'en then, the Russians paid:
Till torn with shot and rent with shell, a spent and bleeding few,—
Life won against those fearful odds,—from the grapple they withdrew.

But still like wounded lions, their faces to the foe,
More conquerors than conquered, they fell back stern and slow;
With dinted arms and weary steeds—all bruised and soiled and worn—
Is this the wreck of all that rode so bravely out this morn?
Where thirty answered muster at dawn now answer ten,

Oh, woe 's me for such officers!—Oh, woe 's me for such men!
Whose was the blame? Name not his name, but rather seek to hide
If he live, leave him to conscience—to God, if he have died:
But for you, true band of heroes, you have done your duty well:
Your country asks not, to what end; it knows but how you fell!

The news of this victory, and especially of the memorable "Charge of the Light Brigade," was received in this country with unbounded enthusiasm.

(*See Cartoon, "Enthusiasm of Paterfamilias."*)

Nov. 5.

THE Battle of Inkerman was fought at early morn in cold and clinging mist, the first roar of the Russian artillery sounding two hours before sunrise. It was called "The Soldiers' Battle," because the result rather turned upon the stubborn bravery of the men than any skill of leadership, which was indeed impossible in the circumstances of the fight. The battle raged nearly all day fiercely and doggedly, but late in the afternoon the Russians were in full retreat, to the bitter disappointment of Prince Menschikoff, who had informed the Czar that in a few days the invaders of his dominions would "perish by the sword or be driven into the sea." It was the hardest-fought fight of the campaign, and that involving the greatest losses, the British losing 2,612 and the French 1,726 killed and wounded. Florence Nightingale and her nurses, who arrived at Scutari on the same day, found plenty of work for their womanly hands. Then was made manifest the hideous mismanagement, born of imbecile routine, which was the scandal of the war. "Medical as well as all other stores had been sent in profusion from England; yet even lint was wanting, or could not be found, for the dressing of the wounds. Medicines and medical appliances lay rotting on the beach at Varna, or buried in the hold of vessels in Balaklava Harbour." Reports of this mismanagement, and its resulting horrors, reaching England, sickened and shamed the public, and pride in the valour of our troops was blent with burning indignation at the needless sufferings inflicted upon them by unpardonable mismanagement.

REMANDED.

JOHNNY RUSSELL. "*Well, Old Boy, what Luck?*" *ABERDEEN.* "*Well, I'm just Remanded till next Session.*"

Dec. 12.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person, being called together at this unusual time, said Her Majesty, "in order that, by your assistance, I may take such measures as may enable me to prosecute the great war in which we are engaged with the utmost vigour and effect." The opinion of the country was by no means favourable to Lord Aberdeen and his Ministry; and the indignation at the deplorable condition of things in the Crimea, as revealed by the *Times*, was fast rising to fever heat as 1854 came to a gloomy close.

When Parliament separated for the Christmas Recess, it was felt that the doom of Lord Aberdeen was only deferred, and this view *Mr. Punch* suggested in the Cartoon entitled "Remanded."

(*See Cartoon*, "*Remanded.*")

C C

DEC. 12.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE on this day introduced the Foreign Enlistment Bill. Its object was to permit of the raising of a force of 15,000 foreigners, to be drilled in this country. Although opposed by some as a dangerous measure, it was carried, with some modification, both in the Commons and the Lords.

(See Cartoon, "Foreign Enlistment.")

SERJEANT KITE.

THEY'RE nobly consistent, these Statesmen of ours,
In begging Recruits from all neighbouring powers:
And assert the great principle, thanks to whose aid
Their own Coalition was easily made.

You've only to pocket your private opinions,
You Germans, Greeks, Spaniards, Danes, Poles, and Sardinians,
You Belgian, you Switzer, you Dutchman, you Finn,
Come, join the Queen's Service, and take the Queen's tin.

FOREIGN ENLISTMENT.

IF WE MUST HAVE IT—FOR GOODNESS SAKE BEGIN WITH THE ORGAN MEN.

Your betters have done it—some folks had their views
About Franchise, Reform, Oath, School, Ballot, and Jews,
About Taxes, State-Churches, and Social Conditions—
But *à bas* with all that, when we make Coalitions!

Come, Pole, take the coin. What you want, we dare say,
Is to fight for the kingdom crowned thieves tore away—
You'd better be practical, list, if you've sense:
You cannot get Poland, you can Eighteenpence.

Hi! *Sprechen Sie Deutsch?* Here! you, Student Von Krout—
You want a Republic, like Plato's, no doubt,
Put that in your pipe, man, and fall into rank.
"But for what?" For your money—it's safe as the Bank.

Come, Spaniard, enlist. Here's the cash. Join the herd.
What, all the blue blood in blue flame at the word?
"Not be coupled with those you've professed to despise.
And for gain?" You're a Donkey. Some Dons are more wise.

Now, Greek! True, or Scio and Cyprus's sake
You abhor the fierce Turk—but the drachmas you'll take?
Ay, you've not a scruple—on you we rely,
You're ours, till some new, better bidder shall buy.

Here, Russian deserter, your kopecks and gun,
And blaze at the cause from whose ranks you have run.
Of course. Why it's not the first time we've been told
How "later convictions have modified old."

You Dane, though we gave you our *Kaw-Je-Vie* Nan,
You can't forget Nelson—we've shown that we can.
Well, we don't ask your love, flabby son of a skate,
Take our side, and the money, and help where you hate.

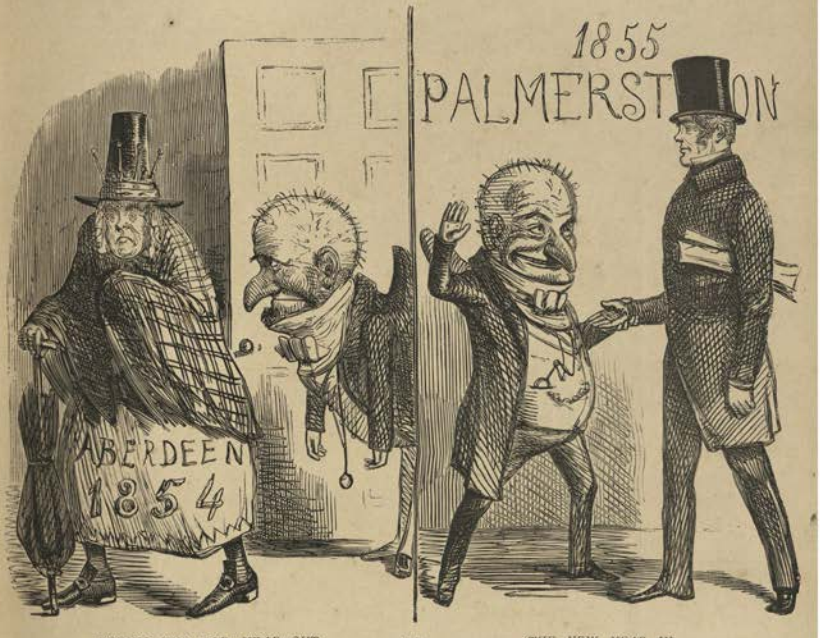
Come, tender your service, you consciences tough.
King Mammon's drum beats, and all scruples are stuff:
To expedite things in our grand Expedition
We'll send my Lord Raglan an armed Coalition.

If in taking of places it only can do
As well as some people in sticking thereto,
Mr. Russell will write—(and how well he will do it!—*v.*
"I am happy to say that Sebastopol *fuit*."

+ 1855 +

THE year began sadly. "The progress of the Campaign" (says *Mr. Punch's* Summary) "and the condition of our Army in the Crimea engrossed the attention of all classes to the exclusion of all other topics, and the conduct and capacity of Ministers and commanders were loudly condemned in and out of Parliament." Lord Aberdeen in particular was regarded with deep distrust, and *Punch* and the public looked forward with eagerness to his supercession by the more energetic and spirited Palmerston. *Punch* indicated this in a prophetic Cartoon.

(*See Cartoon, "Seeing the Old Year out and the New Year in."*)



SEEING THE OLD YEAR OUT AND *THE NEW YEAR IN.*

JAN. 13.

THE sufferings of our Army in the Crimea during the latter months of 1854 and the early part of 1855 were terrible indeed. They were greatly aggravated by the scandalous break-down of the Commissariat and Land Transport departments. The Camp, it is said, became a quagmire, the roads were almost impassable. "Public opinion" (says Mr. Molesworth's History, vol. iii., chap. 1, p. 54) "at home was loudly demanding that our brave soldiers should be supplied with everything necessary to maintain them in health, if not in comfort; but it was only very slowly that the improvements demanded could be introduced; and even when the supplies did reach Balaclava, it was only with great difficulty that they could be sent forward to the men who were in the Camp, and with still greater difficulty to those who were labouring in the trenches. The old track-road from Balaclava to the Camp, never sufficient for the purpose, was so worn by the transit of artillery and heavy carriages that it had become a sea of mud, through which vehicles could with difficulty force their way. It was determined therefore to lay down a railway; and about Christmas a large body of engineers and navvies, with all the material necessary for its construction and working, were sent out, and reached Balaclava towards the end of January. While the engineers were surveying the country, planning the proposed line, and making their preparations, the labourers they had brought with them were very usefully employed in clearing away the filth that cumbered the streets of Balaclava; which had been the fertile source of cholera and other diseases, and if allowed to remain would

no doubt have proved still more fatal. Having rendered this great service, they next set to work on the railway; and in the course of a very short time it was laid down and in full operation, conveying all the ammunition which was required for the operations in front of Sebastopol, and ministering to the wants of the troops."

(*See Cartoon, "Spades are Trumps."*)

JAN. 23.

PARLIAMENT re-assembled after the Christmas Recess. Lord John Russell on the same day resigned his post in the Aberdeen Ministry, not feeling prepared to resist Mr. Roebuck's announced motion "for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the condition of our army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of the departments of the Government whose duty it has been to minister to the wants of that army."

(*See Cartoon, p. 197, "The Dirty Doorstep."*)

"THE SMASH IN THE FAMILY;"

OR, "THE VIRTUOUS FOOTMAN."

SCENES FROM A DOMESTIC DRAMA OF HEROIC INTEREST—AS RECENTLY PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.)

JAUNTY (*a Gentleman's Gentleman*) . . LORD PALMERSTON.
JOHN SMALL (*Groom of the Chambers*) . LORD JOHN RUSSELL.
BRASS (*a Footman*) . . . . . MR. BERNAL OSBORNE.
Bailiffs, *Creditors*, &c.

The Action passes in the spacious mansion of LORD MAC FOOZLE, *in Whitehall.*

TIME: *Last week.*

SCENE I.—*The Butler's Pantry.* JAUNTY *and* BRASS *discovered over a bottle of Twenty Claret.*

Brass. And so you really think, Mr. Jaunty, the fam'ly *must* come to grief?

Jaunty (*breaking a biscuit*). Case of smash, Brass.

Brass. Well, *my* wages is paid.

Jaunty. And you've had a goodish place of it while it *did* last.

Brass. Yes, tol-lol; in fact, between ourselves, Mr. Jaunty, I don't care 'ow soon I gits another as good, especially the *winds*.

Jaunty. "*Winds*," Brass, not "*winds*."

Brass. Well, wines, then. I ain't particular. But I thought what it would come to up-stairs, considerin' how we've been a-goin' it down 'ere this two year.

Jaunty. Speak for yourself, Brass. The steward's room ain't answerable for the servants' 'all.

Brass. In course not. Every man in his place—that's *my* motter. Though I wish you'd 'a-come among us a little freer, Mr. Jaunty. We've had werry pleasant times, I can tell you, at the second table. My songs 'as been admired, and though I say it, there ain't many chaps as can top me at a recitation or a bit of chaff. (*Pours out a glass of wine.*) Well, here's to our next merry meetin'.

Jaunty (*sips his claret thoughtfully*). H'm.

Brass (*anxiously*). I s'pose, though, it *is* a case of Queer Street? [*Pointing over his left shoulder.*

Jaunty. Execution put in to-morrow, I hear.

Brass. An I the governor *can't* settle it this time, nohow?

Jaunty. No; the creditors are tired out.

Brass. Ah, well, we've 'ad jolly times, any way. I s'ppose you've given warning, Mr. Jaunty?

Jaunty. No.

Brass. No—Eh? You don't say so.

Jaunty. I means to stand by the fam'ly, for the present.

SPADES ARE TRUMPS.

Navvy (*To Aberdeen*). "*Now, old Stick-in-the-mud, let 'ME try if I can get you out of the mess.*"

Brass. Do you, though? (*Aside.*) Then they can't be done for yet.

Jaunty. You see, Brass, I've seen a good deal of this sort of thing, and I've never found that sticking by a fam'ly in difficulties stood in a man's way to a new p'ace—that is, when he couldn't do better.

Brass. Well—but such a desp'rate, rack-ruin, stick-at-nothin' fam'ly as this 'ere? Don't you think it'd look better if a feller was to wash his 'ands of 'em—come the virtuous dodge—afore the creditors, you know?

Jaunty. You can do as you like—I've taken their money, and eat their *entrées*, and drunk their wines, and I mean to see 'em through it. But I've to make up my books. You can finish the bottle.

[*Exit* JAUNTY, *cheerfully.*

Brass. Thank you, Mr. Jaunty (*drinks, and reflects*). Now, that's a long 'eaded chap, and knows the world. He's a coming on the attached dependant lay, he is—feelin's for the fam'ly—and such like. P'raps I'd better come *that* game after all! I think I could gammon 'em.

Enter JOHN SMALL.

Brass. Well, Mr. Small?

Small. Ah, Brass! would you obleege me by stepping out for a cab, while I fetch down my boxes?

Brass. Your boxes! What, *you* an't goin'! Are you?

Small. Yes.

Brass. Have you given warnin'?

Small. Under the distressing circumstances to which my Lord has been reduced—by his own imprudence, I am afraid that warning from me would be thrown away. But in fact I *have* given warning—as far back as last November. I told my Lord that if things was allowed to go on as they was a goin', I couldn't stop.

Brass. Well—but you didn't go.

Small. No. I changed my mind and stopped. But little Wenom puts in execution to-morrow, and my regard for my own character won't allow me to be mixed up with that sort of thing. I'm a domesti- man, Brass, I've lived in steady families.

Brass. But Mr. Jaunty's agoin' to see 'em through it.

Small. Mr. Jaunty is a giddy young man, and he can do as he likes. I must consider my future prospects, and keep clear of such messes. Besides—(*he pauses*).

Brass. Well (*curiously*).

Small. Between ourselves, I can't abide the 'ouse steward—

Brass. What, Mr. Merrypebbles! I 'ates him: he's a serious cove—*he* is.

Small. It's not that I dislike seriousness. But I can't abear intrigue—and if I'd been in *his* shoes—

Brass. You'd a kept things straight, eh?

Small. It's not for me to boast; but I remember in my great grandfather's time, when the great Lord Chatham—

Brass. Oh—stow that—I don't know anythink about 'istory; take a glass of wind. [*Pushes the bottle to him.*

Small. I never drink. But about that cab?

Brass. I'll tell the porter so call one. [*Going.*

Small. By the way, Brass, you needn't mention to any of the servants that I'm going.

Brass. All right. I'm fly. (*Aside.*) Don't want his bones overhauled, I'll bet a pound. [*Exit* BRASS.

Small. Yes—there's that great city man, Mr. Bull, wants a Butler. He's one of my Lord's chief creditors, and if he hears that I left my Lord's because I couldn't stand the go,n's on in this 'ouse, he'll think all the better o' me when I apply for the situation. Jaunty's got an eye on it, I know, and if I can only steal a march on him—and then my character's all I have to depend on.

THE DIRTY DOORSTEP.

PALMERSTON (an active lad). "*Well! this is the greatest mess I ever saw at anybody's door.*"

LITTLE JACK RUSSELL. "*Ah! I took there once—but I was obliged to leave—it was such a very irregular family.*"

Re-enter BRASS.

Brass. All right! Cab's at the area-gate, and there's nobody in the front kitchen. You can slip out unbe-known.

Small. You won't pauch?

Brass. Oh, honour bright! You done *me* a good turn when I applied for this 'ere place; and then I'm like you, I can't abear that 'ere Merrypebbles—a sanctified, argufying beggar!

Small. Good-bye, Brass. If you'll take my advice, you'll cut this too, before the row comes.

Brass. Thank you, Mr. Small. But I've *my* dodge, too. Only you wait till to-morrow. But you'll want a hand with your boxes. You ain't werry strong in the back, you know.

Small. Thank you—if you would be so kind. They're outside. (*Exit* BRASS.) How astonished they'll be to-morrow, when they find I'm gone! The best thing is not to get into a mess. But, when you are in, the next best thing's to get quietly out of it, and leave other folks to shift for themselves. [*Exit.*

* * * * *

JAN. 29.

THE Government was defeated on Mr. Roebuck's motion, the division showing the

MR. BULL WANTS TO KNOW "THE REASON WHY."

MRS. JEAMES GRAHAM (a Housekeeper). "Really, Sir, this 'INQUIRY' is so very 'INCONVENIENT' that we should like to leave at once."

enormous majority against the Ministers of 157 in a House of 453. The *Times* wrote:—"It would tax the best-read historical student to produce a more complete case of political collapse than that which it is England's ill fate, sore cost, and we had almost said foul dishonour to witness this day."

FEB. 1.

THE Ministry announced its resignation in consequence of its defeat on Mr. Roebuck's motion. Lord John Russell essayed to form a Ministry, but failed, as did also Lord Derby. On the 6th Lord Granville announced in the House of Lords that Lord Palmerston had succeeded in forming an Administration. It proved to be to a large extent a reconstruction of the old one, with Lord Panmure as War Secretary in place of the Duke of Newcastle, Sir G. C. Lewis as Chancellor of the Exchequer in place of Mr. Gladstone, the Earl of Clarendon remaining at the Foreign Office, and Lord John Russell taking the Colonial Office in place of the Presidency of the Council. Indeed, on the 19th Mr. Layard complained that although the House had declared its want of confidence in the late Administration, the new Ministry merely presented the same men in different offices. What the country wanted was "not septuagenarian experience, but more of youthful activity and energy." The country, however, had considerable confidence in the "septuagenarian experience" and youthful energy of the veteran Premier. Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Sidney Herbert thought it right to withdraw from Lord Palmerston's new Ministry.

(*See Cartoon, "Mr. Bull wants to know 'the reason why.'"*)

FEB. 14.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who had joined Lord Palmerston's new Ministry as Secretary of State for the Colonies, was appointed Plenipotentiary to represent England at the Conference about to be held at Vienna.

FEB. 16.

THE accession of the popular and patriotic Lord Palmerston to the Premiership inspired the public mind with hope that the hitherto sorely muddled Crimean Campaign would now be prosecuted with energy and success. He pledged his Government to a strict investigation into the conduct of the war.

(See Cartoon, "Now for it!")

THE MANAGER IN DISTRESS.

THE Manager of a certain Theatre Royal has lately been considerably embarrassed by a division in the Company, which has led to the throwing up of their parts by several of the principal characters in the grand annual spectacle, which is got up at an enormous expense for the amusement of the public.

The Company had for some time been working rather uncomfortably together, when Mr. John Fussell, the "low man" of the establishment, who from the constant opportunity of doing the leading business in his line had become a favourite, wrote to the Stage-Manager, saying, that in consequence of a party having been made up for the purpose of "damning" a farce in which he, Fussell, would have to take a part, he should throw up his situation and retire from the company. The Stage-Manager called the company together, when it was determined to risk the intended opposition, and the farce was played, the character of Fussell being "read" by another performer. Fussell himself did all he could to assist the opposition in an indirect way, by declaring he had always objected to the distribution of the parts, and the whole piece was such a dead failure that the Stage-Manager on the next morning resigned his functions.

* * * * *

In this emergency the popular Pomicestone, who, though he has been many years on the stage, has still more dash and energy about him than some of the younger actors, was asked to assume the management. He at once accepted the task, not without a knowledge of the petty jealousies among the performers, but with a determination to do without those who attached any absurd and unreasonable terms to the offer of their services. It is supposed that his intentions are to go on as well as he can to the end of the season with his present company, and to weed it of some of the second old men, who are all wanting to do leading business, and to get rid of as many as he can of the mere walking gentlemen.

The grand *coup* of the present season, upon which all the resources of the establishment will be employed, is the Grand Historical Drama of the *War with Russia*, which is to replace the miserable and expensive spectacle that has long been presented to the public under the title of the *Siege of Sebastopol*. Various minor novelties will be brought forward, but there is no truth in the rumour that the Manager will endeavour to secure the well-known "brass-band," though it is believed that they are always open to an engagement.

NOW FOR IT!

A SET-TO BETWEEN "PAM, THE DOWNING STREET PET," AND "THE RUSSIAN SPIDER."

MARCH 2.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA died very unexpectedly, from the result of a severe attack of influenza. He was succeeded by his son Alexander II.

(*See Cartoon, "'General Février' turned Traitor."*)

The paper falling from the drooping hand of the dead Autocrat, refers to the defeat of 40,000 Russians by Omar Pasha in an attack on Eupatoria on the 17th of February. The British Fleet assisted in the Turkish defence. This defeat, it is said, was a sore blow to the sick Emperor, and probably hastened his end.

The Emperor had shortly before said that "Russia had two Generals in whom she can confide—Generals Janvier and Février."

DAGON.

SMITTEN—as by lightning—smitten
Down, amid his armed array;
With the fiery scroll scarce written
Bidding myriads to the fray;
There—but yesterday defying
Europe's banners, linked and flying
For her freedom—see him lying—
Earth's Colossus—earth's own clay.
But no triumph-shout be given,
Knee to earth and eye to heaven!
God hath judged the day.

Ark of Freedom! Lightly spoken
Vows to thee vain kings have said,
Many an oath thy priests have broken,
Many a fight thy guards have fled:
But thine ancient Consecration,
Sealed so oft by stern libation,
Lifeblood of a struggling nation,
In thy foeman's doom is read.
Still, O Ark! the hand that gave thee
Strikes, in peril's hour, to save thee—
There lies Dagon—dead!

MARCH 15.

A CONFERENCE of the Great Powers at Vienna, which Lord John Russell had been appointed to attend on behalf of England, endeavoured to find a basis for peace between Russia and the Allied Forces but failed, owing mainly to Russia's refusal to submit to a limitation of her fleet in the Black Sea. On April 26 this conference, long protracted, ceased its sittings.

MARCH 20.

THE veteran Lord Lyndhurst made a spirited speech in the House of Lords, called by *Mr. Punch* in his "Essence of Parliament" "a most lucid, logical, and crushing address upon the mean, shuffling, cowardly conduct of King Clicquot of Prussia." *Punch* had long given the nickname of "Clicquot" to Frederick William of Prussia, on account of his alleged fondness for champagne. He was one of *Punch's* special butts at this time. The following

"GENERAL FÉVRIER" TURNED TRAITOR.

"Russia has two Generals in whom she can confide—Generals Janvier and Février."—Speech of the late Emperor of Russia.

lines indicate concisely the reasons for his unpopularity with *Punch* and the British public :—

KING CLICQUOT.

Who rules the kingdom, till of late
Which was a leading German State,
But he has made it second-rate?
King Clicquot.

When Nicholas the Turks attacked,
Who joined the league against that act,
Then out of his engagement backed?
King Clicquot.

Who feigned to hold with the Allies,
But to co-operate denies,
And, underhand, to thwart them tries?
King Clicquot.

Swayed by domestic feelings weak,
His people's good who does not seek,
But plays the traitor and the sneak?
King Clicquot.

By private ties who only bound
Breaks those of honour, like a hound,
And yet his head continues crowned?
King Clicquot.

THE GENERAL FAST (ASLEEP). HUMILIATING—VERY!

Who has a crafty project planned,
Denmark and Holland to command,
Meanwhile betraying Fatherland?
King Clicquot.

Who Russia would abet, as base
Accomplice, to enslave his race,
If he but durst the danger face?
King Clicquot.

Who, double-minded, double sees?
Whose conduct with his gait agrees?
Who breaks his nose 'gainst apple-trees?
King Clicquot.

Whose dirty tricks have brought about
His nation to be quite shut out
From Europe's Council? Germans, shout—
King Clicquot.

Who vacillates 'twixt knave and fool?
Who's the Czar's satrap, pander, tool?
Who is no longer fit to rule?
King Clicquot.

MARCH 21.

THIS day was by proclamation set apart as a Day of Fasting and Humiliation on account of our Crimean disasters.

(See Cartoon, "The General Fast (asleep).")

Mr. Punch, in a satirical counter-proclamation, proposed—

"That each and every member of the late Government, and all and sundry other persons concerned in the mismanagement of the War, and exhorting, persuading, or assenting to the appointment of the aforesaid Fast Day, shall, on that day, set apart and contribute, severally and respectively, one entire day's income, and as much more as in their conscience they shall deem due, in aid of the National Patriotic Fund for the relief of the Soldiers' Widows and Orphans: to the end that Fast and Humiliation on their behalf shall be a Truth and Reality, and no a Pretence, a Hypocrisy, and a Sham."

MARCH 24.

ALEXANDER II. had succeeded to the throne of Russia, a troublous heritage at the moment.

(*See Cartoon, "The Young Czar coming into his Property."*)

Curiosity was of course excited as to the new Autocrat's character. *Mr. Punch* had the following comments thereupon :—

A PORTRAIT AND A PUZZLE.

M. DE CUSTINE took the portrait of Alexander, the new Emperor of Russia, when he was twenty years old. It is now on exhibition in certain columns, for the exercise of the curious. "He looks his exact age"—says Custine—"which is twenty." A singular piece of sincerity on the part of the then Grand Duke, to look exactly what he was! "The habitual favour his face now denotes is mild and benevolent." Nevertheless, between the "smile of his eyes and the constant contraction of his mouth, there is a discrepancy that speaks very moderate frankness." We are next told that "the prince's expression is one of kindness"—with small frankness! Smiling as a peach and just as close as the stone!

"His step is light and gracefully noble—truly that of a prince. His air is modest without timidity, which is a great point for all about him, since the embarrassment of the great is really an annoyance to the rest of the world. If they fancy themselves demigods, they are incommoded by the opinion they have of themselves, and which they despair of making others partake."

How the awkward demeanour of a king should embarrass the rest of the world, we can hardly discern. There have been louts and boors even in purple, and the world has not yet gone to pieces. An "acknowledged demi-god" may be incommodious to himself: but we fear the animal is very rare, if it ever existed in Russia.

M. Custine has a second look at the present-han-new Emperor, whose phases of character would seem to change like the colours of a dying dolphin.

"The eyelid droops over the outer corner of the eye with a melancholy betraying already the cares of a more advanced age. *His pleasing* mouth is not *without sweetness*, and his Grecian profile recalls the medals of the antique or the portraits of the Empress Catherine; but *beneath that air of kindness, almost always conformed by beauty, youth, and German blood, it is impossible not to recognise a force of dissimulation that terrifies one in so young a man.* This *trait* is doubtless the *seal* of destiny, and makes me believe that the prince is fated to ascend the throne."

THE YOUNG CZAR COMING INTO HIS PROPERTY.

Destiny—especially in Russia—always decreeing that a hypocrite should sit on the throne of the Czars. Nevertheless, there is so much contradiction in M. Custine, so much of the amiable jumbled up with and contending with the despicable, that at best, Alexander the Second—if M. Custine can be trusted—is but a puzzle. His manifesto, his maiden utterance as an Emperor—is at least a good specimen of imperial adroitness. He assures his loving subjects (otherwise loving subjects might revolt, and the Kalmuc, brother Constantine, show a grim front in St. Petersburgh) that he invokes Providence to be "our guide and protector that we may maintain Russia on the highest standard of power and glory, and in our person accomplish the incessant wishes and views of Peter, of Catherine, of Alexander, and of our father." With such lights to guide him, the new Emperor's path can hardly tend in the direction of the Temple of Peace, hired by Mr. Bright and friends in Manchester; but must rather continue by the shores of Sinope, and in the war-fields of Golgotha.

However, it is for the very reason that Alexander the Second talks cannon-balls to his subjects, that he may even now be chewing the olive. He may, after all, have nothing about him of the bear, but the skin.

APRIL 14.

The Sebastopol Inquiry Committee was now sitting, and further revelations concerning the misconduct of the war increased the public indignation, already at fever heat. On the 20th February the Queen had received a company of wounded Guards at Buckingham Palace. The incident suggested to *Mr. Punch* the subject for a scathing Cartoon.

(*See Cartoon*, "*The Queen Visiting the Imbeciles of the Crimea.*")

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE CRIMEAN IMBECILES.

HER MAJESTY, accompanied by His Royal Highness Prince Albert and suite, has followed up her womanly and Queenly visits to the Crimean Invalids, by a similar mark of interest shown to a class of sufferers, if not as numerous, at least as severely afflicted. We refer to the Crimean Imbeciles. Her Majesty has only anticipated the feeling of the country in visiting these unfortunates;

THE QUEEN VISITING THE IMBECILES OF THE CRIMEA.

and we trust that the examination of the worst cases will be followed by some permanent mark of Her Majesty's sense of the claims of these unfortunate persons.

As it has been found impracticable to lodge all these imbeciles together, no public building being spacious enough to accommodate their unhappily large number, they have been distributed hitherto pretty equally among all the public offices connected in any way with the conduct of the war. Several of the worst cases have found accommodation—we trust only temporary—at the office of the Army Medical Department in St. James's Place, to which Her Majesty in her inspection proceeded first.

Among the most serious cases which here attracted the Royal attention, may be particularised that of Dr. Andrew Smith. This unfortunate gentleman labours under general paralysis of the active powers, which has been gradually growing upon him during forty years' service, but has been brought to a head by the exigences of the War. He has suffered greatly from exposure, during several days, to all the rigours of a cross-examination by Mr. Roebuck's Select Committee. This exposure coming upon an official constitution, already shattered by the heavy fire of the *Times*, has reduced the poor man to a truly pitiable state, and the Medical Board, on which he has so long sat, having at length sat upon him, has pronounced him incurable, and recommended his immediate and final retirement from the department he has so long and so successfully mismanaged. Her Majesty spoke to Dr. Smith, but his answers were incoherent. His imbecility has taken the form of a fixed idea, that the Hospitals at Scutari are all that they ought to be; and he becomes very violent when any doubt is expressed on this point. Dr. Smith's imbecility is accompanied by a total loss of the faculty of hearing reason. He still, however, writes a great deal, and is very obstinate, protesting, in a strong Scotch accent, against any attempt to administer advice or medicine, while the sight of a *Times* newspaper rouses him to frenzy.

The next case which attracted her Majesty's attention was that of Dr. Menzies, whose imbecility had manifested itself throughout the whole campaign, by the most unmistakeable symptoms, though he has been cruelly

compelled to continue at an arduous post, long after every one knew him to be utterly unfit for its duties. The poor sufferer was placed in charge of the great hospital at Scutari, though unable to leave the desk at which he was kept writing from ten to twelve hours a day, on more than one or two occasions, for inspection of the wards; and when he did visit them he was entirely incapable of exerting the senses of sight, speech, or smell. Dr. Menzies labours under a total loss of memory, and is quite incapable of comprehending his own duties, or the value of money—particularly in comparison with human life. The attempts of the poor sufferer to explain himself were painful in the extreme, and Her Majesty was evidently much grieved at finding that such severe duties had been thrown on one so obviously unfit for their discharge. She conveyed this opinion to the Prince and her suite, as well as to Lord Panmure in the most energetic manner.

Her Majesty subsequently visited the ward occupied by the Imbeciles of the Commissariat. Here a melancholy spectacle presented itself. The sufferers are almost all advanced in life, and equally feeble in mind and body; and it is obvious at a glance that to impose the task of feeding the Army on men unable to feed themselves without the aid of the Government, was a cruel mockery. Her Majesty's deepest interest, however, was reserved for the Commander-in-Chief, who has a ward to himself. That Noble Lord has long been known to be labouring under a complicated form of mental disorder, combining the worst features of fatuity and delusion. His memory for recent events has long been utterly gone, though he remembers a great deal that occurred during the Peninsular War.

The Royal Inspection of the Military Imbeciles was followed by that of the Imbeciles who have broken down in the Naval Service of the War. We regret to say that Admiral Boxer and Captain Christie, whose cases were both brought to Her Majesty's especial notice, are in the habit of using language so foul and offensive, that the Royal party was forced to beat a precipitate retreat. This, however (as was explained to Her Majesty), is a frequent accompaniment of mental imbecility, and implied no personal disrespect to the Illustrious Visitor, the same style of language being addressed by the sufferers to all who may come in their way, whether medical men, clergymen, or others. It is needless to add that the Imbeciles did not express the least satisfaction at Her Majesty's gracious examination of their several cases. But the Public is grateful to Her Majesty on their behalf, for it trusts that now that these instances have been brought under Her notice, in which the Military and Naval authorities have shown the most cruel disregard of the mental and bodily state of those employed under them, she will see that in future men like these unfortunate Imbeciles are not saddled with labours tasking to the utmost all the powers both of mind and body.

Her Majesty, before leaving, was pleased to express her entire dissatisfaction with all the arrangements in relation to the War up to the present time—a feeling in which, as usual, she is unanimously supported by her loyal subjects in general, and *Mr. Punch* in particular.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?

APRIL 16.

THE EMPEROR and Empress of the French arrived on a visit to the Queen.

(*See Cartoon, "Who would have thought it?"*)

That Louis Napoleon, the *ci-devant* exile, man-about-town and grotesque adventurer of Strasbourg and Boulogne, should visit the English Court and "ring at the visitors' bell,"

struck *Mr. Punch*, as it did many others, as a curious instance of the "whirligig of time" and its "revenges."

APRIL 17.

On this day Lord Robert Grosvenor obtained leave to introduce a Bill for the prevention of Sunday trading in the Metropolis, a measure which was destined to bring a veritable hornets' nest of stinging satire about the ears of that noble Lord, who was more distinguished for Sabbatarian zeal than for saving common sense.

APRIL 20.

The Budget was introduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir G. C. Lewis. He estimated that there would be a deficiency of £20,000,000, which he proposed to meet mainly by a new loan.

GREAT EXHIBITION OF STRENGTH.

PALMERSTON. "He will now take the sack between his teeth, and walk round the apartment, notwithstanding the great weight he has to bear already."

"Into the Commons" (said *Mr. Punch* in his "Essence of Parliament") "came the Chancellor of the Exchequer with his War Budget. These are no ordinary times, and *Mr. Punch* is unable to control his feelings sufficiently to treat Sir George prosaically. The mighty heart must have vent in immortal song, and has it as follows:—

WOULD you know the extra taxes
Lewis lays on people's backses?
'Tis a load to bend a porter—
Five round Millions—and a quarter.

Early bird—who by the neck fast
Catches Johnny at his breakfast.
On his Tea henceforth he'll find
Threepence extra—ain't it kind?
On his Coffee doth Sir G.
Levy but the "penny fee,"
On his Sugar (dear of late)
Just three bob per hundred-weight.
On the Dram that helps digestion
(Taken at his Wife's suggestion)
If it's Scotch, (the right M'Allan)
One and tenpence on the gallon;
If it's Irish (the O'Trigger),
Then two shillings is the figure.

Is that all? Oh! no such luck,
For a bolder stroke is struck;
And Sir George's proposition
Is—an Income-Tax addition—
One per cent.; which will be found
Twopence extra on your pound.
So your income now must pay
Seven per cent.;—hip, hip, hooray!
Add a charge that cannot vex—
Penny stamps on bankers' cheques,
And you know the extra taxes
Lewis lays on people's backses."

(*See Cartoon, "Great Exhibition of Strength."*)

On the 20th, the house of Rothschild consented to take up the whole of the loan of £16,000,000 proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the terms suggested by him.

APRIL 21.

MR. LAYARD, the great Nineveh explorer, who had constituted himself the caustic critic of Administrative imbecility in connection with the Crimean War, made a speech at a banquet at Liverpool, which gave rise to some acrimonious attacks upon him in the House of Commons. "The irritation" (says *Mr. Punch's* "Essence of Parliament") "which Mr. Layard causes by his unsparing exposure of our system, fully accounts for these unseemly exhibitions. *Mr. Punch* further indicated his opinion on the matter by a Cartoon entitled

"BAITING THE NINEVEH BULL."

ENDED the match was, though never a scratch was
To see on the bull at the close of the fray:
Cads with hooraing spent, curs hoarse with baying, went
Clubwards, and kennelwards, glorious away.
But though their pack, Sir, the Commons may back, Sir,
Though of his clap-traps and jokes Pam be full,
Public opinion asserts its dominion,
Giving its voice for the Nineveh Bull.

APRIL 23.

"IN the Commons" (says *Mr. Punch's* "Essence of Parliament") "Lord Palmerston explained that the Viennese humbug was over, and that Lord John Russell was on his way home. It occurs to *Mr. Punch* that, bad as is the taste of playing out a farce at such a time as this, matters would have been far more serious had the 'proposals' which Lord John Russell was instructed to put forward, been accepted by Russia. Our army has been nearly destroyed before Sebastopol, but nobody need suppose that this is the least proof that our Government was in earnest about disabling Russia, for our representative was directed to be satisfied if Russia would only promise not to keep for the future more than a certain number of ships on the Black Sea. Luckily for the jaunty War Minister and his Cabinet of Lords, Russia was too proud, in the consciousness of her strength and success, to listen even to so mild a proposition, and war goes on."

THE RETURN FROM VIENNA.

HER MAJESTY. "Now, Sir, what a time you have been! What's the answer?"
LORD JOHN. "Please'M, there is—is—is—isn't any answer."

On the 30th April Lord John made his reappearance in the House of Commons, and explained the course of the negotiations and their final failure. The Russians "totally rejected" the propositions of the representatives of the Allies, objecting wholly to any limitation of their preponderance in the Black Sea.

(*See Cartoon, "The Return from Vienna."*)

MAY 3.

LORD R. GROSVENOR'S Sunday Trading Bill was on this day read a second time in the House of Commons without a division. *Mr. Punch* did not love it or its noble sponsor. "*Mr. Punch*," he said, "has not much patience with men who can bring forward such a measure, without dealing with the system that renders Sunday trading necessary. The workman is paid his wage on Saturday night, and if his wife is to provide his Sunday's dinner that night, she must do it by gas-light, and in a crowd, and under every disadvantage."

(*See Cartoon, "Sauce for the Goose is Sauce for the Gander."*)

GROSVENOR FOR EVER!

Song by an Elector of Middlesex.

I'm a Middlesex Elector; equal rights, I say, for all:
Sauce for goose is sauce for gander; make one law for great and small:
That, I fancy's what Lord Robert Grosvenor calls his Sunday Bill;
At the next Election won't I vote for him?—of course I will!

Trade to check upon a Sunday, to secure a day of rest
For the servants of the trader, is his Bill's intent professed,
Milk and mackerel crying after nine on Sunday morn 'twill stop;
And against the hungry close the butcher's and the baker's shop.

* * * *

He, whose Act betimes to breakfast will compel all common men,
Will he take none on a Sunday, should he lie abed till ten?
Will he, self-denying, practise the religion of the Teh?
Poor folks of refreshment barring, will this man frequent his Club?

* * * *

Brother Middlesex Electors, independent, though not free,
That's your Liberal Member! shall he ever more your Member be?
Oh by all means let us choose him us to represent again!
And he'll soon stop every Sunday steamboat, omnibus, and train.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

POLICEMAN. "*I say, this won't do. You mustn't follow your occupation on Sunday.*"

MAY 16.

GENERAL CANROBERT resigned the command of the French Army in the Crimea. General Pélissier was appointed his successor.

MAY 18.

HER MAJESTY received, upon a dais erected in the centre of the Horse Guards' parade, a number of Crimean heroes, and distributed war medals among them. It was a touching ceremony, some of the invalided heroes having to be wheeled before the Queen in Bath chairs; and others bearing in their limping gait and their pallid faces memories of the miseries they had endured, and of the severity of their wounds.

MAY 27.

CAPTURE of Kertch by the allied troops, rendering them masters of the Sea of Azoff.

JUNE 3.

THE town of Taganrog was this day bombarded by an Anglo-French Squadron.

JUNE 5.

ON this day occurred what was known as "the Massacre of Hango," an event which brought deep discredit on the Russian name, and excited intense indignation in this country. Lieutenant Geneste of H.M.S. Cossack landing at Hango, under a flag of truce, to restore to liberty some Russian prisoners, was fired upon by a body of Russian soldiers, 300 or 400 strong; the majority of his boat's crew were butchered, only one or two escaping, whilst Lieutenant Geneste and Dr. Easton were captured. The Russians refused to give up their prisoners, and justified their brutal act on the pretext that the British were taking soundings, and that the white flag was not visible, both excuses being palpable subterfuges.

(See Cartoon, "Russian Savages preparing to receive a Flag of Truce.")

RUSSIAN SAVAGES PREPARING TO RECEIVE A FLAG OF TRUCE.

JUNE 18.

THE Report of the Sebastopol Inquiry Committee was presented to the House. It came to the somewhat lame conclusion "that the suffering of the Army resulted mainly from the circumstances under which the expedition to the Crimea was undertaken and executed. The Administration which ordered that expedition had no adequate information as to the amount of the forces in the Crimea. They were not acquainted with the strength of the fortresses to be attacked, or with the resources of the country to be invaded. They hoped and expected the expedition to be immediately successful; and as they did not foresee the probability of a protracted struggle, *they made no provision for a winter campaign.*" The passage in italics is suggestive if not satisfactory.

Mr. Punch, in his "Essence of Parliament," had the following comment on these proceedings:—

"The Report of the Sebastopol Committee has been presented this week. What *Mr. Punch* thinks of it, he may say elsewhere. What Mr. Roebuck thinks of it may be gathered from the following resolution, which he launched, like a thunderbolt, at Lord Palmerston's head. On the third of July Mr. Roebuck will move

"'That this House, deeply lamenting the sufferings of our army in the Crimea during the winter campaign last year, and considering, in accordance with the Committee, that the conduct of every member of the Government engaged in the management of the war was the first and chief cause of those sufferings, does hereby censure the conduct of every member of the Cabinet.'

(This was the effect though not the exact wording of Mr. Roebuck's motion.)

"*Mr. Punch* need not remind his friends that, except the Peelites, almost everybody whose 'conduct' is thus to

is,' censured' is a member of the present Administration. On the whole, therefore,—and considering that Mr. Roebuck habitually fulfils all his menaces—*Mr. Punch* may congratulate his friends aforesaid (he alludes to the civilised world) upon the prospect of an unmistakeable Shindy."

JUNE 24.

A RIOT took place in Hyde Park. Lord Robert Grosvenor's Bill to prevent Sunday trading had given great offence to the populace, and on this and following Sundays tumultuous crowds assembled in Hyde Park to protest against this interference with their liberties. *Mr. Punch* espoused the popular view of this question, and laid the lash with much severity on Lord Robert and his Sabbatarian backers. The Bill had to be withdrawn. In the words of *Punch's* "Essence of Parliament," "the Sabbatical homœopathist, Lord Robert Grosvenor, manifested an infinitesimal quantity of sense by withdrawing the Sunday Trading Bill, as reluctantly, however, as if he were a martyr making a sacrifice, instead of a muff retracting a blunder."

(*See Cartoon, "The Excursionist as Mr. Hall would have him."*)

ECLOGUE (SOME WAY) AFTER VIRGIL.

SUNDAY.

LORD PUBLICO . . *British Nobleman.*
MR. JONES . . . *British Tailor.*

Mr. J. MY lord, on Sunday, at your Club reclined,
You chat and sip your claret, having dined.
We snobs can get no beer; you swells, at ease,
May drink as many ladies as you please.

Lord P. Ha, Jones! a Saint—a jolly Saint to me—
This licence granted Aristocracy;
By Jove! I'll burn wax candles at his shrine.
Thank him! our Clubs keep open, and our wine
A waiter, all day long, at call supplies.

Mr. J. I hear that with less envy than surprise,
The country starves on Sunday all around.
I, with my kids, on an excursion bound,
Could no refreshment anyhow obtain:
No, deuce a bit, your lordship; not a drain;
The youngest nearly fainted by the way!
Foreboding often this unhappy day,
To my deaf ear, as from the British oak,
Did Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris croak.
But that same Saint, my lord, whom do you call?

Lord P. The City, you suppose, you people small,
Is like our place, where surpliced shepherds keep
In Pusey's fold a flock of noble sheep:
So geese with goslings; great and little pig:
You tailors so compare small fleas to big—
But know Belgravia's district caps Bow Bells',
High as St. Paul's each neighb'ring church excels.

Mr. J. What in Belgravia does your lordship see?

Lord P. The land of Liberty—to such as me,—
There did that holy man of whom I spoke,
Whose image I'll illuminate and smoke,
Say, whilst his Beer Bill closed the Tavern door,
"Enjoy yourselves, lords; revel as before."

Mr. J. Fortunate Nob! with Sunday Clubroom free,
And wine in plenty—though no beer to me
The bar affords, my burning thirst to quench—
You'll ne'er be driven to quaff the mud-side drench,

THE EXCURSIONIST AS MR. HALL WOULD HAVE HIM—THANK YOU, MR. HALL!

"Mr. Hall, Chief Magistrate at Bow Street, cannot discover any 'Inconvenience' in the present working of the Act, but recommends that the poor Sunday Excursionist should 'Strap a Knapsack on his Back, with Two or Three Bottles of Beer, and the Child to Boot, sooner than the Sunday should be Desecrated by Opening the Public-Houses.'"

Pollated by a close adjoining pool.
Fortunate Nob! there you'll enjoy the cool,
At well-known windows, and the sparkling flow
Of soda-water; or to sleep will go,
Over some paper in a grave review;
Or lounge and watch the mob, and vulgar crew:
Nor will the cabmen cease below to growl,
Nor droughty artisans to groan and howl.
But hence we others to the thirsty sands,
Of Hampstead shall resort with vain demands;
Norwood, or Stratford by the Lea shall try,
Or that quite insulated Isle, Eelpie.
Ah! shall I ever on a Sunday more
The foaming porter from the tankard pour?
Some long time hence enjoy my go of gin,
Out in a quiet arboor of mine Inn?
Admire the bowling-green and gardens trim,
Whence we're excluded by the Mawworms grim,
Must we be govern'd by that canting crew?
See what fanaticism has brought us to!
There's not a drop of beer to cool our throats,
And these are they for whom we gave our votes!
Fill high, my lord, your goblet of champagne,
Go, my once happy kids, athirst remain.
No more I, seated in my cosy box,
Shall see you play 'mid artificial rocks:
No pipe to smoke; no glass of grog for me;
In the meanwhile for you no shrimps and tea!

FARADAY GIVING HIS CARD TO FATHER THAMES;

AND WE HOPE THE DIRTY FELLOW WILL CONSULT THE LEARNED PROFESSOR.

JUNE 28.

DEATH of Lord Raglan, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in the Crimea. He was succeeded in the command by General Simpson.

JULY 9.

THE filthy state of the Thames still excited the indignation of sanitary reformers. Sir Benjamin Hall had abandoned his Public Health Bill, despairing of getting it passed so late in the Session. Mr. Walter, referring to a report which Professor Faraday had lately made upon the state of the Thames (of which the Professor "gave a hideous account"), asked whether any plan had been decided on by Government for diverting the sewage of the Metropolis away from the river which it now poisoned. Of course no satisfactory reply was forthcoming, and filthy Old Father Thames, despite Faraday's Report, was left to be filthy still.

(*See Cartoon, "Faraday giving his Card to Father Thames."*)

JULY 16.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, whose action at the Vienna Conference had been the subject of much attack, and was threatened with formal Parliamentary censure, resigned his office as Colonial Secretary, being succeeded by Sir William Molesworth.

JULY 17.

MR. ROEBUCK brought on his long-threatened motion of censure upon the Administration under whose government the Crimean disasters had occurred. General Peel moved "the previous question." After a hot debate of two nights "the previous question" was carried by 289 to 182.

JULY 30.

THE subject of Food Adulteration was at this time much canvassed.

(See Cartoon, "The Use of Adulteration.")

Mr. Punch, through the mouth of "Mrs. Grundy," expressed his views on this "burning question."

MRS. GRUNDY ON THE ADULTERATION OF FOOD.

THE rogery that's in this world, the frauds in every trade and business!
I do declare my head seems twirl'd, teetotum-like with utter and dizziness,
Their impositions and their cheats as often as I gets a-thinking of,
Especially the stuff we eats, and tastymeses we're a-drinkin' of.
Oh! I've no patience with such ways, such artful, mean and shameful trickery;
And now so high a price we pays to mix the coffee up with chicory!
This good-for-nothing stuff itself the wretches even mess and muddle up
With things still worse, for love of pelf—mingles it with black Jack and ruddle up.
I can't enjoy my cup of tea, for there's "lie tea" instead of true in it,
They also puts sloe-leaves, I see, French chalk, black lead, and Prussian blue in it.
Don't talk to me of Best Souchong!—such rogues ought all to be a gaol in,
Fine Pekoe! Nonsense, go along! 'Tishalf on't indigoand knolin.
Your arrowroot's potato meal, and so's your cocoa and your chocolate,
And that with common chalk, and bran, and candle-tallow you inoculate.
Your mustard—pugh!—there's no such thing: of mustard there is not a taste in it:
'Tis flour and turmeric—'twon't sting—there's no dependence to be placed in it.

Your pickles and preserves you stains bright green for to draw people's eyes on 'em, [they pisen 'em.
Whereby they verdigris contains, and them as eats on 'em

Your sugar-plums you colours too—at least confectioners in gineral— [deadly mineral.
With copper, lead, that Prussian blue, arsenic, and every

Your Cayenne pepper is ground rice, sawdust, and mustard husk and salt in it,
Mix'd with vermilion to look nice; or with red lead you hide the fault in it.
Though I might find Cayenne in gin, suppose I happen'd to desire it,

Which spirit landlords puts it in, when they have lower'd it, to higher it.

They water porter just the same, and then to cause it to taste ekal to [treacle too,
Entire, put salt, oh, what a shame! and sugar into it, and
Their ale the brewer's strength below with grains of Paradise they flavours,
They'll never go where them grains grow, unless they quits such bad behaviours.

THE USE OF ADULTERATION.

LITTLE GIRL. "If you please, Sir, Mother says, will you let her have a Quarter of a Pound of your best Tea to kill the Rats with, and a Ounce of Chocolate as would get rid of the Black Beadles?"

Anchovy, shrimp, and lobster sauce, is doctor'd up, and so's tomato,
With bole Armenian, drugs and dross, which colours 'em but didn't ought to,
And winegar, from what I hear, henceforward I shall be afraid of it,
With vitriol, 'cause that ain't so dear, they makes the most of what there's made of it.

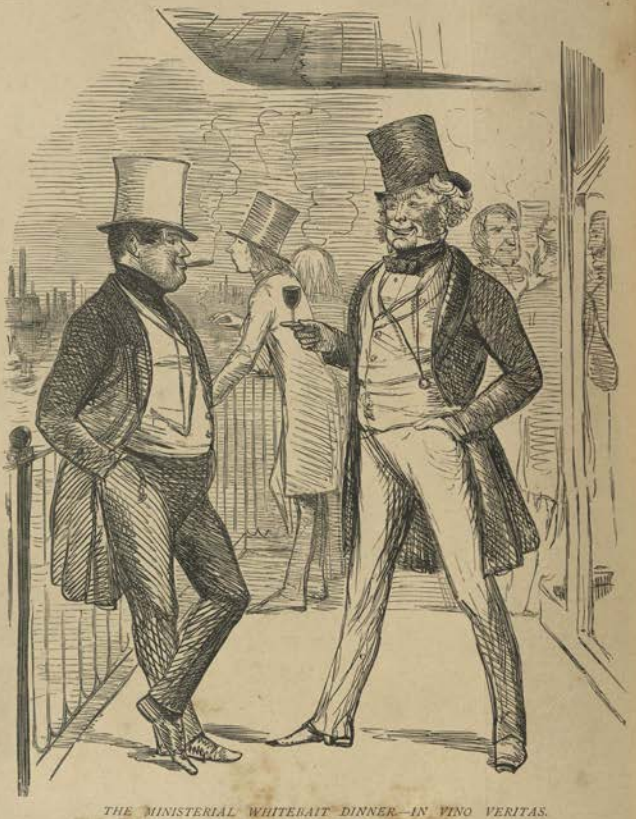
No comfort from a pinch of snuff can any longer be expected,
With lead, that nasty filthy stuff, both Scotch and Brown Rappee's infected,
Both moist and dry, alike it seems, that lead is always used in makin' 'em,
And people of their precious limbs have often lost the use by takin' 'em.

The very water that we drinks the crawleyboba and creepers swarm in it,
Bred in the sewers and the sinks —I looks with terror and alarm in it.
No longleges could make me jump like them queer creatures in a drop on it,
My house, thank Evins, has a Pump, or otherways I'd never stop in it.

And if sich things should make you ill, your physic aint to be relied upon,
In vain you takes your draught or pill, so many tricks the drugs is tried upon;
What shop to trust I'm quite in doubt, their goods is such a vild miscillany,
Drat them that makes the laws! Get out, Ugh! I've no patience with sitch villany.

AUG. 9.

BOMBARDMENT of Sweaborg by the allied fleets in the Baltic. Above 1,000 tons of shot and shell were thrown into the forts by the English fleet alone, prodigious explosions took place, and great damage was done. The bombardment ceased on the morning of the 11th.



THE MINISTERIAL WHITEBAIT DINNER—IN VINO VERITAS.

PEEL TO LORD PALMERSTON. "I cheer, ole Fellah?—What a jolly lot of Humbugs we are!"

AUG. 14.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued by Commission. "The *coup de grâce*" (says "Essence of Parliament") "was given to about as useless a session as the annals of our legislature record. The war paragraph (in the Queen's Speech) is, however, worthy of being lifted out of the limbo of oblivion in which most speeches, royal and popular, are deservedly interred.

"'No other course is left to her Majesty, but to prosecute the War with all possible vigour. And her Majesty, relying on the support of her Parliament; the manly spirit and patriotism of her People; upon the never failing courage of her Army and Navy, whose patience under suffering and powers of endurance her Majesty has seen with admiration; the steadfast fidelity of her Allies; and above all, upon the justice of the cause—humbly puts her trust in the Almighty Disposer of events for such an issue to this great contest as will secure to Europe the blessings of a firm and lasting peace.'"

(*See Cartoon, "The Ministerial Whitebait Dinner—In Vino Veritas."*)

AUG. 16.

BATTLE of the Tchernaya. The Russians under General Liprandi made a vigorous attempt to raise the siege, but were repulsed by the French, aided by the Sardinian contingent. The Russians left on the field 2,500 killed, and 1620 wounded. The Allies had 180 killed, and 810 wounded.

AUG. 18.

THE QUEEN, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal went to Paris on a visit to the Emperor and Empress of the French.

They were splendidly received, a magnificent entertainment being given in their honour by the Municipality of Paris at the Hôtel-de-Ville, a ball at Versailles (given by the Emperor) which (says "Annals of Our Times") "in magnificence eclipsed everything since the days of Louis XIV.," and military displays on the Champ de Mars and at Boulogne. Lord Clarendon writing to Sir George Grey said, "The Queen is profoundly sensible of the kindness with which she has been received by the Emperor and Empress, and of those manifestations of respect and cordiality on the part of the French nation by which she has been greeted. On personal and political grounds the visit to Paris has afforded the highest gratification to her Majesty."

(*See Cartoon, "La Belle Alliance, 1855.*")

LA BELLE ALLIANCE, 1855.

TWO KINGS AND TWO COUNTRIES.

Foes in arms, when swords were swaying in the push of battle:
Foes in arts, when pens were weighing claims with critic prattle;
Foes in trade, at every haven, Jack 'gainst Tricolor;
Foes in habits, in the heaven of their lives, all o'er:
France and England, foes no longer, hand in hand are clasping:
For their ancient feud the stronger be that tardy grasping!

Thick within my brain are clustering dim historic fancies
Of our Henry, bluff and blustering, kissing lipoorish Francis;
While the Cardinal, prime mover of those puppets royal,
By Anne Boleyn's broad-back'd lover rears his brow disloyal.

* * * * * *

Times are changed. Nor mask nor tourney gilds our sober days;
Kings, like common folks, must journey by the iron ways.

For our Queen, of outward honour make we small ado;
Yet a splendour waits upon her bluff Hal never knew.
With no shows nor pageants pressing round her though she move,
She has gems—a people's blessing; she has guards—their love.
In their Sovereigns' courteous meeting France and England share,
And the nations are repeating vows the monarchs swear.

SEPT. 8.

HALL of Sebastopol. The bombardment by the Allies began on the morning of the 5th, and the "*feu d'enfer*," as Prince Gortschakoff called it, from our batteries went on without intermission day and night. The 8th September was fixed for storming the enemy's works. The French were to attack the Malakhoff, the English the Redan. In a quarter of an hour the French flag flew from the former fort. The English assault on the more dangerous and difficult Redan was at first repulsed. After an hour's tremendous fighting, it was resolved to renew the attack next day. But in the night the Russians withdrew; at daybreak they were in full retreat from the south side of the town, and Sebastopol was in flames "from the sea to the Dockyard Creek"

THE HARVEST OF THE WAR.

(*Times*), fired by the Russians themselves and riven into ruins by the prodigious explosions of mines and magazines. When the Allies could enter the town a terrible spectacle presented itself to their eyes. "It cannot," said the eloquent *Times* correspondent, "be described, and the imagination of a Fuseli could not conceive anything at all like unto it." The siege of Sebastopol had lasted 349 days. The news of its fall was received in England with proud joy and with patriotic rejoicings. The Queen was at Balmoral, and by her orders an immense bonfire soon flamed on the summit of Craigcowan in honour of the welcome news.

(*See Cartoon, "The Harvest of the War,"*)

THE HARVEST OF THE WAR.

THE heart of Britain heaveth with an universal gladness,
From the Land's End to the Orkneys, from the Wash to Arran-more:
The voice of Britain cleaveth the air in jubilant madness,
And the clashing of her steeples,
And the shouting of her peoples,
Bear a burden to the cannon as they roar!

'Twill be time for tears to-morrow, o'er their names that [stricken down
conquering perish'd;
But now let those who mourn for their loved ones
Like Spartans hide their sorrow, in the thought that
those they cherish'd
Fell, with the foe before them,
Their country's banner o'er them,
And hands clench'd in death upon the crown.

We knew they would not fail us—that flower of four brave nations—
Though the struggle might be stubborn and the conquest dearly bought: [patience.
Coward doubtings might assail us, and petulant impatience
But we knew that no contriving

When Wrong and Right
were striving,
Could bring God's rule of
justice into nought.

All through the winter dreary,
when the clouds were at
their blackest,
We felt the sun behind them
—soon its radiance to
appear;
When inaction seem'd most
weary, and progress at
its slackest, [lasted,
With heart and hope un-
The tidings we awaited,
That at length burst on Eu-
rope's listening ear.

Sebastopol is taken! spread the
news till it engender
A fear in all enslavers, a hope
in all enslaved:
Till the Czar's proud heart be
shaken, in his terror-
haunted splendour,
And he own the wrath of
Heaven,
Embodied in the levin,
That scathes where his flag
so lately waved.

Sebastopol is taken! as the
scorpion girt by embers
Deals death upon itself with
suicidal sting,
So Moscow's blazing beacon the
Muscovite remembers,
And in ruin lays the city,
While his wounded
screen for pity,
As the fire round them
draws its hungry ring.

Sebastopol is taken! its stored
accumulations
For long-plann'd schemes of
conquest in the air are
idly hurl'd,
Or blaze, or stand forsaken for
the victorious nations,
To break them or to burn
them,
Or to noble uses turn them,
For the freeing, not the fet-
tering, of the world.

Sebastopol is taken! Those walls
whose teeth of iron,
Guarded arsenal and harbour
and war-ships, frown
no more;
Red tongues of fire unslaken the
bastions environ,
Whose glare lights victors
gazing] [ing,
On Russian hulls a-blaz-
And her army to the north-
ward pouring o'er.

Sebastopol is taken! But the
work is not completed,
While a foot of the Crimea
the Czar dares call his own; [seated;
While a race with heart to waken under Russian rule is
While Georgia Russian wrong holds,
And the Baltic has its strongholds,
Where the double-headed vulture sits in stone.

Sebastopol is taken! Peace is the cry already
From those who cried that cry, ere War's flag was
well unfurl'd; [yet welters, ready
"No Peace"—say we. The Kraken, though stunn'd,

A DAY'S FISHING AT SEBASTOPOL.

Jack. "*Hi! Tom, bring the Landing Net—blow'd if I hain't hooked another Seventy-four.*"

With force or subtle suction,
To fold to their destruction
The onward-moving nations of the world.

SEPT. 11.

It was announced in the morning papers that Sebastopol was in the possession of the Allies. Lord Lyons, telegraphing to Sir Charles Wood, said:—"During the night the Russians have sunk all the remainder of the line-of-battle ships in Sebastopol Harbour."

(*See Cartoon, "A Day's Fishing at Sebastopol."*)

"The capture of the south side of Sebastopol" (says Molesworth's History, vol. iii. p. 64,) "practically terminated the war. It had gained for the Allies their great object—the safety of the Turkish Empire, which was no longer men-

aced, now that the Black Sea fleet and the fortress from which it issued had ceased to exist."

Despite the fall of Sebastopol, however, the conduct of the campaign in the Crimea, especially on the part of the Generals, was far from giving satisfaction to the public. *Mr. Punch* in his Cartoon of "The Split Crow in the Crimea," published immediately after the evacuation of Sebastopol, had represented the Imperial Double-headed Eagle winged, and followed by two soldiers, one English, the other French. "He's hard hit! Follow him up!" was *Mr. Punch's* advice. It had not been followed. Indecision and delay marked the action of those who were responsible for the conduct of that brave but badly-handled army, which had been appropriately called "An army of lions led by donkeys."

Oct. 27.

At this time, when the popular mind exulted in the success of the Allied forces, and was eager for pushing on operations until Russia was disabled from further mischief, three English politicians, John Bright, Benjamin Disraeli, and William Ewart Gladstone incurred much odium by their public utterances in deprecation of such a course, which utterances in fact led to their being charged with pro-Russian proclivities.

(*See Cartoon*, "*The New Coalition.*")

DIZZY BREWED A KIND OF PLOT.

Dizzy brew'd a kind of plot,
And Bright and Gladstone came to see:
Three downy birds; a Quaker ane,
And twa ex-heads o' Chancerie.
We are nae friends, we are nae friends,
But when we catch the Speaker's e'e,
What ane may say the twa may say,
And over goes the Ministree.

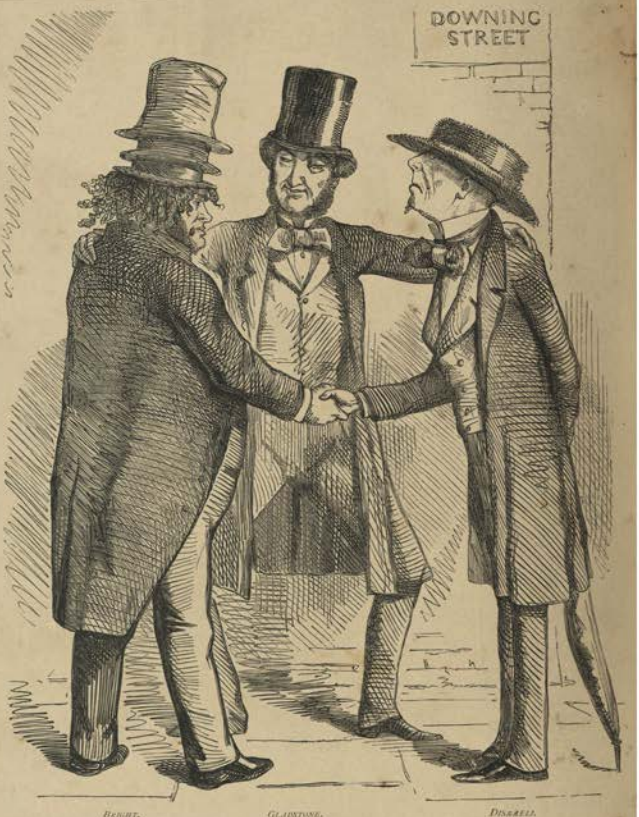
Here we are met, three fluent boys,
Three fluent boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've kept the floor,
And wearied out stenographee.

We are nae friends, we're nae that friends,
But when we catch the Speaker's e'e,
We'll cry for peace at any price,
And over goes the Ministree.

It will nae do to blaw our horn,
Proclaiming unanimitee;
The nation might nae like the game;
So, by my troth, we'll wait a wee.
We are nae friends, we are nae friends,
But when we catch the Speaker's e'e,

We'll all gae in for making peace,
And praise the Russian's honesty.

Wha first shall rise must say the War
Is urged with sad ferocity;
The next on Taxes foul shall fa';
The third shall preach o' Policy.
We are nae friends, we're nae that friends,
But when we catch the Speaker's e'e,
The House shall find a union form'd
To overset the Ministree.



THE NEW COALITION.

Nov. 8.

On this date the Czar visited his army in the Crimea. He inspected the troops, and doubtless endeavoured to inspire them with hope. Things however still went against the Russian arms. On the 6th Omar Pasha, who was marching to the relief of Kars, had defeated an army of 16,000 Russians and forced the passage of the Ingour. In no direction did the outlook look favourable to the Muscovite cause.

(See Cartoon, "All but Trapped.")

Nov. 10.

General Simpson resigned the command of the British Army in the Crimea. He was succeeded by General Codrington.

ALL BUT TRAPPED.

Nov. 21.

On this date a Treaty was concluded between England, France and Sweden, for the avoidance (says "Annals of Our Times") of any complications which might arise from the interference of Russia in the affairs of Northern Europe.

Nov. 28.

To-day the garrison of Kars surrendered to the Russians. The long and gallant defence of that citadel by the Sultan's troops, directed by General Williams, is one of the most stirring incidents in the story of the Russian war. The Russians had invaded Asiatic Turkey in 1854, and had gained some advantages over the brave but ill-led Turkish army. General Williams had been sent out from this country to re-organise that army, and enable it to hold the Russian invader at bay. He had reached Kars, after much official delay, on the 24th September, 1854, accompanied by Dr. Sandwith, a medical man, and by several young English officers.

Since then, in unfavourable circumstances and ill supported from home, he had done wonders in the way of reform and re-organisation. Kars and Erzeroum had been prepared for attack. When General Mouravieff with his 50,000 Russians advanced, General Williams threw himself into Kars and prepared to defend it. Again and again the Russians were repulsed with great slaughter, nor was it until the heroic defenders had suffered the extremest horrors of prolonged siege that they surrendered "with all the honours of war." General Williams and other English officers were taken to St. Petersburg as prisoners of war, but were treated with every consideration.

Mr. Punch, in a suggestive Cartoon, called attention to the mischief of the Billeting system as then existing. The picture very clearly and forcibly illustrates the evils incidental to a system which, as *Mr. Punch* said, was "unjust to the Publican, and corrupting to the Soldier."

(*See Cartoon, "The Billeting System."*)

Nov. 29.

On this day a meeting was held in Willis's Rooms to arrange for presenting a testimonial to Miss Florence Nightingale for her invaluable services in the hospitals of the Crimea. *Mr. Punch* marked the occasion in some earnestly eulogistic lines, from which the following are extracts:—

"When England, mad with piteous wrath, but not less impotent to save,
Saw her great army take its path, slowly, to an inglorious grave—
Stept calm and humble to the front, a young and saintly volunteer,
And—as those maiden martyrs wont, whose name the Church doth still revere,
Who in the arena for their faith did rage of ravening beast confront—
She, face to face with pain and death, bore bravely a worse battle's brunt:
Than any soldier of all there who on their bloody pallets cast,
Too thick for speech, but not for care, could kiss her shadow as she past.
Upon the darkness of the night how often, gliding late and lone,
Her little lamp, hope's beacon-light, to eyes with no hope else has shone!
Not stood she single—that true heart attracted kindred hearts, a band
That with her chose the better part — young — gentle — ladies of the land:
Who through those miles of wretchedness wrought with her both by night and day;
And blessing, bred of gentleness, went with them ever on their way,
Falling like balm on passion wrung from festering wounds or fever-pain,
Checking the foul word on the tongue, calming the fierce thought in the brain;
Till all about those crowded wards a gradual gracious change befell,
Some holy influence bringing guards of Heaven, where, till they came, was Hell.
And with that gentleness such strength, wisdom, and force of will were blent,
That chafed authority at length, obey'd her rule and was content.
So she and they, her sisters true, blessing and blest, gave loving care,
Till Order out of Chaos grew, and Hope was kindled from Despair.
For service such as this, what meed? What trophy can the people raise
That shall not fall below the need? What tongue or pen [shall reach her praise!

The Marquis of Lansdowne said Miss Nightingale had declared that while the war lasted and the necessity for her services continued, and as long as her own health remained unimpaired, her "private affairs" should not

THE BILLETING SYSTEM.

UNJUST TO THE PUBLICAN AND CORRUPTING TO THE SOLDIER.

become "urgent," and she would not abandon her self-imposed duty.

The allusion here was to the too common plea of "urgent private affairs," advanced by those who sought leave of absence from their duties in the Crimea. The phrase indeed had become a by-word of ironical reproach.

(See Cartoon, "The New Game of Follow my Leader.")

"URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS."

BROWN, Jones, and Robinson, three gallant fellows
As ever held Her Majesty's commission,
Through perils vast and various as *Othello's*,
Served the campaign out, each with his division;
Contentedly eat ration beefs and muttons,
Contentedly drank ration rums-and-waters,
Darn'd their own socks, and sew'd on their own buttons,
And fried in summer, froze in winter quarters.

Each at home might be something of a dandy,
Swell at "the Rag," or Ladies'-man in garrison;
But, by Crimean needs and knocks made handy,
Each had outgrown his old self past comparison,
Besmirched with summer's suns and winter's drenches,
Their smooth and shaven cheeks now bronzed and bushy 'uns,
At Alma, Inkermann, and in the trenches,
Bearded themselves, they bearded the Russians.

THE NEW GAME OF FOLLOW MY LEADER.

"Please, General, may me and the other chaps have leave to go home on urgent PRIVATE *affairs?"*

Each of the three had fairly earn'd his winter rest,
(Provided Duty was not too emergent,)
But only Robinson, at home, had interest,
So *his* "private affairs" alone were "urgent."
The friends of Brown and Jones made vain objections,
They had affairs as urgent quite as Robinson's;
But urgency with youths of good connections,
Is none with your mere cotton-twist-and-bobbin's sons.

Brown and Jones stay'd; while Robinson more lucky,
For Malta by the earliest steamer started,
To grudge their friend's luck, Brown and Jones too plucky,
Wish'd him "no end of luck" as he departed.
To home and Christmas fare, and fostering beauty
He went, while Brown and Jones screw'd up their patience
To bare hut-life, and dreary routine-duty,
Dog-hunts, vingt-un, short pipes, rum-punch and rations.

Last night on Captain Robinson I stumbled,
In clover, after a Belgravian dinner, ["grumbled"—
How Brown and Jones had sigh'd—I don't say
To see their comrade, then,—the happy sinner!
There the young hero sat, amidst a bevy
Of fair Belgravians, cluster'd three deep round him:
While his war-medall'd highness held his *levee*,
There was no chance for us black coats, confound him!

Not the least chance for us, smooth, smug civilians,
Against his sun-brown'd cheek, and beard so martial;
Swells, poets, acred men, and men of millions,
Had such been there, had met with snub impartial
Those girls had ears and eyes but for the Captain,
For him the rogues put on their daintiest graces;
His tales of breach and field their hearts were rapt in,
As round him paled and flush'd their pretty faces.

And once I thought to go up straight, and shame him,
Comrades and camp and hardship for forsaking
But then I felt I couldn't fairly blame him
For the immense sensation he was making.
Under Crimean huts, snow, sludge and dirt in,
Brown and Jones grudged not Robinson's enjoyment,
And Robinson wish'd Brown and Jones, I'm certain,
Could be employ'd in just his own employment.

Tis easy for us, in our fireside leisures
Of our young soldiers to be harshest judges,
Angry, if, fighting o'er, they seek home-pleasures.—
Pleasures which no less lucky comrade grudges.
To happy Robinson let us be lenient,
Nor sneer his Christmas mirth to melancholy;
But rather let us wish it were convenient
That every Brown and Jones could be as jolly.

The advantages which officers "of birth" possessed over "Brown, Jones, and Robinson" were subject of much caustic comment at the time. Even His Royal Highness Field Marshal Prince Albert did not altogether escape the suggestive pen and pencil of the patriotic satirist.

(See Cartoon, "More Noble Conduct of H.R.H. F.M. P.A.")

THE TOY OF THE FIELD-MARSHAL'S CHILD.

Translated from the original German of an Illustrious Personage, by Professor Punch, of Fleet Street.

It is the Royal Castle—a castle high and strong,
The Walk by which you may approach is more than three miles long; [Datchet one,
The Railroad's much your better way, the Staines and
For then you 'reat the Castle gate before your day's half gone.

'Tis the Field-Marshal's daughter—of daughters he hath four—
In childish mirth she wanders near her father's armory door,
And peeping in, her sweet blue eyes are lighted with a glow
To see his implements of war that make so fair a show.

In a more splendid Uniform no soldier e'er hath sat,
More curious forms were ne'er combined than make that wondrous Hat,

MORE NOBLE CONDUCT OF H.R.H. F.M. P.A.

HE WISHES TO BE PLACED ON THE SAME FOOTING AS HIS MORE FORTUNATE BRETHREN IN THE LINE!

And there is that he never yet has fail'd to draw, at
sight— [a Cheque.
A sword? There *is* a sword, no doubt, but she beholds
And on a crimson cushion lies a polish'd ivory stick,
Some two feet long, in velvet clad, with rich embroidery
thick: [done,
A Baton, such as Kings bestow when the red fight is
And he does take the guerdon for a kingdom saved or won.

"Oh, pretty plaything," cries the child, "I'll walk thee
off with me,
My Dolly will be very glad the lovely thing to see."
So in her dainty pinafore she gently wrapp'd the prize.
And to the nursery trip'd away with gladness in her
eyes.

She hastes with joyous steps and swift (we know what
children are),
And pass'd her father's study, and the door it was ajar,
There sat the bold Field-Marshal, at a costly Broadwood's
Grand,
And with a skilful touch he play'd "The German's
Vaterland."

She caught his eye, and caught his smile—he cried,
"Come hither, Miss;
Passing papa's own door, and never stopping for a kiss?"
"O father, dearest father, what a plaything I have
found!
Our Christmas tree won't hold one half so lovely, I'll be
bound."

The Marshal laugh'd, and touch'd the keys, and played a
minor mild,
Then, turning to the little one, he ask'd the happy child,
"What hast thou found that mak'st thy heart so overflow
with glee,
Thou really look'st as pleased as *Punch*; come, open, let
us see."

She oped her pinafore, and look'd quite silly, you may
deem,
And started from his outstretch'd hand, with a merry
little scream;
But when she placed before his sight the new-found pretty
toy, very joy.
She clasp'd her hands, and cried aloud, and danced for

fist the Marshal look'd quite seriously, and shaking slow his head,
"What hast thou brought me here, my girl? This is no toy," he said;
"Go, take it to my room again, and put it down below,
The Bâton is no plaything, child—how could you think it so?

"It forms no mean addition to one's prizes, little fay,
To the Consort's rank, and Colonel's, and their very splendid pay;
It sets one's name where Wellington's, and Ney's, and Blucher's are,
The Bâton is no plaything, child; no, Mars forfend it were!"

DEC. 22.

THE Austrian Cabinet had submitted a new plan of negotiation to the Russian Government, and the latter expressed their willingness to treat, on certain bases however, particularly

WHAT IS THE PRICE OF PEACE?

AUSTRIA. "*Please to tell me the price of a Peace?*"

PAM. "*We haven't the article on hand* AT PRESENT."

with respect to the maintenance of Russian power in the Black Sea, which public opinion in this country seemed little to favour.

(*See Cartoon*, "*What is the price of Peace?*")

Russia suggested the following terms for an arrangement of the Black Sea question:—

"The principle of the closing of the Straits of the Dardanelles to be maintained; no war flag to be admitted in to the Black Sea except that of the forces which Russia and Turkey might judge it necessary to maintain there by mutual agreement. The amount of these forces to be fixed by a direct arrangement between Russia and Turkey, without the ostensible participation of the other Powers."

Certain of our statesmen seemed disposed to speak in favour of "Peace at any price," but they were regarded as moved rather by the spirit of party intrigue than by patriotism.

TORY TREATY AND TRAITORS.

OUR odd friends the "Conservative Statesmen" (who are not busily intriguing in concert with Messrs. Gladstone and Bright, O dear no!) are very active in their peace-preaching just now. They want to upset Lord Palmerston at any price, and high prices and consequent privations appear to these patriots a capital leverage. So, they are promulgating a rumour, that the Emperor of Russia has offered terms of peace, that the Emperor of the French has approved them, and that Lord Palmerston rejects them, in order to prolong the War for the sake of prolonging his own popularity as a vigorous War-Minister. Most people set down this rumour as a deliberate falsehood, invented by greedy and unscrupulous factionists; but to regard it in this light is to do the Opposition an injustice. There is some truth in it. The Emperor of Russia has privately signified to MR. Disraeli that he should like to make peace upon certain terms, and these he they:—

1. That the Allies should withdraw from Russia.
2. That they should formally restore all they have taken, thereby confirming the Russian title to it for the future.
3. That they should pay Russia for whatever damage they have caused her.
4. That a treaty should place everything as it stood before the War.
5. That Russia should promise to give Europe no further cause for uneasiness.
6. That a Conservative Ministry should take office here, which Ministry should include Lord Malmesbury, as a "material guarantee" that whatever amount of "grovelling" might be required of England by Russia, Austria, or any other despotic Power, would cheerfully be performed, as during his lordship's former tenure of office.
7. That the alliance with France should be relaxed, and broken off as soon as possible.

These are the principal "terms" offered by Russia, and to these the Conservative intriguers see no objection; and there is no doubt that if they took office, the spirit, if not the very letter, of such terms would be the key to the Conservative policy. But they have not yet been submitted to the Emperor of the French, nor to Lord

THE ENGLISH PACIFICATOR.

Palmerston, and *Mr. Punch* lays them before those distinguished persons, not with any great idea that the proposals will be accepted, but to vindicate an industrious Opposition from the suspicion (natural enough, certainly) of having put into circulation a mere falsehood.

DEC. 29.

THE Imperial Guard, which had been recalled from the Crimea, entered Paris in triumph. The Emperor addressed them in his usual strain of rhetorical sententiousness as they rode past the Place Vendôme. "Soldiers," he said, "though the war be not finished I have recalled you, because it is just to relieve in turn those regiments which suffer most. All alike can then go and partake in their share of glory; and the country that maintains 600,000 soldiers is interested that there is now in France a numerous and veteran army ready to show itself where circumstances may demand."

It was suspected nevertheless that the Emperor was desirous of bringing the campaign in the Crimea to an end. "The French" (says Mr. Molesworth) "were beginning to weary of a war in which they had no very direct interest." England felt differently. At present she had had more than her share of the burden of the war, whilst the larger portion of its "glory" had somehow accrued to France. So, though the year closed amidst talk of peace, England was at heart in favour of a further prosecution of the war, at least until its avowed ends were satisfactorily assured. The professed peace-mongers were not in good odour with the public, who feared being diplomatised out of the fruits of victory. Palmerston's "Pacificator"—a vigorous prosecution of military operations—was for the moment at least the popular one in this country.

(*See Cartoon, "The English Pacificator."*)

+1856+

"THE popular mind was still fully occupied with the progress of the war, and the partial success obtained by the Allies before Sebastopol had diminished to some extent the dissatisfaction felt at the inaction of the Navy, the fall of Kars, and the disgraceful treatment to which the Army had been exposed." So says *Mr. Punch*, in opening his "Political Summary" for the year 1856.

Austria's proposals in favour of peace were regarded with dislike and distrust in this country.

Mr. Punch suspected interested motives and official intrigue to be at the bottom of much of the "peace-mongering" both abroad and at home. He published the following :—

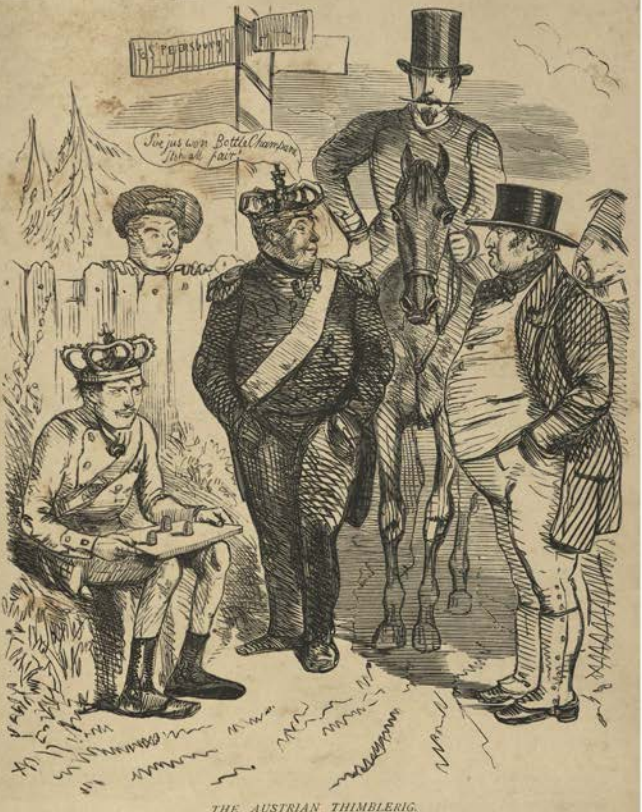
TORY NURSERY SONG.

[SLIGHTLY EXPLANATORY OF CERTAIN PEACEMONGERING.]

HUSH-A-BY, Palmy, on the tree top,
Palmy's in office the Russians to stop,
Patch up a peace, and old Palmy will fall,
And up will go Derby and Dizzy and all.

It was a patched-up Peace—a Peace hurried on in the interest of dynasties abroad and factions at home, that the country dreaded.

(*See Cartoon, "The Austrian Thimblerig."*)



THE AUSTRIAN THIMBLERIG.

AUSTRIA.—"Now then, I'll bet any Gent a sovereign he don't tell me which thimble **THE PEACE** is under!"

JAN. 8.

MR. CORDEN issued a Pamphlet entitled "What Next?" It was written avowedly in the interest of Peace, and denounced the further pursuit of a war policy on the part of the English Government. He suggested that the checking of Russian aggressiveness was no business of ours, but might safely be left to Germany and Austria. *Mr. Punch's* opinion of the Pamphlet was expressed in the following lines :—

"WHAT NEXT?"

RICHARD CORDEN, who as bold as a brazen Lion told us,
That to shatter the huge, ill-knit bulk of Russia to pieces,
Would cost John Bull no more trouble than it cost him, there to double,
By the clenching of his fist, a foolscap sheet in creases;
Lo, at length he hath uncrumpled the foolscap he then rumpled,
And upon it, or perhaps in it, a pamphlet he hath written,
To demonstrate how that Russia, to the wall if we should push her,
Is sure, for reasons given at length, to crumple up Great Britain. [text
Considering which circumstance, *Punch* must repeat the
Of Richard Cobden's pamphlet, by asking him—"WHAT NEXT?"

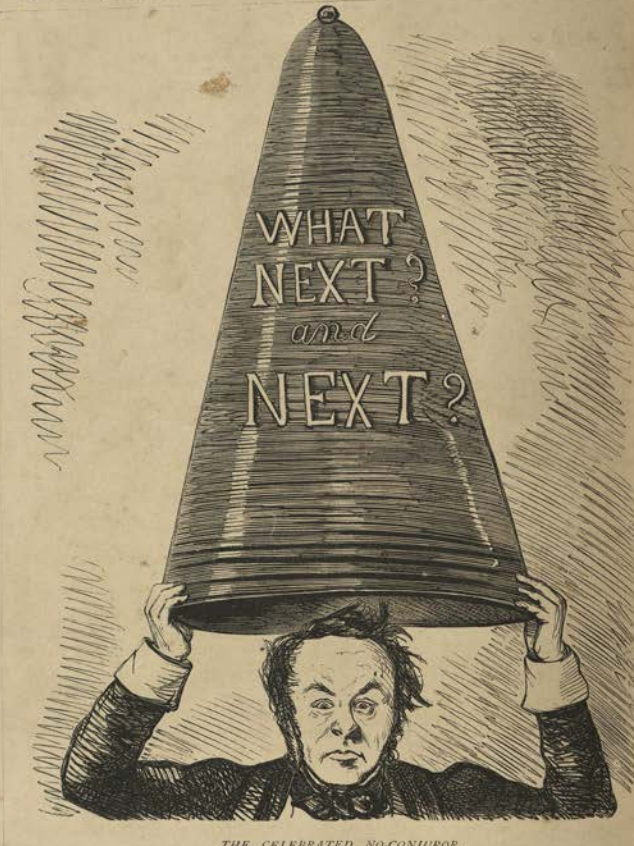
Richard Cobden, the political economist so critical,
Who turn'd up often inside out Protection's famous reason,

That dependence of a nation
upon foreign importation,
In War would bring that nation
very soon its bended knees on;
To show that his old reasoning
is of such perfect seasoning,
That its links won't break, not
even if round about you twist
'em;
Now proves that Russ salvation
'gainst an enemy's invasion
Is based, and firmly based too,
on a Protective system.
Considering which consequence,
Punch must repeat the text
Of Richard Cobden's pamphlet,
by asking him—"WHAT
NEXT?"

Richard Cobden, who calls
"gammon" all reverence save
of Mammon,
And blazons £ s. d. on his cotton
flag unfurl'd,
With "*In hoc signo vinces*"—who
millionnaires Noble Princes,
And money the free sinews—the
life-blood of the world,
Since a man with money in his
purse is frighten'd for his
guineas,
While a man with none can laugh
though thieves the country
scour;
Now contends that England's
treasure of her weakness is the
measure,
And, *per contra*, that the poverty
of Russia is her power—
Considering which syllogism,
Punch must repeat the text
Of Richard Cobden's pamphlet,
by asking him—"WHAT
NEXT?"

Richard Cobden, platform
bouncer, and passionate de-
nouncer
Of Austrian oppression and
Austrian intrigue—
Richard Cobden, far-seen travel-
ler, and popular unraveller
Of Prussian short-sightedness in
her commercial League,
Contends that as the German
the Allies cannot determine
To join them by appeals to
pride, or policy, or pelf;
Therefore, Austria and Prussia
are sure to tackle Russia,
Magnanimous, single-handed, if
but left each to herself;
Considering which "*sequitur*,"
Punch must repeat the text
Of Richard Cobden's pamphlet,
by asking him—"WHAT
NEXT?"

Richard Cobden, Free Trade's
prophet, contentedly can doff it
Aside, and gravely argue, to
prove 'twill be no loss for us,
Though in the North and East, Protection's great High-
priest,
Lay his left hand on the Sound and his right hand on the
Bosphorus.
Freedom's friend unmoved can mark the Russ vulture's
shadow dark,
Broaden slowly over Europe, from the White Sea to the
Black,
And when to clip her pinion, and forbid her more
dominion,
England's voice cries sternly "Forward"—Richard
Cobden dares cry "Back!" [his text,
All which consider'd, *Punch* drops Richard Cobden and
And leaves to the West Riding to answer his "WHAT
NEXT?"



THE CELEBRATED NO-CONJUROR.

THE WIZARD OF THE WEST RIDING PERFORMING THE GREAT EXTINGUISHER TRICK.

The Pamphlet excited much comment and some indignation. *Punch*, never an advocate of "Peace at any price," gave an answer—

SHORT, IF NOT SWEET.

"WHAT next?" and "What next?" are the questions of Shoddy,
And *Punch* begs to answer the petulant body.
First, give his friend Russia a merciless hiding,
And next, kick a sneak out of Yorkshire's West Riding.

(*See Cartoon, "The Celebrated No-Conjuror."*)

JAN. 11.

THE Austrian proposals of Peace, as presented to Russia, were on this day made public in the newspapers. A main stipulation was that the Black Sea, though open to merchant vessels, should be closed to vessels of war, and that no military arsenals should be created or maintained there.

JAN. 17.

THE *Times* published in a second edition the news (in the form of a telegram from Vienna) that "Russia has unconditionally accepted the proposition of the Allies."

JAN. 31.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person. The Royal Speech announced that Austria had offered to employ her good offices with the Emperor of Russia, with a view to endeavour to bring about an amicable adjustment of the matters at issue between the contend-

NEGOTIATIONS.

PEACE IF YOU LIKE—BUT NO TRICKS THIS TIME.

ing Powers; that Her Majesty had consented, in concert with her Allies, to accept the offer thus made, and that certain conditions had been agreed upon, which it was hoped might prove the foundation of a general treaty of peace. It added that negotiations for such a treaty would shortly be opened at Paris.

Punch said ("Essence of Parliament") that "but for formality the Queen's Speech might have been comprised in a single sentence: 'If, by negotiation, I can secure the objects of war, I will; but I will relax neither military nor naval preparations until these objects are secured.'"

(*See Cartoon*, "*Negotiations.*")

FEB. 1.

PROTOCOL signed at Vienna by the representatives of the five Powers to the effect that their Plenipotentiaries should meet at Paris to settle the preliminaries of peace. An armistice was arranged to extend until the 31st March.

The announcement was received with but qualified satisfaction in this country, it being suspected that the desires of France in the matter had been more consulted than the interests of England, and that the objects of the war were in danger of being sacrificed. The popular view of the situation may be gathered from *Mr. Punch's* lines on "Peace:"

PEACE.

Blind and bleeding from the *mêlée*, from the whir of stroke and thrust,
In the lists of the Crimea rest the knights athirst—athirst;
See Sir Winter, that grim warder, down his icy truncheon fling
'Twixt the warriors, taking order for a truce until the spring.

Then, when emerald blade and blossom clothe with life the naked plain,
Hand on thrust, and blade to bosom, up, to do Death's work again!
We at home our task are urging without rest for hand or hand; [and brand;
We are hammering, casting, forging, pointing bayonet
Through the land war-toil's fierce clamours, from morn till even, swell,

In our dockyards ring the hammers, on our quays rise shot and shell; [War—
Ready hands in ample purses, ready lives to feed the
Bended brows, and mutter'd curses, boding mischief to the Czar!

* * * * *

Who is this that calm and clement 'twixt the hosts by sea and land,

PEACE ON THE CARDS.

Moves in shining angel-raiment, with a green bough in her hand?
Smooth before her sinks the ocean, bright behind her breaks the cloud:
To such majesty of motion knees should bend and hearts be bow'd.
Russ points sink at her entreating, at her voice pause Russian drums, [comes.
But from English lips no greeting or a doubtful greeting

"I am Peace: respect my mission: drop your weapons at my word: [the sword?"
Why, with looks of cold suspicion, lower, yet not sheathe
"Peace we know, and Peace we treasure: love her calm brow, olive-wreath'd:

But these swords not drawn for pleasure, may not be at pleasure sheath'd.
Well we know the foe we fight with, more we fear his fraud than force
Swords we well may hold the right with, but 'gainst goose-quills what resource?

"Peace for us is but forsaking strenuous war for strenuous work:
Peace for him in time for breeking faith of treaties with the Turk.
Peace for us is wealth's outpouring on all things that peaceful are:
Peace for him is secret storing of the means or treacherous War,

Peace for us will be dictated by those whose word is sooth:
Peace for him negotiated by those who live untruth.

'Then what wonder, thus believing, if thine advent find us cold? [we hold.
Loath were we, and sorely grieving to take up the arms
But once taken, woe be to us, if like fools that hold we loose:
To let Russia enmew us in her diplomatic noose.
Try your pens: but if the tangle mock unravelling by words, [our swords."
That no time be spent in wrangle, to the knot we'll take

(*See Cartoon, "Peace on the Cards."*)

FEB. 1.

The Docks at Sebastopol were this day destroyed by the English. Forts Nicholas and Alexander were subsequently demolished.

FEB. 5.

The *Gazette* published the rules and regulations of the new Order of the Victoria Cross. It was a special distinction to be conferred on members of the military or naval service, "for individual instances of merit and valour."

The distribution of honours in connection with the campaign in the Crimea gave little satisfaction, as may be gathered from the following satirical travesty of a Scene in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(See Cartoon, "Scene from a Midsummer Night's Dream.")

QUEEN TITANIA DECORATES BOTTOM.

(From SHAKSPEARE'S *Midsummer Night's Dream.)*

SCENE—*Near Windsor.*

QUEEN TITANIA *is discovered asleep. Enter the fairies,* COURTIER, ROUTINE, NEPOTISM, RED TAPE, SNUFF, BACKSTAIRS, TWADDLE, *and* GOLDSTICK. *They dance round her with finished gestures.* ROUTINE *advances, with the fewest Humming.*

Routine. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
Do it for a Hero take,
[Squeezes the Rower on the QUEEN'S *eyelids.*
Honour it for England's sake.
If it be a Quarter-Master
Who hath wrought a host's disaster,
If it be a brainless Lord,
Vain of trappings, spurs, and sword,
In thine eye it shall appear
What a Monarch should hold dear.
Wake, when some vile thing is near. *[Exeunt* Fairies.

Enter BOTTOM, *with an Ass's head.*

Bottom. Truly, I have come from the Crimea, which some say is in Russia. Why I was sent thither I know not, being but an ass; but, marry, they were greater asses that sent me. I went to feed and to lead fools, and truly I have fed and led them, and that in such sort that they need feeding and leading no more. Now for my reward, for I humbly hope a worshipful ass may be rewarded for his good service. What have we here? A Newspaper—faugh!

[Brays angrily and tramples on the Journal. The noise awakes TITANIA.

Titania. I pray thee, gallant creature, sing again.
Mine eyes are much enamour'd of thy shape,
And in thy look wisdom and courage show.
Such was the head that on the Russian shore
Took order for the victuals of my troops,
And for their winter blankets, and their huts.
Such was the head that plann'd that fatal charge,
And such the head that made it, and that after
Provided for the horses, and did teach them
How good for dinner were their fellows' tails.

Bottom. Truly, mistress, 'twas even no better and no worse a man, that is to say, an ass, than myself. But a modest ass will not praise himself. Wilt ask Will Russell, or John M'Neill, or Darby Griffith, or Nanty Crookshank what a right precious ass I was? [me,

Titania. I know thy deeds. My Ministers have told

SCENE FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
(AS PERFORMED AT WINDSOR CASTLE.)

Titania, Queen of the Fairies . . . . Her Majesty. *Bottom . . . . By General Mismanagement.*

As has my dear old woman, Mother Hardinge,
And all around me, on whose information
I must, perforce, rely, that thou hast done
That which should be rewarded. Therefore take
Orders, and rank, and pay, with our Court favour.
[*Decorates him.*

Bottom. Behold, what an excellent thing it is to be an Ass, in a wise country like unto England!

[*Dances on the Newspaper, braying, until scene closes.*

FEB. 7.

THE Governor-General of India issued a Proclamation announcing the annexation of the Kingdom of Oude to the British Empire.

FEB. 21.

LORD PANMURE announced the formation of a Board of General Officers to inquire into the matters adverted to in the Report made by the Commissioners sent out to the Crimea: the Board "to have the power to receive and consider the statements of those officers

THE BRITISH LION SMELLS A RAT.

whose conduct had been animadverted on in the Report of Sir J. M'Neill and Colonel Tulloch."

Mr. Punch denounced this as "the *Bottom* Commission," saying that "the officers whose ignorance and blundering have been exposed by the Report of the Crimean Commissioners, have had sufficient influence in high quarters to procure the appointment of a Board of their own class, which is to re-investigate the statements in that Report . . . . . And the Board is to sit with closed doors. And by this magic Bottom expects to get his ass's head taken off, or 'translated' into a likeness of Achilles. Poor Bottom!"

"Mr. Roebuck brought forward a motion condemning the 'Bottom' Commission, the folly and injustice of which he denounced in an effective harangue." He withdrew his motion after discussion, however, and the Court commenced its sittings from which so little of effective good was anticipated, in the Board-Room of Chelsea Hospital on the 7th of April.

FEB. 26.

ON this day the Peace Conference in Paris was opened. Count Walewsky presided, and England was represented by the Earl of Clarendon and Lord Cowley.

(*See Cartoon, "The British Lion Smells a Rat."*)

MARCH 5.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE was this day burnt down. Professor Anderson, a *prestidigitateur* known as the "Wizard of the North," had

been holding there during the operatic recess a Great Carnival and Bal Masqué, which towards its close degenerated into a scene of disgraceful licence. About 5 o'clock the place was discovered to be on fire, the half drunken revellers fled pell-mell, and in a very short time the roof fell, and the building was completely gutted.

MARCH 13.

On this day (says *Punch's* "Essence of Parliament"), "the great duel, long promised, took place between Sir Charles Napier and Sir James Graham." The Admiral moved for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the operations of the Baltic Fleet during the last two years. He "spoke five columns and a half, and then only got his motion for a Committee seconded out of the charity of a brother officer, who said he could not see him adrift without throwing him a tow-rope. The ex-First Lord spoke at nearly the same length. The Kilkenny Cats did not make a cleaner end of each other. Sir Charles proved, incontestably,

GRAND MILL BETWEEN CHARLEY POT AND JAMIE KETTLE.

WHICH TOOK PLACE BEFORE AN ENLIGHTENED PUBLIC ON THURSDAY, 13TH OF MARCH, IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

that Sir James had no business to send him to the Baltic, and had otherwise neglected his duty to the British Fleet. Sir James proved, equally satisfactorily, that Sir Charles was loquacious, arrogant, and timid; that he declared he could not take Sweaborg, when he had never been to look at it; and that he insulted the French and English engineers who reported that it could be taken. No end of personalities were exchanged, Sir Charles abusing point-blank, and Sir James vituperating more adroitly and by implication. The feeling of the House was, that Napier had been all wrong, both at sea and on shore, and had wound up a not very creditable campaign with a still less creditable brawl."

(*See Cartoon, "Grand Mill between Charley Pot and Jamie Kettle."*)

MARCH 16.

The Empress of the French was on this day delivered of a son, baptized as Napoleon Eugène Louis Jean Joseph.

In honour of this fulfilment of his dearest wish, the Emperor granted an amnesty to 1,000 political prisoners. It was thought by many that the Imperial father might have

found much more to do in the name of Liberty.

(*See Cartoon, "Please may I be Godmother?"*)

MARCH 30.

TREATY of Peace signed at Paris. By its terms the Black Sea was neutralized, being opened to trading vessels and "interdicted to the flag of war of either of the Powers possessing its coasts, or of any other Power," Russia and Turkey mutually engaging not to establish any arsenal on that coast. The status and integrity of Turkey were guaranteed, and it was arranged that all territories conquered or occupied during the war were to be mutually vacated.

The news of the conclusion of peace, which reached London at 10 p.m. the same day, was welcomed by firing of guns and ringing of bells. On the next day proclamation of the event was made by the Lord Mayor at the Royal Exchange. Public rejoicings were of course plentiful, yet considerable dissatisfaction was doubtless felt, springing from the belief that Russia had not been sufficiently shackled, and that after all there was little to show for all our labours and losses.

PLEASE MAY I BE GODMOTHER?

ARREST OF NEMESIS.

HARK! heard ye not that sullen grunt of doubt combined with discontent? [furrows bent?
And marked ye not that surly front in stern and serious
It was John Bull who made that noise when told that cruel War should cease;
That look expressed how he enjoys the prospect of returning Peace.

Loath as he was to undertake this job so cruel and so sad,
Should not the peaceful tidings make our stout old gentleman more glad? [burn, kill, destroy.
How earnest was his Worship's grief—compelled to sink,
Should not the promise of relief from such work give him equal joy?

He cannot yet rejoice, at least. He cannot dance above the dead. [children bled.
And fearfully has he been fleeced—profusely have his
And this is what he wants to know; this is what he would understand,
Have we subdued the robber foe; have we put down the lawless hand?

Czars and their armies! how on them does John, a thinking person, look,
But as on pirates, whom you stem, or if you needs must, crush like Brooke?
Thinks John, is Russia stemmed? Again is she on Europe like to rush;
And shall we yet be forced to strain our every nerve her hordes to crush?

Our armaments, our mighty guns, for nothing have we brought to bear?
And all our powder, tons on tons, stored magazines of fatal air;
Shall they not turn to scorching breath to wither and to blast the foe,
Who forced on us the work of death, no matter if we would or no?

It is not vengeance we require—but should not they who war provoke, [ruins smoke?
Repent in towns laid waste with fire; in palaces whose
Should not the criminals afford a dread example for the crime
Of drawing the accursed sword, against the spirit of the time?

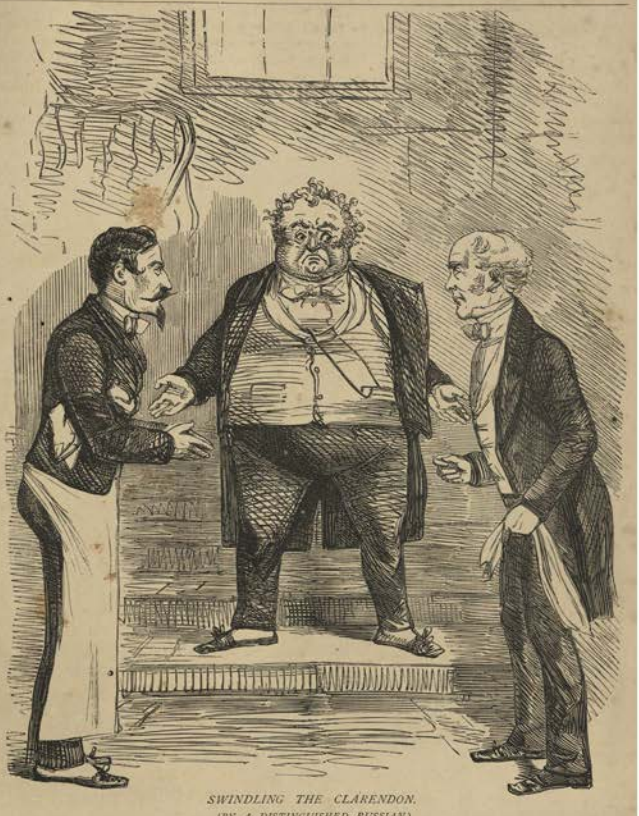
Yet welcome Peace, if Peace is meant; no honest proffer we may spurn;
We must relinquish our intent to slaughter, and destroy, and burn;
Meanwhile we can our hands but wring for lavished treasure and brave men,
And pray we may not have this thing, this horrid work, to do again.

(*See Cartoon, "Swindling the Clarendon."*)

In announcing the conclusion of Peace to the House, *Mr. Punch* says that "Lord Palmerston with his usual sense of the fitness of things, introduced the subject to the British Senate with a few intentional jokes, and proceeded unconsciously to some others, as when he told the House that the Treaty would be satisfactory to the nation. But when the Treaty is produced—we shall see about the national satisfaction." The nation in fact was thinking with *Mr. Punch* of

THE SHOT WE HAVE TO PAY.

For Peace I heard the cannon bang,
I counted till a hundred rang,
At each of those explosive sounds,
Thought I—so went one million pounds.
The bells, too, and the cheering boys,
Together made a merry noise,
Their mingled uproar seemed to say [hooray!
One hundred million pounds—
That, two years' war has cost; and what
For all that money have we got?
Experience, chiefly, I surmise,
And hope that it may make us wise.
Wiseacres we have been, alas!
Forming one great collective Ass,
And penny-wise, at last we've found,
Is foolish something o'er a pound.
Obliged to spend those millions —could
We but have spent them as we would,
A little we should have, I trow,
Besides experience now to show.
In widened streets we should rejoice,
Could we have been allowed that choice,
Some architecture would replace
Our edifices mean and base.
Oh! what might not the Board of Health
Have done with part of that vast wealth
Divided into many sums?
For one thing, cleared off all the slums.
The Thames might now be drained—or near
To ebbing bright and flowing clear,
With salmon soon as gudgeon thick
At least as high as Hampton Wick.
We might have founded many schools,
That people might not grow up fools,
We might—what might we not have done
That mortals do beneath the sun?
Oh! what a stress, oh! what a strain
On thew and muscle, heart and brain,
To work that debt out so immense,
Will be required for ages hence!
Compelled in strife to interpose,
We've had to wipe a bleeding nose,
And through that nose condemned to pay,
Must grin and bear it as we may.
In future we, perhaps, shall keep
Up, both on land and on the deep,
A proper force of armed Police,
Whereby we may preserve the Peace.



SWINDLING THE CLARENDON.

(BY A DISTINGUISHED RUSSIAN.)

Mr. Bull. (*Landlord of the British Lion*). "*What! Quits the gentleman! Why, he has left nothing but a Portmantel full of Bricks and Stones, and gone off without paying the Bill!*"

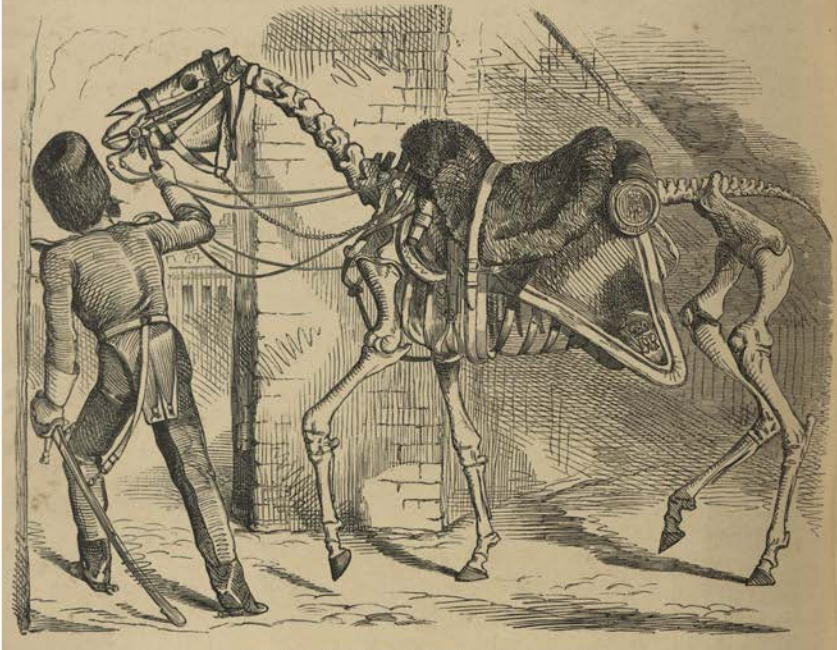
APRIL 3.

On this day the Crimean (Board of Officers) Inquiry Committee held its first sitting at Chelsea Hospital. *Mr. Punch* in a suggestive Cartoon indicated one of the witnesses which ought to have been examined, the skeleton charger of one of the many heroes whose lives were squandered in the ill-conducted war.

(*See Cartoon, "The Witness that ought to be examined."*)

APRIL 11.

Lord John Russell's Education resolutions were rejected by a majority of 260 to 102. The chief of these resolutions empowered, in certain circumstances, the imposition of a school rate. Mr. Henry Drummond declared that in his opinion it was impossible to educate people by Act of Parliament; and as for criminals, there appeared to be only two ways of dealing with them—to send those who offended least out



THE WITNESS THAT OUGHT TO BE EXAMINED.

of the country, and those who offended most out of the world. The nation's ideas as to National Education have changed considerably since the time of this notable deliverance. Lord John's Resolutions (said *Punch* at the time, "were opposed of course by representatives of the Church, of Dissent and of the Manchester School. The first think that their religion only should be taught by the State; the second that their religion only should be taught, but not by the State; and the third that no religion should be taught at all." A pithy summary of the rival contentions that so long hindered the spread of popular education in England.

THE TRIUMPH OF IGNORANCE.

What on earth is the cause of such hearty hurrahs,
Why and wherefore so much jubilation
For the fact that Lord John managed not to get on
With his scheme to promote education?
One can quite understand, such a scheme, badly planned,
A crude and inadequate measure,
Such a fate having met, would excite no regret;
But whence this extravagant pleasure?

* * * * *

On account of the Poor this tremendous uproar
Is so feelingly raised by their betters:
All because Lord John's plan would have forced the poor man
Into letting his children learn letters.
All the louts and the clowns, and the rabble of town,
'Gainst their blest inclinations, compelling,
All their little ones dear, by a statute severe,
To have taught reading, writing, and spelling.

With a stout voice and strong, sing "Live Liberty long!"
And in ignorance hopeless and utter
May her ragged sons play with their sisters all day,
In the street on the brink of the gutter.

Ebenezer, my boy, may it give your heart joy,
That they'll grow up with minds merely fallows,
And that some will be brought, just by being untaught,
Thank yourself, to the hulks and the gallows.

APRIL 23.

A GREAT Naval Review took place at Spithead on this day in the presence of the Queen.

(See Cartoon, "The Gun-boats.")

BRITANNIA'S LATE BROOD.

On the twenty-third of April it was a glorious day,
When her ducks Britannia counted at Spithead as they lay;
Some sixty, first, as gallant birds as ever spread the wing,
In lines to port and starboard with the heaving tide did swing.
Oh, very proud Britannia felt as she looked along the sea,
And, "Who can show such ducks and drakes as mine?" she says, says she.

"There's *Royal George*, and *Wellington* and *Conqueror* also, [poultry show,
Three Drakes for size and weight unmatched at any
Down to pretty little *Hecla*, and *Merlin* smart and spry;
I'll back them to do anything that birds can do, but fly.
Folks talk about Muscóvy ducks, in Baltic and Euxine,
And Canvas-backs in Yankee-land, they say, are very fine;
But, 'gainst Muscóvy, Canvas-back, or any duck that's known [own."
To take a prize, at any odds," says she, "I'll back my

THE GUN-BOATS.

IF YOU'D BEEN ONLY HATCHED A YEAR AGO, WHAT MIGHT HAVE COME OUT OF YOUR SHELLS!

With that the old lady tossed her head, and heaved her fork on high,
And a little further westward she turned her weather-eye,
Where, under wing of four old Drakes, there floated on the flood,
Low and little in the water, Britannia's latest brood—
Five score and fifty ducklings now, where six months since was not one!
Yet, though scarce fledged, they move like birds that feel the sea their own
Dashing the foam to left and right, defying wind and tide;
With keen heads prying all about, black-bodied, falcon-eyed.
Britannia sighed—"You darlings! Had you been but sooner hatched,
From those Muscóvies, by your aid, what prizes I'd have snatched!
Had I had you, a year ago, among the Baltic swells,
Oh! wouldn't I have found a use for you—and for your shells!"

APRIL 29.

PUBLIC announcement was this day made of a projected marriage between our Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William of Prussia.

MAY 2.

PEACE Celebrations were now the order of the day. On this date a Peace Fête was held at the Crystal Palace. On the 4th the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Royal Family attended afternoon service in Westminster Abbey, in honour of the national thanksgiving for the restoration of peace. On the 8th the thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted to the soldiers and sailors engaged in the war, and on the same day the House's consent was asked to the bestowal of a knighthood and a pension of £1000 a year on Major-General Sir William Fenwick Williams, K.C.B., "the Hero of Kars." May 29th was set apart for general jubilation. It was a general

holiday throughout the kingdom, and fireworks and illuminations were pretty nearly universal. Nevertheless the satisfaction of the country at the conclusion of peace was qualified by grave doubts as to the justice of its terms.

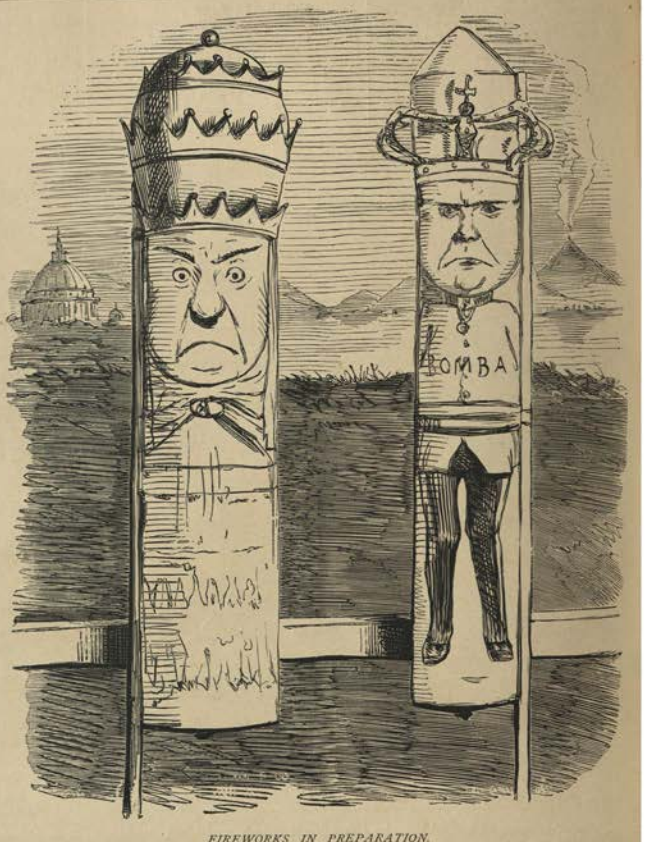
FIREWORKS IN PREPARATION.

ILLUMINE your windows from
Stromness to Stamboul,
Fling up hats, caps, and fezzes
with whirligig wills;
Welcome Peace, bred of proto-
col, point and preamble,
With ringing of changes, and
settling of bills.
That the voice of your jubilant
joy may be louder,
And War ushered out in right
sulphurous way,
Let your Governments all spend
their overplus powder,
With fireworks at night, to
crown feasting by day.

Nor alone to the soot-laden lungs
of huge London
Shall the Ordnance superfluous
carbon supply;
Not alone shall thy hill, vernal
Primrose, at sundown,
A Cockney Vesuvius, reddden
the sky;
Not alone to the monster re-
sources of Woolwich,
Shall Cremorne and Vauxhall
farthing-candle-like show,
And the veteran Chevalier Mor-
tram acknowledge [laid low.
Himself by an amateur Boxer

There are Fireworks preparing
in Europe, more glorious—
Of combustibles, look where
you will, there's *de quoi*:—
Not so harmless as ours, but by
far more uproarious,
And more properly called *feux
de haine*, than *de joie*;
The East will contribute a glori-
ous explosion,
When at new Christian rights
Moslem bigots shall kick,
And the firman, Lord Stratford's
last claim to promotion,
That rose like a rocket, shall
fall like its stick.

In the hands of her new Alex-
ander, there's Russia
Preparing a grand, anti-Cathe-
rine wheel,
From War round to Peace;
while bemuddled old Prussia
Objects to all Fireworks, but
votes for a reel:
And shows a transparency—sword, cross, and bottle,
With a crown set awry and, beneath, *sans souci*;
'Tis not yet lighted up, but once light it and what'll
Be our English display to the blaze we shall see!
There's France has her stores with explosives so crowded,
To bring light within miles of the door no one dares;
So darkling she sits, while in mystery shrouded
Her One Will its subtle devices prepares.
Punch himself may not enter, lest firebrands he scatters;
Private squibs are forbid under *peine forte et dure*;



FIREWORKS IN PREPARATION.

Rejoicings and Fireworks are Government matters;
But that France *will* have Fireworks, the world *may* be sure.
[Turkey,
But though France and though Prussia, and Russia and
May all do their best to set Europe a-blaze,
Their show will be shabby, their light will be murky,
To the Fireworks that Austria is destined to raise.
That no state, on her scale, things combustible handles,
We had proof in the Fireworks of famed 'forty-eight.
Think what a *bouquet* of the best Roman candles,

The Concordat is sure to send out, soon or late!
What grand pyrotechnics, Lombardic, Hungarian,
We may look for, whenever the match is applied—
From classic Italian, to Sclavic barbarian,
All a-bang and a-burst, and a-blaze far and wide!
Pio Nono, his own Easter Fireworks out doing,
May *en girandole* up from St. Angelo rise,
And King Bomba explode in such blaze of red ruin,
As Vesuvius or Etna ne'er shot to the skies!

(*See Cartoon, "Fireworks in Preparation."*)

MAY 3.

As an act of grace in connection with the "Peace Celebrations," an Amnesty was extended to a number of political offences, such as the Monmouthshire Chartists who had been convicted in 1840, and so many of the Irish political offenders as had not broken their parole.

THE AMNESTY.

CONCLUDING Peace, our Monarch pardons all
State convicts, whose offences to efface
Just now, a fitting act of Royal grace,
Save Bombs, the whole world will, doubtless, call.
She, with great enemies, forgives the small.

No more is Smith O'Brien in disgrace,
Frost, Williams, Jones, your fetters from you fall.
Shout for the Queen, applauding populace,
Who grants those erring patriots release!
They will return unto their native shore,
Their wives embrace, their children clasp once more,
Redeemed from exile but with life to cease.
And oh! my people, don't forget to roar
For Cuffy to his land restored with Peace!

SUNDAY MUSIC AS CANT *WOULD HAVE IT.*

MAY 8.

The Addresses agreed upon by both Houses of Parliament with respect to the Treaty of Peace were this day conveyed by the Members in procession from Westminster to Buckingham Palace.

MAY 19.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER introduced his Budget. He estimated the public expenditure for the current year at £82,113,000, and the total income £71,740,000.

Mr. Punch thus summed up the Budget:

1. No taxes to be taken off.
2. No taxes to be laid on.
3. What money wanted is to be raised by loan.

On the same day the new loan (of £5,000,000) was contracted for by Messrs. Rothschild on the terms fixed by the Government.

MAY 31.

At this time the subject of Sunday music in the parks excited much heated discussion. Bands had commenced playing in Kensington Gardens on Sunday afternoons on April 13. This roused the wrath of the Sabbatarians, and on the 10th May, in answer to the remonstrances of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Palmerston announced that they would be discontinued.

(*See Cartoon, "Sunday Music as Cant would have it"*)

Mr. Punch gave the correspondence between the Archbishop and the Premier as it *might* have been.

(*See Cartoon, "Circumstances alter Cases."*)

A RECENT CORRESPONDENCE.

(NON-OFFICIAL.)

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANT *to the* RIGHT HON. THE LORD PALMERSTON.

MY LORD,—Let me hope you'll excuse this intrusion
On your occupied time, but the Bishops declare—
"If the Bands are not stopt, that the utmost confusion
Must arise!"—so they wish me to bid you beware.

To Lambeth Lords Blandford and Shaftesbury hurried,
Declaring that Exeter Hall was in arms;
In short, my dear Lord, I can't say how I'm worried,
Since such proof has been given that "Music has charms."

They tell me "the Church is in danger of falling."
To my ears Lord R. Grosvenor no respite will grant;
Whilst the threats of Dissenters are really appalling;
So pray, stop the music.
Your, ever, J. CANT.

THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD PALMERSTON to HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANT.

MY LORD,—In reply to your Grace's last letter,
So full of distress, I must beg to remark,
That I cannot conceive any anodyne better
To quiet the Town than a Band in the Park.

I cannot agree that such sweet recreation
Can "endanger the Church," and you'll argue in vain
If you try to persuade me the whole British nation
Can be turned from their Church by a musical strain.

Look at home, my dear Lord! and observe every morning,
At your own Palace-gates on the all-hallowed day,
How the gin-shops are thronged—yet you bid me take warning,
When I try with a Band to draw drinkers away!

"The New Cut" in Lambeth is open all Sunday,
And buyers and sellers resort to its fair;
No distinction is drawn between that day and Monday—
Why so silent, my Lord, on the wickedness there?

When the Band of the Blues for the Parks is provided,
Your Grace writes me word that "this cannot be borne;"
But the Queen's band at Windsor may play on unchided,
And you wink when the Coldstreams are hired at Cremorne.

To that Cockney Elysium, its gates open throwing,
On each Sunday night scores of revellers come;
While the music flows on with the tap ever flowing,
Yet your Grace and Right Reverend Brethren are dumb.

When the people observe such strange twists in your teaching,
I fear they may think your religion a sham,
By the light of your practice interpret your preaching,
And deem it all "Cant," so believe me, Yours, PAM.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

HER MAJESTY. "*Well, My Lord—then I suppose my Sunday Band must be given up, too!*"

CANT. "*Oh* DE—AR *no, your Majesty! that's* QUITE A DIFFERENT THING!"

JUNE 14.

AT this time the relations between America and this country became much strained on account of what was known as the "Enlistment Question." That perfervid patriot President Pierce had made a great stir concerning "the alleged infraction of international law committed by Great Britain in permitting in Canada the

enlistment of subjects of the United States under the recently passed Foreign Enlistment Act" (see Dec. 12, 1854). On Dec. 2, 1855, Mr. Marcy requested the recall of Mr. Crampton, the British Minister at Washington, on the ground of his illegal proceedings in the enlistment of subjects of the United States. In March, 1856, the matter was made the subject of passionate dispute in the United States Senate. And on the 28th May in this year, the feeling between America and ourselves had become so strong that Mr. Crampton was instructed to leave Washington.

(See Cartoon, "Come, Jonathan, why should we Fight?" &c.)

MR. PIERCE TO BUNCOMBE.

With the purest of motives—the best of intentions
That could pave a location which nobody mentions,
I have stirred and fomented our present dissensions,
(May they not end in bloodshed by land and by sea!)
With the Britishers' insolent Administration,
In defence of the honour and rights of our nation;
From my heart do I make this sincere declaration,
As a Christian and Patriot, Buncombe, to thee.

'Twas from high moral feeling alone I objected,
In recruiting, for England, to Crampton, detected,
It was no-ways from wishing to get re-elected.
O Buncombe, my hand on my bosom I lay.
The path of ambition I never would follow,
A goblet of poison I rather would swallow,
As I slap my heart, hark! dost thou hear it sound hollow?
Illustrious Buncombe, stand forth, Sir, and say.

COME, JONATHAN, WHY SHOULD WE FIGHT—"AM I NOT A MAN AND A BROTHER!"

JUNE 16.

LORD PALMERSTON, replying to Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, explained that the dismissal of Mr. Crampton did not signify rupture of diplomatic relations between this country and the United States, as "the American Government still wished to engage in diplomatic intercourse on questions removed from the cause of quarrel."

JUNE 24.

MR. PIERCE, President of the United States, recognized the filibuster Walker as President of Nicaragua.

JULY 7.

ON this day the Queen reviewed the troops at Aldershot.

JULY 9.

THE Guards, *returned from the Crimea, made* a public entry into London. The Queen welcomed their return, as she had sped their

departure, from a balcony in Buckingham Palace (see "Throwing the Old Shoe," p. 173). Subsequently Her Majesty attended a Review in Hyde Park.

(*See Cartoon, "Mr. Punch Welcomes the Guards."*)

THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS.

GALLANTLY they marched, in the dank grey dawn of morning,
Of that sullen, sad March morning—'tis two years now and more—
Our Guardsmen, summoned suddenly, with scanty word of warning,
From the pleasures and parade of peace to savage work of war.

What thoughts were theirs while passing scenes of pastime, haunts of leisure,
Under closely-shuttered windows, through thoroughfares all dumb,
With that stern, solid tread of theirs, to the soul-stirring measure,
Where the screaming of the fife wails the tolling of the drum.

* * * * * *

'Twas so long since those proud colours had served for higher uses
Than to grace the Palace pageant, or the Birthday review,
And many feared lest pleasures of the town and their abuses
Had made those arms less stalwart, had left those hearts less true.

MR. PUNCH WELCOMES THE GUARDS.

The summer went: the autumn came: with eager ears we listened
To the tidings that flowed frequent from the far-off scene of fight;
How manly voices trembled, how womanly eyes glistened,
As we read, at last, how the gallant Guards cleared Alma's gun-crowned height!

Then winter came: in grief we learnt how they lay in their strong leaguers,
At war with mightier opposites than stubborn Russian foes,
How to plague and frost and famine, hunger-bitten, naked, meagre,
They were giving lives, ungladdened by the glory of their close.

All remember how from grief and from rage at that sad story,
The heart of England leapt into triumph once again;
As we read the tale of Inkermann, the bulletin of glory,
Of the field that those brave bearskins held so stoutly, one to ten!

* * * * * *

And then came rumour of repulse; but who of us believed it?
Too well we felt that, come what might, our soldiers must be true;
And when the great towns sunk in flames, with calmness we received it,
As but an end we looked for—not their triumph, but their due.

At length our Guards come back to us: our streets to grace their entry,
Fill with such festive gladness, as our dull streets seldom show,
From the Queen, set at her balcony, through window-cluttered gentry,
To the workers thickly lining the footways row on row.

They are coming! to those old sweet tunes that quicken hardest natures,
"Auld Lang Syne" and "Home, Sweet Home" marching merrily along;
Weather-stained coats and war-worn arms, and battle-bronzed features,
Catching glances, changing greetings with friends amidst the throng.

Hark! the Drums, that beat at Alma, so loud and so unquav'ring—
See! the flags that waved, shot-tattered against Inkerman's grey sky!—
The eyes, that looked death in the face, month after month, unwav'ring,
The feet that moved but forward—that only paused to die!

How many a humble heart in those close-packed crowds is swelling,
As rank on rank moves by them, but *his* face is wanting there!
What a knell that music sends into many a stately dwelling,
Recalling loved and lost ones, who this triumph may not share!

For few among the thousands who saw that March-dawn peeping,
Lit in this *July* sunshine their fireflecks laurel-crowned;
Under Scutari's dark cypresses a quiet sleep they're sleeping,
Or on Crimean hill-sides, swell a nameless grassy mound.

So common joys of high and low, unless than common sorrows,
All London's mighty multitude to kindly concord sway,
Till grief takes calm from gladness, joy from woe a chastening borrows,
And all hearts own a solemn mood, that fits this solemn day.

God bless the gallant bearskins! Still in her time of danger,
May England reckon sons as true, as these her sons have been,
Soft on hand-grasp of the spoiler, and from foot-print of the stranger,
Still shall her hearths be sacred, and guarded still her Queen!

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

JULY 12.

THE last of the British forces on this day left the Crimea. A company of the 5th Regiment posted outside Balaklava received the incoming Russian troops, marching for some distance with the Russian Guard; the Russians then posted their sentries, and the English marched on board H.M.S. "Algiers," accompanied by General Codrington and his staff.

Thus formally ended the Crimean Campaign, in which it was computed the English lost a total of 24,000 men, including 770 officers. Of these 3,500 were killed in action or died of wounds, 17,244 died of cholera, and about 16,000 of other diseases, whilst 2,873 were disabled. The French loss was estimated at 63,500 men, and the Russian at 500,000. The sum of £41,041,000 was added to our National Debt in consequence of this war. What were the results to set-off against this large expenditure of men and money has already been indicated.

JULY 15.

FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT HARDINGE resigned the post of General Commanding in-Chief, to which he had been elected on the death of the Duke of Wellington. He was succeeded in that office by the Duke of Cambridge.

(*See Cartoon, "The New Commander-in-Chief."*)

GOOD NEWS FOR THE ARMY.

GALLANT Cambridge becoming
Commander-in-Chief,
To the mind of the soldier how
great a relief!
For the Duke is expected no
nonsense to stand,
And let nobody over his shoulders
command.

The defenders of Britain a
strong hope express
That no tricks will, henceforward, be played with their
dress.
Yes, the heroes who, save in
advance, never run,
Trust no more to be rigged out
like figures of fun.

Light Dragoons' polka-jackets,
they now fear not, will
Be Vandyked at the hem, or
adorned with a frill.
What a comfort to both light
and heavy Dragoons,
Not to dread being drest in the
garb of buffoons!

No more danger of bells and a
pair of long ears
To their caps being fixed for our
bold Grenadiers.
Of a cavalcy, skirted like tall
turkey-cocks,
Or an infantry marching in little
boys' frocks.

A more soldierly taste will on
uniforms tell,
The connection is close of the
taste with the smell.
Now the perfume of powder to
Cambridge is known:
He'll thank those who don't
know it to let him alone.

JULY 29.

PARLIAMENT was this day prorogued by Commission. Although the Royal Speech was rather *couleur-de-rose* concerning "the favourable state of the revenue and the thriving condition of all branches of the national industry," *Mr. Punch*, taking a less optimistic view of things, said, "An ignominious Session was brought to an ignominious end."

(*See Cartoon*, "*Mr. Bull and his Valet.*")

MR. BULL AND HIS VALET.

Mr. Punch gave the public his idea of what the Royal Speech should have been:—

"Lord Chancellor Cranworth then advanced, and was about to read some ridiculous papers, when Lord Chancellor *Punch* politely shoved him out of the way, and, bowing blandly to his delighted audience, read as follows in a loud and distinct tone of voice:—

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"We are commanded by Her Majesty to relieve her subjects from the annoyance of further Parliamentary exhibitions for some months to come.

"When Her Majesty met you in Parliament at the opening of the Session, we were at War. You certainly voted away other people's money in unhesitating style for carrying on that War, and in doing so, you gave satisfaction to the nation.

"A Peace was patched up, and a treaty was signed by which Her Majesty's subjects gained nothing at all, and out of the engagements of which Russia is already skulking.

"We are squabbling with America, but to fight her, unless compelled to do so, would be absurd, and if we can protract negotiation, and if Colonel Fremont, the only decent candidate for the Presidentship, should be elected in November, Her Majesty may not have to announce to you in February that we have captured New York or lost Liverpool.

"Her Majesty regrets to inform you that the bad and foolish woman on the throne of Spain has lent herself to a sanguinary plot for crushing freedom, which has succeeded, and Her Majesty's august ally, the Emperor of the French, is concentrating troops and preparing fleets, and will probably have annexed Spain to France before Her Majesty has the pleasure of seeing you again.

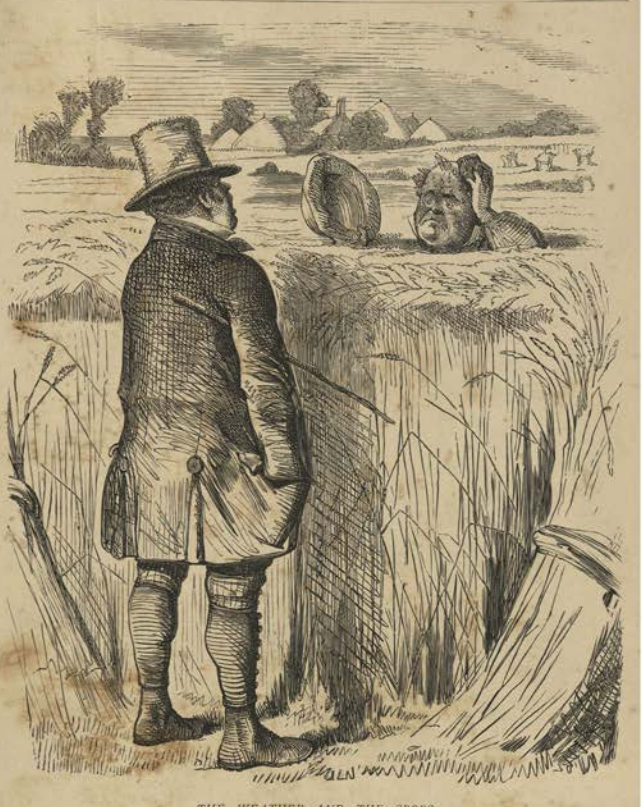
"Her Majesty's Ministers have been exceedingly well snubbed by King Bomba, and Lord Palmerston has every hope that the development of events in Italy will shortly justify the placing that country under the dominion of the King of Sardinia, as Her Majesty's Viceroy.

"It is not improbable that Her Majesty will have to blow Brazil to blazes for the benefit of the Blacks.

"Foreign affairs being upon this highly satisfactory footing, Her Majesty turns to subjects of domestic legislation.

"Not one of the measures which were recommended to you in the Speech from the Throne, in January, have you been good enough to pass, with the exception of an Act for assimilating mercantile law in England and Scotland, and a Joint-Stock Companies Bill. When Her Majesty adds that you have passed a Bill for improving the Coast Guard, and the Country Police, and have somewhat improved the University of Cambridge, the Queen has summed up the results of 88 days in this House, and 106 in the Commons.

"Her Majesty would like to know what you have been and done with the Partnership Bill, with the Local Frauds on Shipping Bill, with the Church-rates Bill, with the Church Discipline Bill, with the Education Bill for England, with the Education Bill for Scotland, with the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, with the Divorce Bill, with the Public Health Bill, with the Agricultural Statistics Bill, with the London Corporation Reform Bill, with the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, with the Civil Service Superannuation Bill, with the Jew Bill, with the Wife's Sister Bill, and with the Vaccination Bill.



THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

"Well, Neighbour, we've had Peace; and now there is every prospect of Plenty. Misfortunes never come single."

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

"Her Majesty's opinion, and that of Her Majesty's subjects, is that out of the 170 of you who have taken prominent part in the debates, nine-tenths ought to have followed the example of the 273 who have not spoken a word during the Session.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"Her Majesty's Ministers ought to be ashamed of themselves for having utterly failed in their duty. Her Majesty's Opposition ought to be ashamed of themselves for not having compelled them to do it, and both ought to be ashamed of the utterly unconstitutional precedent set in the retention of office by a Cabinet without principles or power.

"This sort of thing will not do again. Deposit that hint in the bowls of your respective pipes, and fumigate it.

"You may go."

AUG. 1.

THERE was promise of a most plentiful harvest this year. The bounty of Nature, as usual, did not give unmixed delight to the farmers.

(*See Cartoon, "The Weather and the Crops."*)

AUG. 5.

A GENERAL Order was issued this day, conveying to the troops returned from the East the Queen's admiration of "their good order, discipline, and the brave yet patient spirit with which they had endured evils inseparable from war. The Queen," it continued, "deplores the loss of many of her best officers and bravest men; but history will consecrate the ground before Sebastopol as the grave of heroes."

Miss Florence Nightingale had now returned from the seat of war, and *Mr. Punch* hailed her advent in the following lines:—

THE NIGHTINGALE'S RETURN.

MOST blessed things come silently, and silently depart;
Noiseless steals spring-time on the year, and comfort on the heart; [lie,
And still, and light, and gentle, like a dew, the rain must
To quicken seed in furrow and blossom upon tree.

* * * * *

So she, our sweet Saint Florence, modest, and still, and calm, [palm,
With no parade of martyr's cross, no pomp of martyr's

HOW TO TREAT THAT BULLY BOMBA.

To the place of plague and famine, foulness, and wounds and pain,
Went out upon her gracious toil, and so returns again.

No shouting crowds about her path, no multitudes' hot breath,
To feel with wind of vanity the doubtful fires of faith;
Her paths by hands official all unsmoothed, her aims decried [fable.
By the Levites, who, when need was, passed on the other

* * * * * *

Like her own bird—all voiceless while the daylight songsters trill, [still—
Sweet singer in the darkness when all songs else are

She on that night of suff'ring that chilled other hearts to stone, [of tone.
Came with soft step and gentle speech, yet wise and firm

Think of the prayers for her, that to the praying heart came back,
In rain of blessings, seeming still to spring upon her track:
The comfort of her graciousness to those whose road to death [and faith,
Was dark and doubtful, till she showed the light of love

Then leave her to the quiet she has chosen; she demands
No greeting from our brazen throats and vulgar clapping hands.

Leave her to the still comfort the saints know that have striven.
What are our earthly honours? Her honours are in heaven!

AUG. 6.

THE Government of the King of Naples was still the shame of Europe. Lord Lyndhurst had, on the 14th July, vigorously denounced it in the House of Lords as "tyrannical to its own people, and insulting to this country."

(*See Cartoon, "How to treat that Bully Bomba."*)

BOMBA BOUNCING.

KING BOMBA, in his note of reply to the notes of France and England, advising him to discontinue his emulation of Tiberius, which he declares that he intends to persevere in, and dares France and England to hinder him if they can; King Bomba the Cruel quotes Scripture for his purpose, as Shakespeare tells us that such another as Bomba can. His merciless Majesty dares to quote the precept which forbids men to do to others that which they would not have done to themselves; and asks how Lord Palmerston would like to be interfered with in his government of this country, which, to render the inhuman Bourbon's question pertinent, Lord Palmerston should rule by the instrumentality of police-spies and the bastinado. But Bomba does not do as he would not be done by. Of course not. Bomba would no doubt like to be chained to the Pope, and kept in conjunction with his Holiness night and day. Bomba—thus rendered an artificial Siamese twin—would like to be immured in a damp dungeon, full of filth, abominable vermin, and more abominable miscreants. Bomba would like to eat substantial dirt with his brandy, and swallow real filth, perhaps, with his drink. It may be that he will have to eat some quantity of dirt in a metaphorical way, by-and-by.

King Bomba also accuses the revolutionary Central Committee of Italy of having put a price upon his head. He states the sum at 100,000 ducats. That is too much.

A little earlier (March 29), Felice Orsini, a daring member of the Mazzini party (subsequently too well known for his attempt on the life of the Emperor of the French), had made a marvellous escape from his Austrian dungeon in the Castle of St. Georgio, Mantua. *Mr. Punch* used the incident as a text whereon to hang, with picture and pen, a wide moral.

(See Cartoon, "Liberty flies the Austrian Bars of Italy.")

LIBERTY FILES THE AUSTRIAN BARS OF ITALY.

A TRIBUTE TO FELICE ORSINI.

LIBERTY FILES THE AUSTRIAN BARS.

Mr. Punch's Artist presents his compliments to Francis Joseph, the "hope"—(upon the veracity of that most respectable, and happily, most retired peer, now somewhere in the Grampian Hills, the Earl of Aberdeen)—especially the "hope" of Austria (hope told a flattering tale), and offers him the accompanying design for a historical cartoon to decorate any or all of his palaces, in Vienna, at Schönbrunn, in Pesth, in Venice, or elsewhere.

Mr. Punch's Artist has thought the historic fact in every way worthy of graphic history; to which end he has ventured a little to enlarge and sublime the subject, by merging the individual in the general. His Imperial Majesty will therefore be graciously pleased to accept the accompanying design, not as the representation of one bare fact, but as a hopeful allegory of a coming national truth. Thus it is humbly hoped that his Imperial Majesty may gather from the contemplation of the picture a modicum of humanity and wisdom, to serve him against any possible stress. To which like end a copy may be forwarded to his fraterna Majesty, the King of Naples.

AUG. 6.

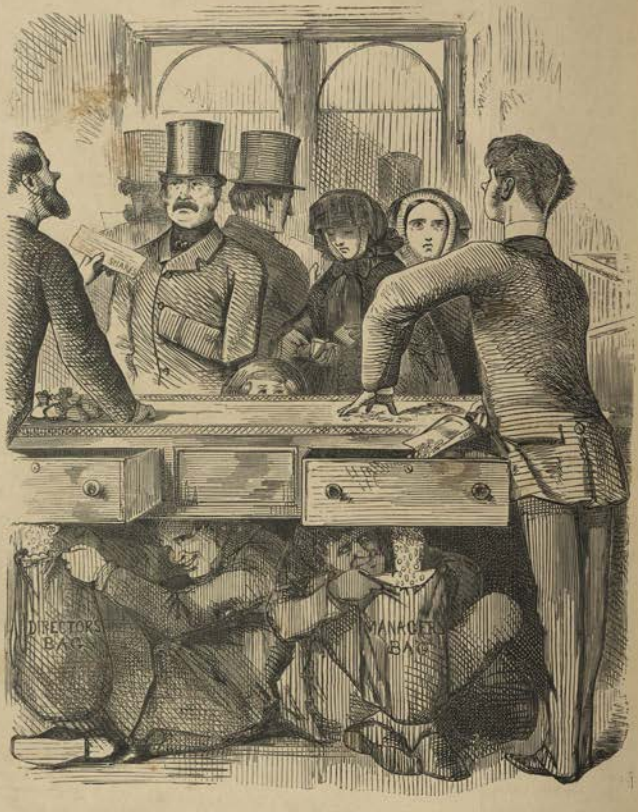
THE evasion by Russia of the 20th Article relating to the Isle of Serpents in the Danube and certain fortresses in Asia Minor) of the lately arranged Treaty excited angry comments in the press, both here and abroad.

Aug. 21.

On this day the Queen-Mother of Oude arrived in this country, accompanied by her grandson and the brothers of the King, with the view of making inquiry and appeal concerning the manner in which their territory had been appropriated. The Governor-General of India, Lord Dalhousie, had, on the 7th of the previous February, issued a proclamation declaring the permanent transfer of the kingdom of Oude to the British Government, on the plea of the continued prevalence of evils and abuses which the Treaty of 1801 had wholly failed to remove.

Sept. 3.

Failure of the Royal British Bank. This was a year of commercial frauds and failures. The enormous defalcations and ghastly suicide, by poison on Hampstead Heath, of James Sadleir, M.P., had only recently startled the public, and had been the cause of wide-spread loss and distress. Now came the unexpected failure of the Royal British Bank, which involved disaster to the unfortunate shareholders, many of whom had to become insolvent or fly the country. "Such a scene" (says *Mr. Punch's* Introduction) "of waste, litigation and misery ensued, as is painful to contemplate." Inquiry showed that the affairs of the Bank had been most scandalously mismanaged, and criminal proceedings against the Directors were taken by the Government.



THE BRITISH BRIGANDS' BANK.

(See Cartoon, "The British Brigands' Bank.")

Only a little later, on September 17th, were discovered the extensive frauds to the extent of £28,000, of William Robson, a clerk to the Crystal Palace Company, and still later (November 15th), Leopold Redpath, a person of high repute as a man of culture and liberality, was found to have been practising a long and ingenious system of fraud upon the shareholders of the Great Northern Railway, by which he had robbed the Company and the public to the extent of something like £250,000.

These events administered a great check to public confidence and commercial credit.

Sept. 7.

On this day the Coronation of the Emperor of Russia, Alexander II., was celebrated at Moscow. Earl Granville was present on behalf of the British Government, and Count de Morny represented France. Superficially it was a splendid and seemingly enthusiastic display, but those

who saw deeper regarded it with gloomy forebodings, only too fully justified by results.

(*See Cartoon, "The Climax of the War."*)

THE CORONATION IN MOSCOW.

BY A BRITISH CYNIC.

HARK! the cannon are roaring, the bells all resound,
Alexander is coming this way to be crowned;
Coronations are ever attended with noise,
For men still will be men, and boys always be boys.

Here they come, and who first? the Police, I presume,
Yes, the mounted Police, who sport helmet and plume;
"Move on there!" they'll scarce have occasion to say,
For nobody's likely to get in their way.

The procession comes after, 'mid shouts of applause,
Which every procession is certain to cause,
If it flashes and shines, and is coloured enough,
No matter at all whom 'tis got up to puff.

The wearers were nothing without arms and clothes,
The excitement is caused, then, by these and by those;
Yellow jackets and gossamer chain-mail combine,
With embroidered horse-cloths in the front of the line.

Follow lances, and pennons, and matchlocks and swords,
The old-fashioned weapons of barbarous hordes,
With scarf upon shoulders and sash around waist,
Picturesque in effect—Oriental in taste.

Black sheepskins, red skull-caps, flags white, red, and blue,
(There's a song of that name which in Moscow won't do)
And a bristling array of long red-handled pikes;
How the multitude roars! this is just what it likes.

Blue uniforms, mounted, and others than blue,
Bespangled with jewels and brilliant of hue,
Of all sorts of colours, all manner of vests,
And orders, stars, crosses, and ribands on breasts.

Gowns, turbans, and trousers, camises, capotes,
Red, white, yellow breeches, and antique steel coats,
And scarlet and purple, and mazarine boots,
Yataghans, battle-axes, and green and gold suits.

Horse-trappings and liveries, domestic and state,
Having heaps of gold lace, upon chargers elate,
Chariots, crimson and gilt; helmet, armour, and crest.
Then his Majesty next and dressed out in his best,

THE CLIMAX OF THE WAR.

Then the court and court ladies, and lastly the crowd,
Their shouts and their cries how astoundingly loud!
And another crowd probably, some other day,
Will bawl in the same place and just the same way.

And what sort of men did these dresses contain?
Of the whole for a sample take some of the train,
Some sixty in number; with gold braiding shone
Their malachite garb; and cocked hats they had on.

Knee shorts, white silk stockings, and shoes on their feet,
With buckles confined, made their raiment complete:
And their shorts were of plush—in their tight buckled shoes,
These same gentlemen walked, in the posse, by twos.

In their gait, 'twas remarked, they limped somewhat and flinched,
For their shoes were new made, and unpleasantly pinched.
All the slaves of a despot, howe'er smart their dress,
Are but flunkeys who feel the shoe pinch more or less.

OCT. 8.

BEGINNING of the dispute with China, originating in a party of Chinese boarding the lorcha "Arrow," which claimed the right to use the British flag, but was of evil antecedents, having been engaged in piracy and smuggling. The Chinese, despite protests from the master of the "Arrow" and from the British Consul, tore down the British flag and carried off the Chinese crew. The Chinese Commissioners agreed to make reparation, but subsequently Commissioner Yeh not paying what was thought to be proper attention to British demands and remonstrances, Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, the naval commander on the station, on the 23rd October destroyed the forts on the river, and occupied the island and fort of Dutch Folly. Yeh was thereby greatly enraged, and issued an offer of a reward of thirty dollars for the head of every Englishman. On the 30th December the crew of the British steamer "Thistle," on her way from Canton to Hong Kong, was boarded by Chinese soldiers, who murdered the crew and passengers.

NOV. 10.

AT the Lord Mayor's Dinner, Lord Palmerston spoke energetically on the subject of certain points in dispute between Russia and England, having reference to the exact meaning of the Treaty of Paris. He said: "We are convinced that the people of England would willingly forego the prospect of future military and naval glory when they were satisfied that the objects of the war had been successfully accomplished. It now remains that the conditions of the Peace shall be faithfully executed and honourably observed, and I trust that the peace of Europe will be placed upon a secure and permanent foundation."

The position of the country, however, in the pending negotiations, seemed hardly satisfactory to the public, it being thought that we deferred too much to the necessities and desires of the French Emperor, allowing ourselves, in fact, to play second fiddle to him in matters of policy, a point of view which *Mr. Punch* illustrated in a Cartoon and some verses.

(*See Cartoon*, "*Quite a New Tune.*"

QUITE A NEW TUNE.

First Fiddle.—"*Now, Mr. Bull, take your time from me.*"

THE HARMONIOUS ALLIANCE.

THE orchestra of Europe is tuning, is tuning,
And the discord and din are bewild'ring to hear,
For we all know the squeaking, the scraping and crooning,
That the tuning of instruments brings to the ear.
But as harmony,—so teaches concert experience,—
Is bred of the discords that tuning attend,
Let us hope that this prelude of car racking variance
In harmonious concord is destined to end.

There's big Russia his wind in the ophicleide trying
(From the Island of Serpents the instrument comes),
While Naples, the whistle of Pizzo conveying,
Tunes his penny trumpet to Austria's drums.
White-coat Austria presides o'er the brass, in the middle,
And Prussia comes in with his nasal bass,
While Louis Napoleon leads, as first fiddle,
Spite of John Bull's reluctance to yield him the place.

Tantara! tantara! the trumpets are sounding—
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub! goes the drum's throbbing roll—
Its mild notes the flute diplomatic is rounding,
But playing, we grieve to say, false on the whole.
At the violoncello, whose grumbling and growling
Most resembles the voice of the family Bull,
Perfidious Albion sits, sulky and scowling,
As if fain to come bang with 't on somebody's skull.

* * * *

What will come of such concord? Harmonious alliance,
For Austria and Prussia and Russia may do,
Where the stick is the *bâton* enforcing compliance,
And the clink of the chain makes the measure go true.
And France with a shrug, too, may follow her leader,
Forswearing the riot she ran in her youth;
But can England of their blotted score long be reader,—
That score, in the key of brute force and untruth?

No—perish such music, and woe to its makers,
When God's thunder peals out the great war-song of Right,
When Justice and Truth, the twin-giants, throne-shakers,
From their subterrene biding-place leap to the light.
In that awful clashing of Powers and dominions,
On which side of the battle shall England be found?
God guide her free choice betwixt tyranny's minions,
And the wronged and oppressed whose blood cries from the ground.

THE AMERICAN TWINS, OR NORTH AND SOUTH.

NOV. 13.

THE new bell—subsequently called Big Ben—for the Clock Tower of the new Houses of Parliament was this day tested. Its note was found to be E natural. The bell was designed by Mr. E. B. Denison, and cast by Messrs. Warner. In his "Song of the Bell," *Mr. Punch* suggested for its inscription—

"M.P.'s voco: Vulliamy ango: Tympana frango."

DEC. 1.

THE United States Congress opened on this date. The Message of President Pierce had especial reference to the rivalry between North and South, which of late had assumed menacing proportions, being complicated and aggravated by the question of Slavery. The Anti-Slavery party in America, reinforced by the wide-spread sympathy excited by Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe's great fiction "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was increasing in numbers and influence. In the course of the current volume, *Mr. Punch* had occasion to make several references to this great and growing difficulty.

(*See Cartoon*, "*The American Twins.*")

Sang *Mr. Punch*, addressing Brother Jonathan:—

UNITED STATES, if our good will
Could but command its way,
You would remain united still,
For ever and a day.
Does England want to see you split,
United States?—the deuce a bit.

Your North and South dissevered, we
With less disgust should view
Only than England we should see
And Scotland cleft in two.
We wish your great Republic whole,
With all our heart and all our soul.

Why who are we? Almost alone,
With you, upon this Earth,
We bow before no Tyrant's throne.
Believe us, aught but mirth
Your noble Commonwealth, if cleft,
Would cause us Britons, weaker left.

What head we might, against the wrong,
Together make, O friends!
We wish you to continue strong,
On union strength depends.

THE RETURN OF THE "RESOLUTE."—A GRACEFUL GIFT FROM BROTHER JONATHAN.

So, that your States may keep compact
Is our desire—now that's a fact.

* * * *

How all the Despots would rejoice,
Should you break up and fail;
How would the flunkeys' echoing voice
Take up their masters' tale!
"Free institutions will not do"
Would be the cry of all the crew.

The Press is gagged—the mouth is shut—
None dare their thoughts to name,
In Europe round; and lackeys strut,
Arrayed in splendid shame;
And creeds are, at the bayonet's point,
Enforced in this time out of joint.

Still be it yours and ours to bear
Our witness 'gainst these days.
The world, at least will not despair
Whilst we our free flags raise.
Then may you still your stripes possess,
And may your stars be never less.

Strange it may seem, and yet is not;
The peril of the Free
All springs from one unhappy blot,
The taint of Slavery.
That, that is all you have to dread;
Get rid of that and go a-head!

Prophetic words—written in 1856. The relations between England and the United States had been a little strained, but the graceful presentation to the Queen of the Arctic ship "Resolute," which, abandoned by one of our exploring expeditions, had been recovered by some American whalers, created a most favourable and friendly feeling in the country.

The "Resolute" was presented to the Queen at Cowes, as a token of friendship, love, and admiration,"

(*See Cartoon, "The Return of the 'Resolute.'"*)

So the year ended happily by the re-establishment of amicable relations between ourselves and our kin across the Atlantic.

1857

JAN. 1.

THE year began with violent storms around the coast, causing many wrecks and great loss of life. On the 4th and 5th January the furious gale was at its worst. At one time (says "Annals of Our Time") there were at least sixty vessels on shore on the north-east coast, and it was computed that no fewer than fifteen foundered with all on board.

JAN. 3.

THE Prussian Crown laid claim to the Principality and Canton of Neufchâtel, a claim which had been formally recognised by a Conference of the five Great Powers in 1852. Neufchâtel, on the 29th Feb., 1848, had, however, declared itself independent of Prussia, and still maintained the spirit of that declaration. In September, 1856, Prussia attempted, without success, to get her authority recognized, and some Royalists having been imprisoned in the Republic of Neufchâtel, a Prussian army was sent to deliver them. Prussia was again urging her claims to the sovereignty of Neufchâtel, and Louis Napoleon, to whom Switzerland had given protection during his exile, was believed to favour these claims.

(*See Cartoon, "Switzerland Warming the Snake."*)

JAN. 23.

ON this day were heard the earliest warnings concerning the terrible event known as the Indian Mutiny. Major-General Hearsey, commander of the Presidency Division, informed the Indian Government that there was dissatisfaction among the Sepoys at Dumdum, arising, as they declared, from the belief that the grease used in the manufacture of cartridges contained the fat of pigs and cows, animals which both the Hindoos and Mahomedans held impure and unholy.

A little later (on the 5th February) it is recorded that a Sepoy intimated to the officers of the 34th Native Infantry, stationed at Barrackpore, that the men of the four regiments there stationed, fearing that they were to be forced to lose caste and become Christians, had conspired to mutiny. During this month also (says "Annals of Our Time") "chepatties or cakes of unleavened bread were observed to be passed throughout all the north-western provinces of British India."

Later still, at Berhampore, the men of the 19th Native Infantry rejected the percussion caps distributed to them, having suspicions, so they asserted, as to the way in which the cartridges were made.

SWITZERLAND WARMING THE SNAKE.

(*Another Illustration of the Old Fable.*)

JAN. 24.

THERE was at this time a growing dissatisfaction at the Income Tax, now standing at 16*d.* in the pound, and Lord Palmerston was supposed to favour reduction.

(See Cartoon, "Palmerston's New Game.")

FISCAL NURSERY RHYMES.

SING a song of Income,
Taxed, under Schedule D,
As high as rent, or interest
Of funded property.
When the wrong is pondered,
Its infamy is seen.
Isn't this a pretty tax
To levy for the Queen?

The Queen is in her counting-house,
Shocked to count the money.
Prince Albert's at his pastime,
Shooting hare and cony.
Poor Tomkins to the workhouse,
His savings robbed of, goes:
For down came the Income-Tax,
And stripped him of those.

PALMERSTON'S NEW GAME.

"CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER *(aside)*. "*O yes! he may floor 'em——but I'll soon put 'em up again.*"

JAN. 31.

THERE was a tendency in France to claim for its own army something more than the lion's share of credit for the Crimean campaign, and at a Crimean Banquet recently given in Paris this tendency had been specially marked. *Mr. Punch* satirised this vainglorious self-assertion on the part of our Gallic allies in the following burlesque lines:—

LEAP-FROG.

Dedicated to Prince Napoleon, The Duke of Malakhoff, Marshals Canrobert, Bosquet, *and the other French officers present at the late Crimean banquet at Paris.*

FROGGY must a warring go—
Heigh ho, so slowly!
Froggy must a warring go,
By the Emperor's orders, like it or no,
With his swingeing St. Arnaud, Bosquet, and Canrobert,
Heigh ho, so slowly!

So off he sailed to the Bosphorus blue,
Heigh ho, so growly!
So off he sailed to the Bosphorus blue,
And there found John Bull with a soldier or two,
With his good-natured Raglan, Lucan, and Cardigan,
Heigh ho, so growly!

When the Rooskies at Alma were forced to run—
Heigh ho, so easy!
When the Rooskies at Alma were forced to run,
It was Froggy, of course, took the one captured gun,
With his swingeing St. Arnaud, Bosquet, and Canrobert,
Heigh ho, so easy!

When the beaten Rooskies we failed to pursue—
Heigh ho, so foully!
When the beaten Rooskies we failed to pursue,
To John Bull, of course, the delay was due,
With his easy Lord Raglan, Lucan, and Cardigan,
Heigh ho, so growlly!
When to "sap" was changed what should have been "sack"—
Heigh ho, so slowly!
When to "sap" was changed what should have been "sack,"
Of course, Froggy held left and right attack,
With his bouncing Petisier, Bosquet, and Canrobert,
Heigh ho, so slowly!
When six to one did at Inkermann fight—
Heigh ho, so boldly!
When six to one did at Inkermann fight,
It was Froggy, of course, that defended the height
With his terrible *Chasseurs*, *Zouaves*, and *Indigènes*,
Heigh ho, so boldly!
When at Balaklava fled Russia's horse—
Heigh ho, so quickly!
When at Balaklava fled Russia's horse,
The "thin red line" was Froggy's of course,

THE FRENCH GAME OF LEAP-FROG OVER THE BRITISH LION.

AS RECENTLY PLAYED IN PARIS.

With his blundering Lucan, Campbell, and Highlanders,
Heigh ho, so quickly!
When the Allies' assault was repulsed in June—
Heigh ho, so foully!
When the Allies' attack was repulsed in June,
'Twasn't Froggy began the attack too soon,
With his Duke of Malakhoff, Bosquet, and Company,
Heigh ho, so foully!
When at last Sebastopol city was ta'en—
Heigh ho, so slowly!
When at last Sebastopol city was ta'en,
It was Froggy did all—except lose the Redan,
With his thundering D'Angely, Bosquet, and Malakhoff,
Heigh ho, so slowly!
In short, the Siege of Sebastopol—
Heigh ho, so wholly!
In short, the Siege of Sebastopol
Was Froggy's achievement, whole and sole,
With his Admiral Hamelin, Bosquet, and Malakhoff,
Heigh ho, so wholly!
Of what laurels there are to win and wear—
Heigh ho, so sorely!
Of what laurels there are to win and wear,
Of course, Froggy claims the Lion's share,
With his Dukes and his Marshals, Bosquet and Malakhoff,
Heigh ho, so greedy!

(*See Cartoon*, "*The French Game of Leap-Frog over the British Lion.*")

FEB. 3.

PARLIAMENT was this day opened by Commission. *Punch* thus summarised the Royal Speech:—

Glad to see you.
Treaty of Paris settled.
Prussia *v.* Switzerland—ditto I hope.
Have cut Bomba.
Central America will be all right.
Am sworn friends with the King of Siam.

Have walked into the Persians.

Have pitched into the Chinese.

Estimates to be as economical as possible.

Law amendments to be proposed.

Currency question must come up.

People content.—Trade flourishing.

Soft soap.

Short prayer.

* * * *

"The echoes in uniform having subsided, Mr. Disraeli delivered a long and entertaining invective against Ministers for everything they had done or not done since he had last had the pleasure of vituperating them. His chief point was the amiable intimation that they were humbugs, for that they had been encouraging Italian aspirations for independence, while they knew that England had assented to a secret treaty by which France was bound to preserve to Austria her Italian spoliations. This statement made a great sensation. Lord Palmerston declared that there was no such treaty, and assailed Dizzy with Rabelaisian abuse, calling him a gossip, a *gobemouche*, and a fly-catcher. But Mr. Disraeli said he "had seen the treaty." Now the question is, who is to be believed? Is *Pam* a sham, or ought the other's name to be written in future—Disrae-lie?"

It was suspected that Disraeli, who with his party was at this time "out in the cold," was ready to take almost any line that would be likely to lead to their re-instalment in office.

But his following at this time was small and doubtful; he and his leader in the Upper House, Lord Derby, were, as *Mr. Punch* put it, "waiting for a Party."

(*See Cartoon, "Swell Mob at the Opening of Parliament."*)

SWELL MOB AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

PUNCH (A 1). *"Now, then! What's your Little Game?"*

DIZZY. "Our Little Game? Nothin'—We're only 'WAITING FOR A PARTY.''

FEB. 6.

ANNOUNCEMENT made of the nomination of Trustees with a view to the formation of a National Portrait Gallery.

FEB. 13.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (Sir George Cornewall Lewis) introduced his Budget. It proposed to reduce the Income Tax from sixteenpence to sevenpence on incomes over £150, and to fivepence on incomes between £150 and £100; and in three years to let the tax expire altogether.

Punch said, "You may give three cheers, Bull, for no doubt it is something to keep the

Nimble Ninepence that used to jump so nimbly from your pocket into the tax-collector's."

(*See Cartoon, "Seven pence to the Bank."*)

FEB. 14.

APROPOS of Mr. Rowland Hill's new plan for dividing London into postal districts, a plan which of course, with the usual stolid objection to change of any sort, was opposed in some quarters, but which as carried out has proved exceedingly useful, *Mr. Punch* had the following useful mnemonic verses:—

THE TEN TOWNS.

Or, Mr. Punch's Complete Handbook to his friend Mr. Hill's New Postal Plan.

ROWLAND HILL has just divided
London's waste of brick by ten;
Every change, of course, is chided
By our stupid "business-men."

SEVEN PENCE TO THE BANK.

MRS. BRITANNIA. "*How much now to the Bank?*" *PALMERSTON.* "*We've down again, Ma'am. Only Seven Pence!*"

But the plan has pleased their betters,
Hill's new boundary rails are cast,
And those nuisances, our Letters,
Will be brought us twice as fast.

Neither *timidi* nor *lemures*
Hill proceeds: his scheme to aid
Rowland begs you'll fix in memory,
These new districts he has made.
Punch, believing that in no land
Works a sounder man than Hill,
Begs to give, in help of Rowland,
Some Mnemonics, framed with skill.

Let us take some leading feature
In each district thus assigned,
And the most oblivious creature
Soon will bear the name in mind,
Unto its Initials adding,
Endings new but *à propos*,
Rowland's heart you'll soon be gladding
By the ready skill you'll show.

Thus:—**N.W.**'s region's lying
All around the Regent's Park,
"What **N**ice **W**illas folks are buying
Round those parts," is your remark.

W. holds the whole, or nearly,
Of the Fashionable Squares,
Think of "**W**ealth" or (more severely)
Of the **W**anton **W**aste it dares.

Lawyers, and good Coram's Foundlings,
All are found in **W.C.**
Theatres delight its groundlings,
Wicked **C**reatures, is your key.
Pimlico is in **S.W.**,
Brompton fast, and Chelsea mild,
There the **S**houting **W**retches trouble you
With the cries that drive you wild.

E.'s for **E**ngland, represented
By her fittest symbol, Docks,
There's her **E**mpire, sea-cemented,
Throned upon a thousand stocks.
Lady, your **N**ew **E**vening dresses
Come from yonder scorched **N.E.**,
There the weaving Frenchman blesses
Nantes' **E**dict. Ah! *many and!*

S. for **S**uburbs, neat and cheapish,
Brixton, Camberwell, Vauxhall,
And one's friend looks rather **S**heepish
Bidding you to come and call;
Yet that part in turn outbectors
Yonder dismal hole **S.E.**,
Southwark, where the **S**nob **E**lectors
Choose Sir Charles and Apsley P.

Under **N.** the map embraces
Islington and Pentonveal,
Folks who ask you to such places,
Are a **N**uisance, don't you feel?
While what's ancient, rich, or witty,
Makes **E.C.** a glorious bunch,
That's our own Eternal City,
Tower and Bank, St. Paul's and *Punch!*

DISRAELI. GLADSTONE.

THE BALANCING BROTHERS OF WESTMINSTER

FEB. 20.

On this day (says *Punch's* "Essence") "in the Commons the Battle of the Budget began. Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone, two gentlemen who conceive themselves miserably misplaced—the one on the wrong side of the Speaker, and the other on the second row below the gangway—delivered themselves of attacks upon the Government scheme of finance. Mr. Disraeli thought that the whole Income Tax ought to be now taken off . . . and Mr. Gladstone urged economy. *Mr. Punch* always desires to do justice, and will therefore add, that Mr. Disraeli omitted all pyrotechnics in dealing with a grave subject, and that Mr. Gladstone's oratorical power has seldom been more vigorously put forth than in the vindication of his own financial system."

(*See Cartoon, "The Balancing Brothers of Westminster."*)

The Debate was renewed on the 23rd. "Lord John Russell" (says *Punch's* "Essence of Parliament") "volunteered his aid to the Government, and, in fact, it is supposed that there is no amount of assistance which he would withhold from any Government *de facto*, even to the discharging a portion of their duties. Mr. Walpole, of course, was ready to vote anything that should enable him to change places with Sir George Grey. Mr. Cardwell deserted his friend Mr. Gladstone, and joined the Government voters. He could not be Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Ministry of which Mr. Gladstone was a member. Mr. Milner Gibson had listened to everybody else's speeches with an attention not altogether reciprocated by the House, and expressed his wish that the Budget should be amended. Sir

Charles Wood, of course, contended that it was so good as to be incapable of being amended; and the House divided upon the main question, which was whether the Balancing Brothers of Westminster should take office *vice* the Bottle-holder, and decided that they should not, by 286 to 206.

Feb. 24.

A debate commenced in the House of Lords upon a series of resolutions moved by the Earl of Derby, censuring the Ministry for their action in China.

The great point of attack was concerning the bombardment of Canton. "Everybody" (says *Mr. Punch's* "Essence") "who wished to injure the Government was conscientiously convinced that the assault was unjust, unnecessary, and cruel, while all the Ministerialists were as clear in their conscience that nothing could be more righteous and expedient, or

Earl of Derby. *Cobden.* *Palmerston.*

THE GREAT CHINESE WARRIORS—DAH-BEE AND COB-DEN.

more humanely effected. It was urged that to these people (Mr. Commissioner Yeh and the Cantonese) we were to serve out justice in its most winning guise, and lofty truth and forbearance. The Lords, after a debate to-night and on Thursday, voted that bombshells were more to the purpose, by 146 to 110."

Feb. 26.

Mr. Cobden in the Commons, moved a resolution condemnatory of the bombardment. It was continued on the 3rd March, when Mr. M. Gibson, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli all supported the Vote of Censure. "Roebuck" (says *Mr. Punch*) "particularly grieved that our conduct was un-Christian, and Gladstone that it was not straightforward. The Bottleholder (Lord Palmerston) at last rose to reply, and in very plain-spoken speech exposed the cant about the Chinese, expressed his perfect understanding that it only meant that the Government bench was wanted by his opponents, and cautioned the House not to sacrifice the honour of their country and the safety of Englishmen abroad to the greed of hungry faction. . . . The division took place about half-past two in the morning, and the numbers were:—

"For hauling down the British Flag, apologising to the Chinese, and putting Derby, Dizzy, and Gladstone in office . . .	263
For maintaining the honour of England and keeping Pam in place	247
Chinese Majority .	16 "

(*See Cartoon, "The Great Chinese Warriors Dah-bee and Cob-den."*)

MARCH 5.

LORD PALMERSTON, instead of resigning over his defeat on the Chinese vote, as his opponents had hoped and expected, announced that he had advised Her Majesty to dissolve Parliament at the earliest possible period consistent with the due discharge of public business.

MARCH 14.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in his Election address to the City of London, advanced the following arguments as grounds for his action in the Chinese debate:

1. That the audience demanded with the Commissioner was grafted upon a quarrel which might otherwise have been amicably settled.
2. That it led to scenes of bloodshed and destruction wherein many innocent persons perished.
3. That such a demand ought to have been addressed to the Emperor, and that due time should have been allowed for an answer.
4. That before hostilities were commenced, due preparation should have been made in concert with the authorities at home for the protection of the lives and properties of British subjects.
5. That the demand of access to the Commissioners was not authorized by the instructions of the Secretary of State.

Mr. Disraeli, in his address to the Electors of Buckingham said, "Lord Palmerston is an eminent man who has deserved well of his country, but as a Prime Minister he occupies a false position. He is the Tory chief of a Radical Cabinet."

RECOIL OF THE GREAT CHINESE GUN-TRICK.

MARCH 16.

LORD DERBY criticised at length the Ministerial policy, and protested against the imputations of those who charged him and those who acted with him as having formed a factious "coalition." He ridiculed rather tartly the current laudation of Lord Palmerston. *Mr. Punch* said he was "naturally as dissatisfied as most men are with the distressing results of a blunder which was intended for a masterpiece of cleverness. He rammed a blunderbuss chock-full of faction, and gave it to three mischievous fellows to fire off. They pulled the trigger, and the recoil has knocked them all backwards, and he will have a good deal to pay before he hears the last of the affair."

(*See Cartoon, "Recoil of the Great Chinese Gun Trick."*)

MARCH 21.

On this day Parliament was prorogued by Commission, preparatory to its Dissolution.

MARCH 23.

Lord Palmerston, in his address to the electors of Tiverton, thus defended his Chinese policy:—"An insolent barbarian, wielding authority at Canton, violated the British flag, broke the engagements of treaties, offered rewards for the heads of British subjects in that part of China, and planned their destruction by murder, assassination and poison. The British officers—civil and naval—on the station took those measures which appeared to them to be proper and necessary to obtain satisfaction and redress; and Her Majesty's Government had approved the course pursued by those officers in vindication of the national honour and for the assertion of our national rights.

"A combination of political parties, not till this session united, carried a resolution declaring the course pursued by our officers in China unjustifiable, and consequently censuring Her Majesty's Government for having approved that course; but if that course was unjustifiable, the British Government, instead of expressing satisfaction, ought to offer compensation to the Chinese Commissioner; and this course the combined opponents of the Government, if their parliamentary victory had installed them in office, must, in consistency, have been prepared to pursue. Will the British nation give their support to men who have thus endeavoured to make the humiliation and degradation of their country the stepping stone to power?"

(*See Cartoon, "An Old Hand."*)

AN OLD HAND.

Little Jack Russell. "*Now, then, look sharp, or else let me come!*"

Pam. "*Don't you be in a hurry, young Gentleman—I know the country!*

MARCH 31.

The General Election commenced. It went against "the Coalition," as the union between Derby, Russell, Disraeli, Gladstone, Cobden, Bright, and their followers had been dubbed. Mr. Bright and Mr. Gibson at Manchester were defeated by two Conservatives. Mr. Cobden lost his seat at Huddersfield. Of Lord Palmerston's Administration only two members, Admiral Berkeley and Mr. Frederick Peel, lost their seats.

Of the Members returned to the new House, 371 were Liberals, and 284 Conservatives.

APRIL 2.

AT Barrackpore, Mangal Pandy was executed for insubordination and inciting the Sepoy troops to mutiny. A further indication of the unsettled state of things in India.

APRIL 14.

THE QUEEN, at Buckingham Palace, at a quarter before two o'clock this afternoon was safely delivered of a daughter, the Princess Beatrice.

ROYAL NURSERY RHYMES.

Says Prince Albert, on Tuesday,
"I've come to tell news t'ye.
There's a new Baby. Guess!"
"Girl, Pa," cries the Princess,
"To make up for the *bride*,"
Adds shy Wales, half aside.
"Let's light up the Palace,"
Says light-hearted Alice;
"I'll teach her spellin' or
French," says grave Helena;
"I'll never tease her,"
Says laughing Louisa;
"I'll nurse her, rather,"
Says gallant young Arthur;
"And Me too, me hope hold
Um baby," says Leopold;
"Who'll write and tell Al?"
Says Prince Albert, "I shall."

Then they all began shouting,
for, coming to lunch
And candle, they saw their best
friend, *Mr. Punch*.

APRIL 30.

THE new Parliament met for the first time. John Evelyn Denison, Esq., M.P. for North Nottinghamshire, was elected Speaker without opposition.

(*See Cartoon, "Opening of Parliament."*)

MAY 5.

ON this day the great Exhibition of Art Treasures at Manchester was opened by the Prince Consort. It was a superb collection of paintings by Ancient and Modern Masters, arranged with skill, and became very popular.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?"

MAY 7.

PARLIAMENT was opened by Commission. "A glance at the Queen's Speech (said *Mr. Punch*)" showed there was nothing in it.

"We are at peace.
"It seems likely to last.
"The stipulations of the Treaty are fulfilled.
"Switzerland has bribed Clicquot to be quiet.
"We have done nothing *in re* Central America.
"We have signed a Treaty with Persia.
"We send out Elgin, and forces to China.
"We compound for the Sound dues.
"Queen Anne is no more."

MAY 8.

THE new Reading Room at the British Museum was this day opened to the public for the first time.

MAY 10.

ON this (Sunday) evening the native regiments at Meerut mutinied, fired on their officers, and breaking open the jail released the prisoners who had been confined for insubordination. A terrible scene ensued. The building was set on fire (says *Mr. Punch's* record) and upwards of 1,000 convicts liberated. Every

European was attacked, and a great number of officers, together with ladies and children, were barbarously murdered by the insurgents before the English troops had time to come up. When the alarm first reached them they were preparing for church parade, and they immediately marched on the native lines. Some of the native troops fled, were pursued, and a considerable number cut down. The rest fled to Delhi.

Then followed the hideous massacre at Delhi, where the insurgents were quickly joined by other mutineers from all quarters. The Sepoy soldiers manifested a ruthless rage and tigerish ferocity, slaughtering and outraging women, and tossing children on their bayonet points before their mothers' eyes. The Sepoys obtained complete mastery of the city, and the British force in pursuit took up their quarters some two miles north of Delhi, "with the old cantonment in front, a canal in their rear, and the river Jumna on their left."

THE DOWRY OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

MR. BULL. "There, my child! God bless you—and may you make as good a Wife as your Mother!"

On the 16th May the Governor-General of India issued a proclamation describing the rumours which had led the men of certain regiments to suspect meditated offence to their religion, as "malicious falsehoods," and stating that the Government of India "entertains no desire to interfere with their religion or caste."

MAY 18.

"On this day" (says *Mr. Punch's* "Essence,") "the Queen sent a message to Parliament to say that her eldest daughter was engaged, and suggesting that something should be done to set up the young couple. Parliament received the message very affably, and at the end of the week, with all sorts of kind speeches, gave the bride £40,000 down, and £8,000 a year for what *Mr. Punch* trusts will be a long and happy life."

The Princess Royal was betrothed to Prince Frederick William of Prussia. Announcement of the intended marriage had first been publicly made on the 29th of April, 1856.

(*See Cartoon, "The Dowry of the Princess Royal."*)

ODE TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

DAUGHTER of England, just about to wed
The Prussian youngster—blessings on your head.
When your Mamma—Time spins so fast away—
Was married, seems but just the other day.
Perhaps she will, in quite as short a space,
Have a granddaughter in her daughter's case.
I say, so be it!
May we all live to see it,
And to see yet more
That we may roar,
And shout Hurrah!
And sing, God Save Great Grandmamma!
May you enjoy no end of happy life,
Have a good husband and prove a good wife.

MAY 19.

DEBATE in the Lords on the Divorce Bill. The second reading was carried by 47 to 18. *Mr. Punch* addressed the following lines to the Bishop of Oxford, who opposed it.

STANZAS TO SOAPEY SAM.

TELL me, Bishop, tell me why,
If you had your little will,
You'd keep bound, in cruel tie,
Injured spouse, and false wife still?
Why oppose Lord Cranworth's Bill?

From a loathed and guilty mate,
Why refuse a man divorce,
Ruthless of his horrid state,
Which your priestly laws enforce;
Union with a moral corse?

Do you fear that common sense
'Gainst your dogmas will rebel,
And if you, of high pretence,
Give an inch, will take an ell?
Ah! I don't expect you'll tell.

In a bad old canon law,
Do you see a little prop
To your fabric—which withdraw,
And the edifice will drop?
Are you fighting for the Shop?

Were't now first proposed to free
Until now enslaved Dissent,
Would you get, my Bishop, be
With the measure "non content?"
Say, my Peer of Parliament.

Had you lived in other days,
Question being, That no more
Faggots should in Smithfield blaze,
You'd have urged, of holy lore,
For the bonfires, what a store!

MAY 22.

LORD PALMERSTON on this day, proposing the adjournment of the House over the 26th, which was to be celebrated as the Queen's birthday, and also the following day, on which the Derby was to be run ("Blink Bonny" won), referred to the latter day as that "on which our Isthmian games are celebrated." The jaunty Viscount's phrase had much vogue then and thereafter. Said *Mr. Punch à propos*, "Henceforth to talk of 'the Derby Day' will be vulgar. In due courtesy to Lord Palmerston, polite society will always say—'Isthmian Games.'"

HOW THEY SETTLED NEUFCHATEL.

MAY 28.

"PRUSSIA" (says *Mr. Punch's* "Essence of Parliament" for this date) "has signed with Switzerland; so that storm in a teacup is hushed." This referred to the Neufchâtel Question before referred to.

One of *Mr. Punch's* Notes says:—

"The King of Prussia resigned and renounced for ever his rights of sovereignty, on the receipt of one million francs from the Helvetic Confederation. The King to keep in perpetuity the title of Prince of Neufchâtel, but to found upon that title no rights whatever either in Switzerland or Neufchâtel. Hence the cut."

(*See Cartoon, "How they settled Neufchâtel."*)

MAY 30.

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE of Russia, on a brief visit to this country, was received by the Queen at Osborne this day, and on the next accompanied Her Majesty on a cruise through the fleet, then at Spithead.

MAY 30.

ON this day mutiny broke out among the Sepoys at Lucknow. The rebels, after killing some officers and burning some buildings, were driven off by artillery, directed by Sir Henry Lawrence, and retired to Moodripore. Sir Henry took measures for the suppression of disaffection and for the defence of the town.

JUNE 6.

THE Mutiny broke out at Allahabad, where the Sepoys slaughtered fourteen officers, plundered the treasury, and committed other atrocities. The insurrection quickly spread to other places. Telegrams appeared in the London papers, stating that the 3rd Bengal Cavalry at Meerut was in revolt.

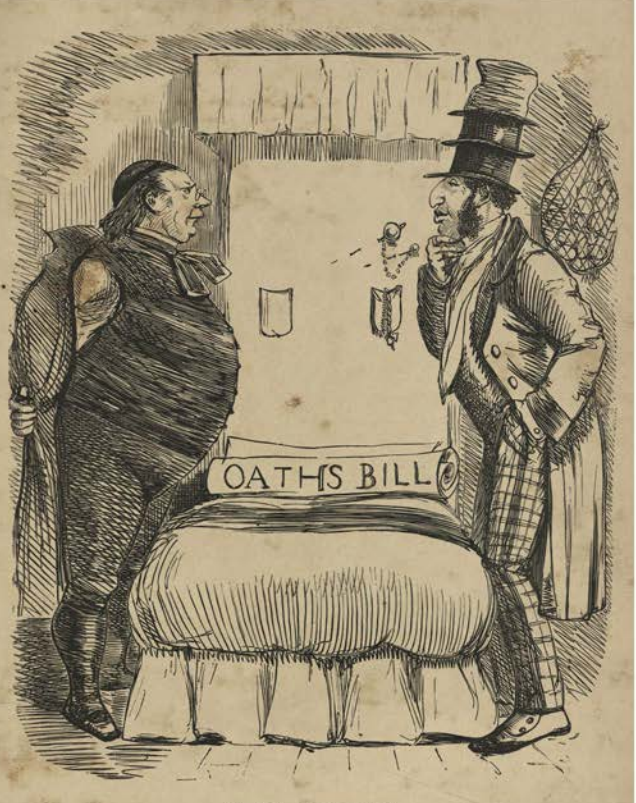
JUNE 8.

DOUGLAS JERROLD died at Kilburn Priory, aged 54.

JUNE 11.

LORD CRANWORTH'S Divorce and Matrimonial Bill being in committee in the Lords, a clause was proposed by the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, popularly known by the nickname of "Soapey Sam"), who was opposed to the measure, making it lawful to inflict fine or imprisonment in divorce cases. It was carried by 43 to 33, but was afterwards excised from the Bill on the third reading by a majority of 39 against 29.

Another semi-ecclesiastical question agitated the House about this time. The Commons (says *Mr. Punch's* "Essence") discussed the Jew Bill, more politely called the Oaths Bill, in Committee. The Papist Party, who assume to themselves the title of Liberal, began the battle by an attempt to get the Catholic oath included in the measure, notwithstanding that they had been warned by Lord Palmerston that they might injure the cause of the Jews by a demand to which the feeling of the country was adverse. The Commons made very short work with these persons (on June 15th), rejecting the proposition by 373 to 83.



STRANGE BED-FELLOWS!

(*See Cartoon, "Strange Bed-fellows!"*)

JUNE 14.

NEWS received at Lucknow that Cawnpore had been besieged since the 6th instant by Nana Sahib, and was in sore straits. "The whole Christian population," said Sir Hugh Wheeler's letter, "is with us in a temporary entrenchment, and our defence has been noble and wonderful; our loss heavy and cruel. We want aid, aid, aid! Regards to Lawrence." The aid thus appealed for could not then be sent; Lucknow itself was in a critical condition.

JUNE 25.

LETTERS Patent for conferring upon Prince Albert the title of Prince Consort were ordered to be prepared for the Queen's signature.

JUNE 26.

THE first distribution of the Victoria Cross (for signal acts of valour in the presence of the enemy) was this day made by the Queen in Hyde Park.

The design of the Cross was, as is usual with such matters in England, unsatisfactory. *Punch* had the following unflattering epigram thereupon:—

THE PLAIN CROSS OF VALOUR.

HERE'S Valour's Cross, my men;
'twill serve
Though rather ugly—take it.
John Bull a medal can deserve,
But can't contrive to make it.

JUNE 27.

NEWS arrived from India that Delhi had been captured by the insurgent natives and the Europeans massacred. The intelligence naturally created great excitement and anxiety in this country. "The bad news from India," said *Mr. Punch*, "brought up speakers in both Houses, but nothing, of course, could be said by the Government, except that it had every confidence in the Indian authorities. The mail next week will show how far that confidence is merited." It did.

HEARTLESS ROBBERY.

JUNE 30.

"LORD NAAS" (says *Mr. Punch's* "Essence of Parliament" for this date) "very ably stated the swindle of the Superannuation Scheme, under which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is permitted to rob the family of any unhappy civil servant who dies in harness, of every shilling he has been *forced to contribute to* the fund, unless he has reached the precise old age at which his allowance begins. Sir G. Lewis admitted a good deal of its badness, but did not see how to alter it—actuaries are, however, he said, inquiring into the matter."

(*See Cartoon, "Heartless Robbery."*)

JUNE 30.

MR. BERKELEY's motion in favour of the Ballot was negatived by 257 votes against 189.

JULY 2.

THE gallant Sir Henry Lawrence, conductor of the defence of Lucknow, was this day mortally wounded by a shell which burst in his room at the Residency. He died on the 4th.

JULY 8.

LORD PALMERSTON explained in the House the reasons for England's opposition to the projected Suez Canal. He said it would tend to the more easy separation of Egypt from Turkey, and so was opposed to our policy.

Mr. Punch has the following prophetic note ("Essence of Parliament"):—

"Lord Palmerston then smashed, as he conceived, the Isthmus of Suez Canal, declaring that the scheme was a bubble, and also that, for political reasons, our Government would always oppose it. Some years hence, the chief cabin passengers of the *Bullini*, a steamer plying along the Suez Canal, will read this record in *Mr. Punch's* Thirty-third Volume (a complete set of his works being among the necessaries of the voyage), and will smile indulgently, and remark how Egypt has improved since England accepted her as a present from the Sultan, with the consent of the Republic of France."

JULY 13.

"SIR COLIN CAMPBELL" (says *Mr. Punch's* "Essence") "goes out to take the chief command in India. . . . . The gallant Colin was almost off before Lord Panmure could tell him he was wanted — the Indian Mail was stopped at Marseilles that he might catch the steamer . . . and about the time that *Mr. Punch's* record is read, Sir Colin must be cutting across the desert with all his might."

(*See Cartoon, "Every Inch a Soldier."*)

EVERY INCH A SOLDIER.

PAM (Boots at the British Lion). "Here's your hot water, Sir."
SIR COLIN. "All right. I've been ready a long time."

JULY 15.

ON this day took place the terrible Massacre at Cawnpore, horrible climax of the horrors of the Indian Mutiny. Insurrection had broken out there on the 7th of June. General Wheeler and the European residents took shelter in an entrenched camp, which was exposed to the incessant fire of the rebels. On the 24th June, that cruel and treacherous scoundrel, Nana Sahib, offered them safe conduct to Allahabad if they would surrender the entrenchment and their stores and treasures. On the 27th the doomed Europeans marched down to the river and into the boats in which they were to retire. No sooner were they in the

boats than fire was opened upon them by the mutineers. A horrible scene, too terrible and too often told to need detailed recapitulation here, ensued. The Europeans—men, women, and children—were slaughtered with every accompaniment of fiendish cruelty and bestial lust. The story of the slaughter-house and well at Cawnpore yet makes English ears tingle and English hearts flame. What effect it produced at the time may be gathered from the fiery outburst of indignant wrath which the hideous carnival of horrors wrung from the lips of the humane *Mr. Punch*.

LIBERAVIMUS ANIMAM.

Who pules about mercy? The agonised wail
Of babies hewn piecemeal yet sickens the air,
And echoes still shudder that caught on the gale
The mother's—the maiden's wild scream of despair.

Who pules about mercy? That word may be said
When steel, red and sated, perforce must retire,
And for every soft hair of each dear'y loved head
A cord has dispatched a foul fiend to hell-fire.

The Avengers are marching—fierce eyes in a glow;
Too vengeful for curses are lips locked like those—
But hearts hold two prayers—to come up with the foe,
And to hear the proud blast that gives signal to close.

And woe to the hell-hounds! Right well may they fear
A vengeance—ay, darker than war ever knew,
When Englishmen, charging, exchange the old cheer
For, "REMEMBER THE WOMEN AND BABES WHOM THEY SLEW."

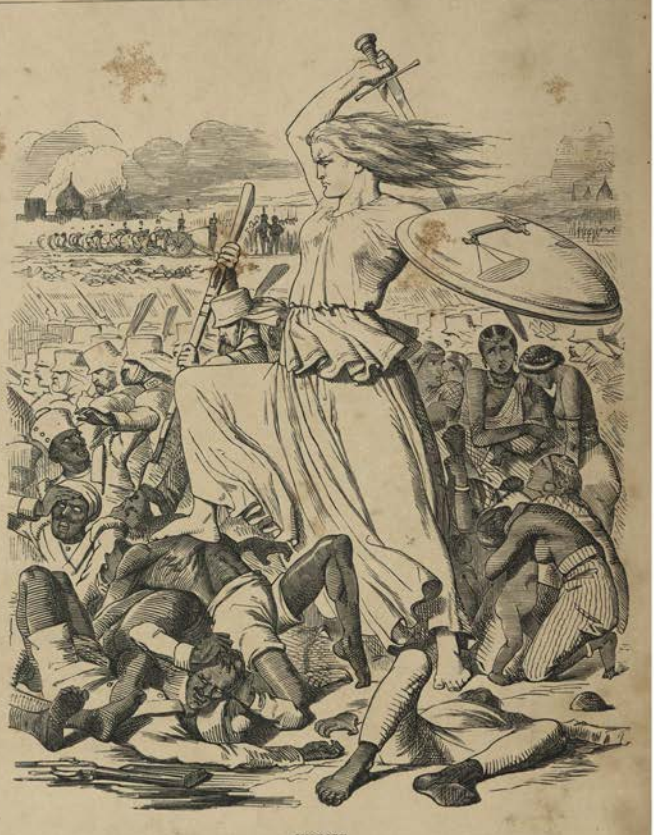
Who slanders our brave ones? What, puling again!
You "fear for the helpless when left as a prey;
"Should the females, the innocent children, be slain,
Or outraged——" Away with your slanders, away!

Our swords come for slaughter: they come in the name
Of Justice: and sternly their work shall be done:
And a world, now indignant, behold with acclaim
That hecatomb, slain in the face of the sun.

And terrified India shall tell to all time
How Englishmen paid her for murder and lust;
And stained not their fame with one spot of the crime
That brought the rich splendour of Delhi to dust.

But woe to the hell-hounds! Their enemies know
Who hath said to the soldier that fights in His name—
"THY FOOT SHALL BE DIPPED IN THE BLOOD OF THY FOE,
AND THE TONGUE OF THY DOGS SHALL BE RED THROUGH THE SAME."

(*See Cartoon, "Justice."*)



JUSTICE.

Even in the full heat of his wrath, however, *Mr. Punch*, in the same Number, put in a plea for humanity.

A WORD TO THE AVENGER.

SOLDIER! when thou, beneath thy bayonet,
Shall get a devilish Sepoy, save the wretch,
Safe if thou canst but make him, for Jack Ketch;
His howls, which none who heard them should forget,

Were lost amid war's uproar; rather let
The miscreant swing in exemplary throes
Upon the gallows: but if thou suppose
That show uncertain, then exact our debt,
And there; in full: but be not thou defiled
By imitation of the accursed beast,
Who babes and women slew with lingering pain.
Upon the wretched slave thy vengeance feast:
There stop: nor let his guilt thy manhood stain,
But spare the Indian mother and her child.

Nana Sahib, having heard that the English under Havelock were in hot pursuit, had ordered the massacre of the whole of the Europeans, and the butchery had been only too completely carried out under the direction of the Begum. Nana Sahib then fled to Bithoor. The gallant Havelock coming up occupied Cawnpore, left General Neill in charge thereof, and pushed eagerly on to the rescue of the beleagured British at Lucknow.

JULY 27.

THERE was a debate in the House of Commons to-night on the subject of our recent Indian policy, raised by Mr. Disraeli, who moved for the production of papers. "Mr. Disraeli" (said *Punch*), "himself no bad representative of a mutinous Asiatic, denounces everything that had ever been done in India. He wanted a Commission sent out to inquire into the grievances of the rebels, but this was too much for the English spirit of Lord John Russell, who moved as an amendment that the House should address the Queen, to assure her of every assistance in putting the rebels down."

This amendment was adopted.

(*See Cartoon, "The Asiatic Mystery."*)

THE ASIATIC MYSTERY.

AS PREPARED BY SEPOY DISRAELI.

AUG. 1.

GENERAL HAVELOCK having beaten the rebels on the 29th, found it necessary to delay the attack upon Lucknow until the coming up of reinforcements, and so fell back for the moment on Mungulwar, whence ever and anon he sallied forth and inflicted severe chastisement on the rebels at Bithoor and elsewhere. News was conveyed to the suffering garrison at Lucknow that help was at hand, and would probably reach them in four or five days. It did not until 35 days more of terrible suffering had been added to the 26 during which they had already held out.

AUG. 5.

ON this day the shore end of the Atlantic Cable was fixed at Valentia, and the British ship "Agamemnon" with the American

ship "Niagara" started on the task of laying it. The attempt, however, was not this time destined to be successful, the cable parting on the 11th instant, when about 300 miles of it had been paid out.

AUG. 6.

THE EMPEROR and Empress of the French paid a private visit of four days' duration to the Queen at Osborne. Shortly afterwards the Emperor of France and the Emperor of Russia met at Stuttgardt.

(*See Cartoon*, "*The Emperors at Stuttgardt.*")

AUG. 14.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL arrived in Calcutta, took the command-in-chief of the Indian army, and issued an address to the troops, urging upon them courage and confidence.

AUG. 21.

THERE arrived from India the terrible news that Delhi was still in the hands of the rebels, that Sir H. Lawrence was dead, that the whole of the troops in Oude had mutinied, and that Sir Hugh Wheeler was slain, and the Cawnpore garrison butchered. The news created intense excitement. On the 25th a meeting was held at the Mansion House to start an Indian Relief Fund, subscriptions to which poured in from all sides.

AUG. 28.

PARLIAMENT WAS prorogued by Commission. "And now" (said *Mr. Punch*) "universal space is left to the Dictator to use as he will—to—

> HANG all the sky with his prodigious signs,
> Fill Earth with monsters, drop the Scorpion down
> Out of the Zodiac, or the fiercer Lion,
> Shake off the loosened globe from her long hinge,
> Roll all the world in darkness, and let loose
> The enraged winds to tear up groves and towns.

No, Mr. Ben Jonson! no, Palmerston is doubtless eager to do all this and more, for the Russian papers, and the American papers, and the penny papers avouch it, but—*Vigilans in æde*—is, as ever, *Mr. Punch*."

Lord Palmerston was at this time extremely powerful and popular in the country, and a prime favourite (though duly chidden and chastised occasionally) of *Mr. Punch*.

THE EMPERORS AT STUTTGARDT.

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. "*Allons, mon cousin. Suppose we get to business.*"

EMPEROR OF FRANCE. "*O, bother business! I want to tell you how jolly we were at Osborne!*"

SEPT. 10.

THE RT. HON. T. B. MACAULAY was raised to the peerage as "Baron Macaulay of Rothley in the county of Leicester." *Mr. Punch*, in a "Lay of Ancient Rome," described "How Titus Manlius Macauleius was made

a Patrician." Says "The Consul Palmerstonius,"

"I'll raise to the Patricians
One who ne'er wore steel, nor lied,
Whose weapon was his goose-quill,
Whose pleadings were world-wide;
Whose foes were Falsehood, Prejudice,
Fraud, Sophistry, and Wrong—
With which he held wit-combat,
Wit-combat, brave and long!

So, when that Palmerstonius
Hath gone where all must go—
E'en those whose brains glow fiery
'Neath coronals of snow;
Write by the Appian way-side
On the tomb where he is laid,
Of Manlius Macauleius
He a Patrician made!"

The honour indeed was well deserved and fitly bestowed.

Sept. 16.

General Sir James Outram, with welcome reinforcements, joined Havelock at Cawnpore. With chivalrous generosity he waived his own superior rank and left the command to Havelock, marching with him and his gallant troops as a volunteer. They encountered the rebels on the 19th at Mungulwar, and again on the 24th at Alumbagh, each time successfully.

"O GOD OF BATTLES! STEEL MY SOLDIERS' HEARTS!"—Henry V., Act IV.

Sept. 20.

Delhi was assaulted and captured by the troops under General Wilson, the Cashmere gate having been blown up by a few heroic volunteers in the face of what seemed like certain destruction.

But up with the wine-cup—one toast, and but one!
The vengeance of England hath sternly begun,
The toast shall be Delhi, for Wilson is there,
And treason lies stabbed in its best-guarded lair,

sang *Mr. Punch* rejoicingly.

Sept. 25.

On this day General Havelock was enabled to relieve the heroic and long suffering garrison at Lucknow. Sir James Outram, with Havelock at his side, led the attacking column, which at nightfall broke through the streets and established itself within the enclosure of the Residency. How they were welcomed by the exhausted garrison may well be imagined. The loss was great, the brave General Neill being unhappily among the slain. The Generals, finding it impossible to remove the non-combatants, resolved to await at Lucknow the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell.

Oct. 7.

This day was set apart as a day of National Fast and Humiliation in consideration of "the grievous mutiny and disturbances which have broken out in India." It was observed (says "Annals of our Time,") with general and due solemnity.

(See Cartoon, "O God of Battles! Steel my Soldiers' Hearts!")

Oct. 24.

"Big Ben" at Westminster was found to be cracked. It had not yet been lifted to its place, but had been rung from time to time. Sang *Mr. Punch*:—

"*O Bell, you're a Booby!*
You've got a fine Bell,
A thing that did credit to Hall and to Warner,
And stupidly eager for toll and for knell,
You stick up your Bell to be hanged in a corner."

Nov. 9.

The failure of the Western Bank of Scotland which occurred this day was the first of a series of commercial disasters which led to serious fluctuations in the funds and a monetary panic of unusual intensity. On the 12th the pressure was so severe that the Government suspended, temporarily, the Bank Charter Act of 1844.

(See Cartoon, "The Family Doctor.")

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. "*They may say what they like, but you're the only man as did me any good.*"

MRS. THREADNEEDLE'S COMPLAINT.

I am a poor old lady, and my health is rather failing me,
The Doctors are to meet and try to find out what is ailing me,
And, please the pigs, I hope and trust they'll manage to discover it,
And though my time of life is such perhaps I shall get over it.

'Tis a return of that complaint at intervals that teases me,
Every ten years or thereabouts that regularly seizes me;
A sort of a contraction, with a tightness and a dizziness,
That won't allow a body for to go about her business.

It comes on with a pressure, and a clutching and a clawing,
Then there's a running at the chest, a pulling, and a drawing,
And then there is an emptiness, and sort of feel of sinking,
With a kind of nervous shaking, and a fainting and a shrinking.

And then I've noises in my ears; a breaking and a crashing,
A blowing up and bursting, and a falling, and a smashing,
Which worries me to that degree which is beyond expressing,
None knows but they that feels how them there noises is distressing.

I feel that I must die if this goes on a minute longer,
Then someone comes and cuts my stays and I'm directly stronger.
Which makes them say I lace too tight—I scorn the accusation;
But I must have that support for to maintain my situation.

The truth is this: I'm worrited by nephews and by nieces,
That plagues me, and that bothers me, and tears me into pieces,
They go too fast a pace for me, pursuing some delusion,
And then I lag, and the result is ruin and confusion.

I am too old a soldier to cajole, or coax, or wheedle,
And still enjoy so good a sight that I can thread my needle,
My dwelling is Threadneedle Street, and England is my nation,
And Parliament and Palmerston I look to for salvation.

Nov. 17.

On this day Lucknow was at last finally relieved by the British forces under Sir Colin Campbell. The Secunderbagh was taken by storm in the most gallant way. "There never was a bolder feat of arms," says Sir Colin Campbell. Then the Shah Nujjeef, a fortified mosque in a garden, was attacked, and after some hours' hard fighting stormed by the 93rd Highlanders, with the aid of the gallant Captain Peel and his dashing Naval Brigade. Next day the enemy making a last stand in a building called the Mess House, were defeated, and communications opened with the besieged garrison, who meanwhile had not been inactive. When the advance (of Sir Colin Campbell and his forces) sounded, it was impossible, wrote Sir Henry Havelock, "to describe the enthusiasm with which the signal was received by the troops. Pent up in inaction for upwards of six weeks, and subjected to constant attacks, they felt that the hour of retribution and glorious exertion had returned. Their cheers echoed through the courts of the palace responsive to the bugle sound, and on they rushed to assured victory. In a few minutes the whole of the buildings were in our possession."

The joy of the relieved garrison was great, and the meeting of Sir Colin Campbell with Outram and Havelock most affecting.

Great as was Sir Colin Campbell's success he had been much hampered by official routine. *Mr. Punch* noted the fact in the following lines:

THE RED-TAPE SERPENT—SIR COLIN'S GREATEST DIFFICULTY IN INDIA.

THE RED-TAPE SERPENT.

Sir Colin has landed, his forces are banded,
And sworn that no murderous Sepoy shall 'scape,
But the first of the foes to encounter his blows
Is the pestilent Serpent that's made of Red Tape.

Sleek clerks with white liver "have ventured to differ
With Campbell, our Highlander, touching the shape
He should give the campaign" that's to give us again
The empire they've ruined and lost by Red Tape.

A black-hatted fool is presuming to school
A soldier whose banners are mantled in crape,
Through the folly and crime of "officials" no time
Will ever set free from the strings of Red Tape.

The idiots stood gazing while cities were blazing,
And all they could do was to gibber and gape;
Yet now dare to wrangle and seek to entangle
The Avenger's bright sword in their links of Red Tape.

Let us hope that Sir C. has resolved to be free,
To launch as he pleases his steel and his grape,
And *en route* for the slaughter by Jumna's red water
Has mangled the Serpent that's made of Red Tape.

(*See Cartoon, "The Red-tape Serpent."*)

Nov. 21.

THERE was at this time a financial crisis in America as well as in this country.

(See Cartoon, "The American Crisis.")

Mr. Punch (parodying the sprightly style of an American writer popular at the time, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Fanny Fern"), gave the following facetious description of it:—

MRS. FANNY FERN ON THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

"WELL, I never! No! Stukes and bracelets, darned (as stockings are darned, you know) if I ever did. Moses and Aaron! So it's us—us, women, ladies, us, the delicious little blue-eyed tremblers, at whose tiny tootsicums you've been kneeling for nobody never knows how long—it's us who have been and done it, and gut you all into debt, and stopped your banks, and made your bills good for nothing but to light the beastly cigars you've got on tick, ain't that the word? By Diana and the mischievous urchin Dan Cupid, that is what you've concluded to come to, is it? And you call yourselves men! If I could blush, I'd blush for you, but I calculate it wouldn't do you more good than emptying my teapot into the almighty Niagara.

"And what have we, poor timid slaves, been doing, if it please my lords and masters of the Creation to certify. Let us hear our crimes, anyhow. What? Buying too many robes, and spending too much in jewellery, and perfumes, and soap, and gloves, and flowers, and slippers for our dear little trotters. Those are the things that you are not ashamed to throw into our faces. Grant me patience, gracious Jupiter, while I write such matters down. Why, a right-minded man, not to say American, would down upon his marrow-bones to his wife, and humbly thank her for having at all events got some pleasure out of his money while it lasted. And she, if she was a dear, warm, kind, affectionate, sweet, good, darling little rib (as we all are till you unlike us more t'other), would say to him, shaking her lovely curls over his face, 'Sam,' or 'Bill,' or 'Alcibiades,' as the case might be, 'I forgive you,'—and I don't know—I say I don't know, but if he looked very penitent indeed, and was a handsome fellow—I don't know, but she might just—there, it's out—give him a kiss. Ah, and a good one too—not one of the touches that wouldn't make a dewdrop absquotulate from a rose-leaf, but one as if she meant it. But the notion of a husband charging his ruin upon one of those angels who in the disguise of wives float about your homes, and fill the air with essence of Paradise—well, there!

"In course it's all *our* doing too. No little trifle of extravagance on your side the table. Nothing about poker, or any other little game. Nothing about racing or bets on horses to be sent over to England, to have their hearts broken by the cheating of John Bull's jockeys, or to be poisoned by dukes and marquises for fear the Stars and the Stripes should bang the old country out its own turf. No oysters and portwine, and such like, monkeying the aristocrats of Britain. No chests of cigars as big as umbrellas. No Gumsticklers, and Neck-twisters, and Brandysmashes, and Bullsmilk, and Tonguescrapers; nor any other of your nasty excuses for liquoring when you're ashamed to call out, like free citizens of the noblest empire in the world, for what you really mean. No opera-boxes that ain't always filled with your own wives, but are sometimes sent as presents to somebody else's—

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

Mr. BULL (to his extravagant child). "The fact is, JONATHAN, both you and your Wife have been livin' too fast."

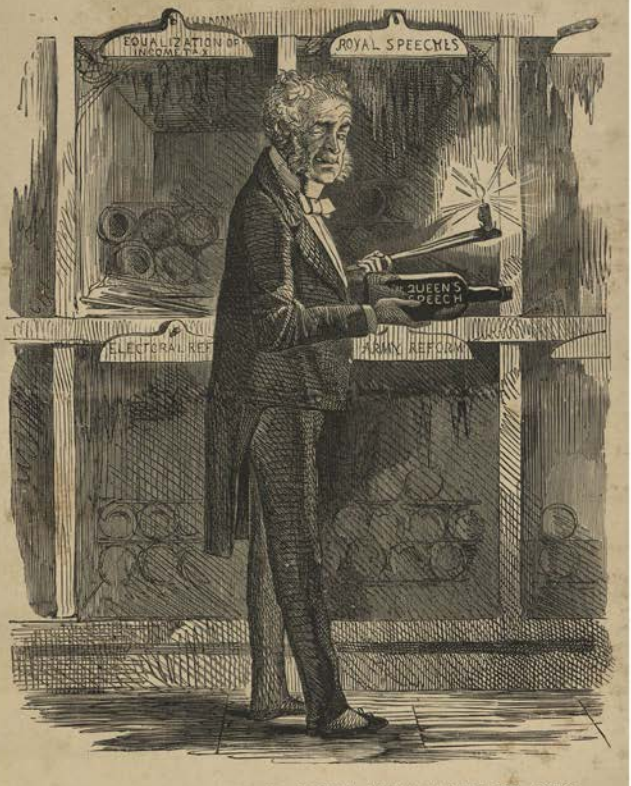
same remark as to shawls and trinkets, my masters. Oh, no! nothing of all this.

"But come, girls, up and be doing! If we've done the mischief, (and my lords say so, and therefore, of course it must be so) we must repair it. We'll have a good time. Let them be off to Saratoga or Sarah anybody they like. We conclude to take the business in hand. Yes, Sirree. We'll begin by making one big bonfire in Broadway of all their books and bills and botheration, and the gallant firemen of New York (far nobler fellows, as I have said elsewhere, than any of the haughty aristocracy of England, or the Upper Ten either) shall see that we don't set the City afire. Then we'll take business into our own keeping, and whip me for a fool if by next Fall everything isn't slick and silvery. No more loaning, and discounts, and protests (except about our beauty, eh, girls?) and all that blethersmskite, as the poor Irish exiled patriots prettily call it. We will have the almighty dollar naked in all its silver loveliness, and he shall be wrapped up in no paper of any kind. That's our basis, our Declaration of Independence, and we'll fight any number of Bunker's Hills upon it. Hail, Columbia, happy land, the gals have took your cause in hand. What do you say to *that*, my Cats? "FANNY FERN."

DEC. 3.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person. "Circumstances," said the Royal Speech, "have arisen connected with the mercantile interest of the country which have induced me to call Parliament together before the usual time." "The Royal Speech was singularly ungrammatical," said *Mr. Punch*, "which was of course not the fault of the Queen, who is bound by the Constitution to accept Lord Palmerston's false concords, and Lord Panmure's rum relatives (Dowb included)."

(See Cartoon, "The State Butler.")



THE STATE BUTLER GETS UP ANOTHER BOTTLE OF FINE OLD SMOKE.

SERENADE FOR THE SESSION.

HERE's Parliament met in December!
What a nuisance to many a member!
Sad abbreviation
Of their short vacation!
For that began hard on September.

The Queen must have had a strong reason
For thus, at this present odd season,
The Houses convoking,
In haste hot and smoking,
But the matter is less than high treason.

For a breach of our mere Constitution,
In order to stop prosecution,
The breakers, confession
Have made of transgression,
And wish to receive absolution.

No doubt 'twill be readily granted;
They having no error recanted:
They will freely be shriven,
And fully forgiven,
When all the great spouters have ranted.

Necessity governed their action,
They had to remove a contraction,
Which commerce entangled,
And soon would have strangled;
They won't have to make satisfaction.

Constraint made them break the
Bank Charter,
Which nearly had brought us to
barter;
It must have been broken,
When all shall have spoken,
Will be owned in almost every
quarter.

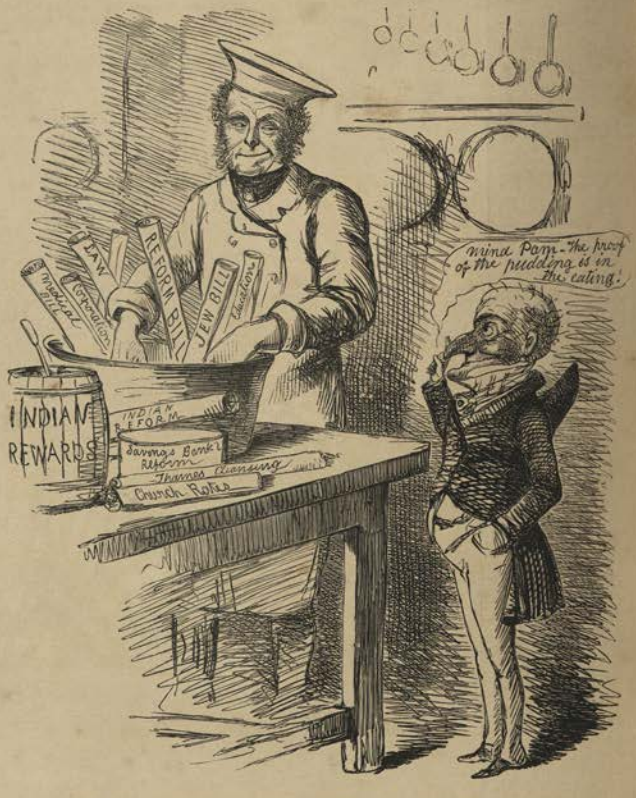
But, oh! what a deal of debat-
ing,
Of mouthing, and preaching,
and prating,
Of frothy oration,
And vague declamation,
The matter in hand are awaiting!

Lord Derby will flow like an
ocean,
On amendment as well as on
motion,
Disraeli speak columns,
And Gladstone talk vo-
lumes,
Devoid of a sensible notion.

For nights will the farce be re-
peated,
The question confusedly treated,
With cheers and with
laughter,
The orators after,
Each joke and each common-
place greeted.

And many a diligent crammer
Statistics and figures will ham-
mer;
And some, approbation
Will earn by quotation
From Eton's profound Latin
Grammar.

So let us sing, "*Ut sint Divo-
rum,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo; viro-
rum*"—
And "*Ifidiantur*"
These "*apes*" which (*aunt*)
are
Our "*irritamenta malorum.*"



PAM (THE CELEBRATED CHEF) MAKING HIS CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

DEC. 11.

THE Bank Charter Indemnity Act ("The Bill approving what Lord Palmerston did at the Bank," as *Mr. Punch* called it) was read a third time in the Lords, and passed without a division.

A Bill to substitute one oath for the oath of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration, and for the relief of Jews, had been promised, as also a Reform Bill, and some other measures.

(*See Cartoon, "Pam (the celebrated Chef) making his Christmas Pudding."*)

Progress with these measures was, however, deferred until after Christmas, and Parliament adjourned until February 4th.

DEC. 29.

TO-DAY Canton was captured by the British and French forces. The walls were breached by bombardment, and then escaladed by our soldiers and sailors. Soon the city was in our possession.

Commissioner Yeh was captured a few days later (on the 5th January), and taken a prisoner on board the "Inflexible."

This news, and still more that of the relief of Delhi, was exceedingly welcome in this country, and served to lessen the gloom which recent events had caused to shroud the close of a troublous year.

1858

JAN. 7.

THE opening of the New Year was saddened by the reception this day of the mournful news that Havelock, the hero of the Indian Mutiny, had succumbed on the 25th November to dysentery, "brought on by exposure and anxiety." No soldier-hero was ever more loved or more lamented. *Mr. Punch* indited the following verses to his memory:—

HAVELOCK.

He is gone. Heaven's will is best:
Indian turf o'erlies his breast.
Ghoul in black, nor fool in gold
Laid him in yon hallowed mould.
Guarded to a soldier's grave
By the bravest of the brave,
He hath gained a nobler tomb
Than in old Cathedral gloom,
Nobler mourners paid the rite
Than the crowd that craves a sight,
England's banners o'er him waved—
Dead, he keeps the realm he saved.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

PAM (to SIR COLIN). "Well—upon my word—eh!—I'm really extremely obliged to you—but—eh!—how about keeping the brute?"

Strew not on the hero's bearse
Garlands of a herald's verse:
Let us hear no words of Fame
Sounding loud a deathless name:
Tell us of no vaunteful Glory
Shouting forth her haughty story.
All life long his homage rose
To far other shrine than those.
"In Hoc Signo," pale not dim,
Lit the battlefield for him;
And the prize he sought and won,
Was the Crown for Duty done.

(*See Cartoon*, "*The New Year's Gift.*")

JAN. 14.

AN attempt was made on the lives of the Emperor and Empress of the French by an Italian named Orsini and others, who threw explosive bombs at them as they were passing through the Rue Lepelletier. Several persons were seriously wounded, but the Emperor and Empress escaped with but the slightest scratches. Orsini and his co-conspirators were arrested.

"This act" (says *Mr. Punch's* Political Summary prefixed to Vol. XXXIV), "created a strong feeling in France against this country, as the chief of the conspirators had been resident in England for some time, though conducting himself in a peaceable and inoffensive manner." Remonstrances were made by the French Government on the subject, and the French press and the speeches and addresses of French army-men teemed with provocative remarks and insulting insinuations, which caused much irritation in this country. The vapouring of "the French Colonels" was good-humouredly ridiculed by *Mr. Punch*.

JAN. 16.

FIRST sitting of the new Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes under Sir Cresswell Cresswell, acting as Judge Ordinary.

JAN. 20.

COUNT WALEWSKI, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, writing to Count Persigny, French Ambassador here, gave expression to the French feeling of dissatisfaction at England continuing to harbour murderous conspirators. "Ought then" (asks the Count) "the right of asylum to protect such a state of things? Is hospitality due to assassins?"

The Army's addresses of congratulation to the Emperor were so full of offensive allusions to England that Count Walewski subsequently made formal apology for their publication.

JAN. 25.

ON this day was celebrated at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the marriage between the Princess Royal of England and Prince Frederick William of Prussia.

(*See Cartoon, "A National Toast."*)

MR. PUNCH'S CONDUCT AT THE WEDDING.

THE cannons are roaring, the bumpers are pouring,
And neatly the conjugal knot has been tied,
The dickins is in it if *Punch* at such minute
Forgets to shout out "Here's a health to the Bride!"

He knew her a baby, some years ago maybe,
He knew her a maiden, red-lipped and soft-eyed;
And now his true-mettled young darling is settled
(As matrons remark), Here's a health to the Bride!

When Mamma first disclosed that the Prince had proposed,
Mr. Punch with his instant permission replied,
And never looked grampy, but, "Out with the Stumpy"
He said to John Bull, "for our dear little Bride."

He got near the altar, and heard her voice falter
While all the sweet Bridesmaids in sympathy cried,
And when he could come near the good Doctor Sumner,
Stood treat to that priest in a health to the Bride.

He bestowed a kind slap on the good-looking chap
Who in future will call her his joy and his pride.
And he said, "Prussian buck, don't I wish you all luck!
Though you have it, young Fred, in your fair English Bride.

Every Bridesmaid he kissed, not a beauty he missed,
Though the dowagers opened their eyes very wide,
And perhaps you don't think he told each with a wink,
"There's another nice party in search of a Bride."

When the festival staves end he'll go down to Gravesend,
And see that his darling is served with a tide,
And roar ten times louder than Tilbury's powder,
Hip, hip, hip, hooray, and long life to the Bride!

The Royal couple left for Prussia on the 2nd February.

A NATIONAL TOAST.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS TO THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM! (HOORAH!)

FEB. 4.

PARLIAMENT resumed its sittings after the adjournment.

FEB. 9.

LORD PALMERSTON introduced the Conspiracy to Murder Bill. This Bill, which was considered to be dictated by too great subserviency to the wishes of the French, was very ill received. "The first clause went to make conspiracy to murder within the United Kingdom a felony, punishable with penal servitude for 5 years, or imprisonment with labour for 3 years. The second extended the same penalties to all who should 'incite, instigate, or solicit' any other person." (*Punch's* Political Summary.)

"Mr. Kinglake" (said *Punch's* "Essence") "opposed the Bill, because it seemed to be dictated by France. Mr. Bowyer was of course for anything pleasing to a Catholic despot. Lord Elcho saw no reason for the Bill, and much against introducing it now. Mr. Roebuck abused Louis Napoleon."

(See Cartoon, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!")

FEB. 12.

LORD PALMERSTON introduced a Bill transferring the government of our Indian possessions from the East India Company to the Crown. This change was demanded by popular opinion, influenced by the Indian Mutiny, though vehemently opposed by the Company itself and its friends. "Lord Palmerston" (says *Mr. Punch's* "Essence") "then came forward to pronounce the fall of the East India Company, and delivered the following recitative:—

"ARRANGEMENTS now in force in India, stand.
Court of Directors, you must all disband;
Court of Proprietors, come, vanish too;
For we propose this substitute for you:—
A President, and Council, numbering Eight,
He a Queen's Minister; his word is fate,
And his decision final; but if in its
Semblance unjust, they may protest, in Minutes.
The Crown's to name the Council (but from men
Who've been Directors, or with sword, or pen,
Have served in India, or gained information
By living there in non-official station),
Appointed for eight years, but, every two
Exeunt two members at rotation's cue.
One thousand pounds a-year each member draws,
Five thousand grab the Presidential claws.
All local Indian patronage retains
Its present place. The Writership remains
Open to competition, and those pets
Of fortune, whom Directors call Cadets,
The President and Board divide: but One
Hath special claim—an Indian Soldier's son.
Henceforth the Indian Army serves the Queen;
But if a single soldier is so mean
As to object, he's free to go at large—

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

"Let the miserable assassins, the subaltern agents of such crimes, receive the chastisement due to their abominable attempts; but also let the infamous haunt where machinations so infernal are planned be destroyed for ever . . . Give us the order, Sire, and we shall pursue them even to their places of security."—Moniteur.

Welcome, in fact, to ask for his discharge.
As for the fiction neither wise nor witty
That gives the Secret name to a Committee,
That's wiped away; the Minister instead
Must keep the secrets in his single head.
But if he bids the battle trumpet blow,
Within a month the Parliament must know,
That is, if sitting; so a Statesman arch
In August might make war, nor tell till March.
The rest's detail—no more needs now be said—
Off instantly with Ross D. Mangles' head!"

Leave was given to bring in the Bill by 318 votes against 173.

FEB. 19.

ON this day the Ministry was defeated on the Conspiracy to Murder Bill.

(*See Cartoon, "Dignified Position."*)

"Then" (says *Mr. Punch's* "Essence") "came

DIGNIFIED POSITION.

Pam (who has just been knocked over by the Foreign Govt). "Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm sure! I didn't hurt you, I trust!"

the Earthquake. The Lion rose and moved the second reading of the Conspiracy Bill. Mr. Gibson moved his amendment.

HIM answered Bulwer,—The Bill itself was right,
Therefore be heedless of those Colonels' spite.
"Yes," said grave Walpole, "of that mind am I;
But first Walewski must have fit reply."
"We've told the French Ambassador," said Grey,
"We'll never take asylum-right away."
The Irish Mc, whose Mahon's sounded Marn,
Opposed the Bill in an elaborate yarn;
And the young hope of Whigdom, Georgey Byng,
Thought it a mischievous and needless thing.
Spooner supported it, as did H. Vane;
And Bentinck cut his Tory friends again.

Sir Robert Peel abused the Bill as sham,
And pitched into his former patron, Pam.
Henley agreed with Walpole, and Moncrieff,
Lord Advocate, did justice to his brief.
The gentle Gladstone strong objections saw:
We should uphold our good old English law.
Bethell thought all was settled by one fact,
That *he* advised the passing of the Act.
Then on our Dizzy's lips the audience hung
While bitter scoffs came sourer from his tongue.
Once more the Lion rose in ancient pride,
And roared his last—there came the cry, "Divide."
And Bright and Gibson, as the Tellers seen,
Announced that Pam was beaten by Nineteen.
(To future ages let the sum survive
The numbers Two-Three-Four to Two-One-Five).

Mid shouts *Punch* thus translates for Emperor Lot,
"Old England to herself remains, Sire, true."

The majority against the Government was 19 (234 against 215). Lord Palmerston resigned, the Queen sent for Lord Derby, the Government announced their resignation on the 23rd, and Parliament adjourned on the 26th.

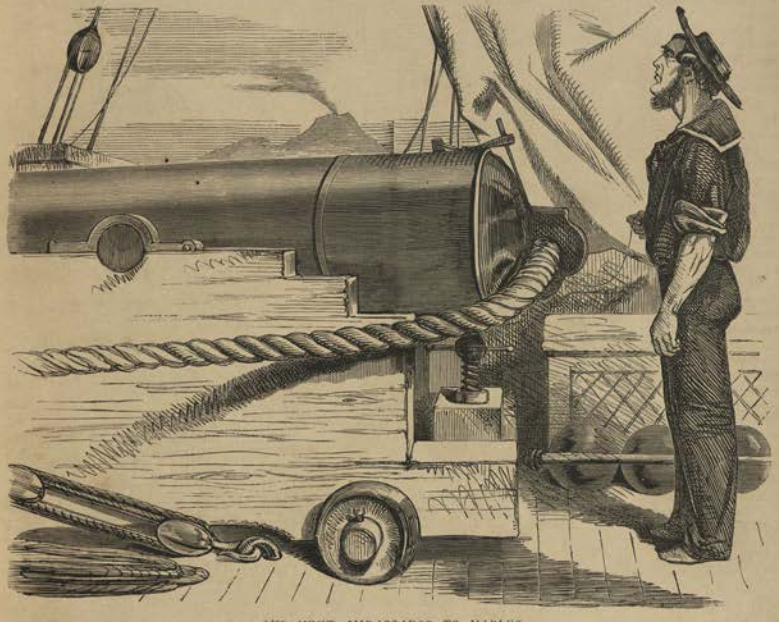
MARCH 11.

A PAMPHLET entitled "L'Empereur Napoléon III. et l'Angleterre" was published,

as it was believed, under Imperial inspiration. It gave a grotesquely exaggerated account of the "Discussion Forums" of London, which it described as haunts of murderous sedition, furnishing opportunities for the planning of treasonable plots against authority at home or abroad. *Mr. Punch* ridiculed the preposterous pamphlet, and in a pair of Cartoons showed the harmlessly prosaic and cheaply convivial character of "A Discussion Forum (!) as it is in reality," as compared with the sombre and sanguinary aspect of "A Discussion Forum (!) as Imagined by our Volatile Friends."

MARCH 12.

THE House re-assembled, Lord Derby having in the meanwhile formed a new Administration, with Mr. Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Earl of Malmesbury at the Foreign Office. It was announced by Mr.



OUR NEXT AMBASSADOR TO NAPLES.

Disraeli in the Commons that "the painful misconceptions between the French and English Governments had entirely terminated in a manner conducive to the interests and happiness of both nations."

MARCH 24.

AT this time there was a dispute between this country and the Neapolitan Government on what was known as the "Cagliari" case. In the previous year, 1857, the "Cagliari," a Sardinian Mail-boat plying between Tunis and Genoa and Cagliari in Sardinia, had been seized by a body of armed men who were on board, and taken to Ponza where was a Neapolitan prison. The mutineers broke into this prison, released the prisoners, and took them on board the "Cagliari" to the number of 391. The vessel then sailed for the Italian mainland, arriving at Sapri on the 28th June, 1857. There the captain was released, and the ship given up to him. He sailed at once for Naples to inform the authorities there, but on the 29th the "Cagliari" was seized by a Neapolitan squadron. On board were two English engineers named Park and Watt, and these men were imprisoned, and had been kept in confinement ever since, receiving treatment which had made both of them ill and driven one insane.

Mr. Kinglake brought the matter before the House of Commons, and it gave rise to several debates, and excited much indignation.

(*See Cartoon, "Our next Ambassador to Naples."*)

[1] Ultimately (on the 8th June) the dispute was settled by the release of the prisoners and the payment to them by the Neapolitan Government of an indemnification of 3,000*l*.

MARCH 26.

MR. DISRAELI introduced the New India Bill in the Commons. "The great difficulty in drawing up the measure" (said *Mr. Punch*) "was to preserve the principle of Lord Palmerston's, of which the House had approved, while avoiding what is called, when pirates steal inventions, a colourable imitation."

Mr. Disraeli's Bill, like Lord Palmerston's, proposed to abolish the Court of Directors and transfer their power to the Crown. There was to be a Council with a Minister at its head, but instead of eight members there were to be eighteen, and half of these were to be elected, the other half only to be nominated by the Government. Five cities of the United Kingdom—London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow and Belfast—were to elect five of the elective nine, the remaining four to be elected by everybody who had served or lived in India, or who held India Stock to the amount of 1,000*l*. The Bill was not favourably received, and was ultimately abandoned in favour of Lord Russell's suggestion to proceed by resolution in a Committee of the whole House.

(*See Cartoon, "The Rival Black Dolls."*)

APRIL 9.

MR. SIMON BERNARD was tried by Special Commission at the Central Criminal Court on the charge of being an accessory before the fact to Orsini's attempt upon the life of the French Emperor. After a trial of six days he was acquitted by the jury and liberated. The verdict in his favour was an extremely popular one.

APRIL 19.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (Mr. Disraeli) introduced his Budget. *Mr. Punch* thus described it:—"Behold to-night came the Budget, even the Budget of Benjamin the son of Isaac, of the House of Israeli, and it was in this wise:—

Air.

(MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.)

I dare not touch the Income Tax,
It now must fall from Seven to Five,
Nor on the people's laden backs
Add weight, nor in their purses dive:
And yet resources must be found,
To raise, this year, four million pound.

Methinks I see a skilful plan,
Old birds are sometimes caught with chaff
I spy a mode by which I can
Procure a million and a half.
This to the Sinking Fund is sweet;
Keep it: the Sinking Fund be blowed.

THE RIVAL BLACK DOLLS.

A noble thought; my bosom swells. [way:
Let's do more business in that
A gallant gentleman rebels
At paying debts; base slaves may pay.
Off the Exchequer Bonds we've Two [due.
Millions to pay—we'll leave them

Does whiskey-swilling Paddy think [shall flow?
Longer his grog half-taxed
We'll equalise upon his drink
The duties, now a cup too low.
Fagan avourneen! Brine astore!
This gives me half a million more.

It were enough, I'm not the chap
With needless grasp your souls to vex,
But for a margin, let me clap
A penny tax on bankers' cheques:
My friend Tom Baring says 'twill show [or so.
Three hundred thousand pounds,

My task is done, the plan I've brought [dunce:
Can scarce excite the least
Surely I've ventilated nought
To hasten our expulsion, Sir.
No windier Budget will you find
Since great Ulysses bagged the wind.

"It would have been worse than cruelty to fire a shot at such a bubble. Three ex-Chancellors, Lewis, Gladstone, and Baring, indulgently applauded it, and except that an Irish member or two growled mechanically at any mention of Ireland paying anything, there was no opposition. Lord John Russell complimented his interesting *protégé* on having acquitted himself so well."

(See Cartoon, "The New Budget.")

THE NEW BUDGET.

"I say, Jim, ain't it precious 'ard? We've got to put a penny stamp on every cheque we draws on our bankers!"

MAY 3.

MR. LOCKE KING introduced a Bill which passed into law, abolishing the property qualification required from Members of Parliament for English and Irish constituencies. The present law, he maintained, was quite ineffective for its ostensible purpose of securing men of character and capacity as Members of Parliament, from the fact of its being without difficulty continually evaded by means of fictitious conveyances.

MAY 7.

ON the 19th April Lord Ellenborough, President of the Board of Control, had sent to the Governor-General of India (Lord Canning) a despatch strongly censuring his Oude Proclamation. This Proclamation, issued on March 3rd, had charged the inhabitants of Oude with aiding the Mutineers, and announced that, exception being made in favour of the claims of six legal talookdars, or landowners, "the proprietary right in the soil of the Province" would be confiscated to the British Government. Lord Ellenborough said, "We cannot but express to you our apprehension that this decree, pronouncing the disinherison of a people, will throw difficulties almost insurmountable in the way of the re-establishment of peace." Debate on this subject commenced to-night in the Commons, and was continued on the 14th. Mr. Cardwell on the latter date moved a resolution censuring the Government for weakening the authority of the Governor-General at such a time. Ultimately (despatches arriving from

India showing that Lord Canning's original Proclamation had been withdrawn, and that the one really issued "included ample promise of restitution to all who should pay homage to the Queen"), Mr. Cardwell withdrew his motion.

Mr. Punch held that at this moment India was being made the football of party. "The Tories and Pam" (said he) "had each an India Bill before the House. If the latter decided in favour of Pam's Bill, as it probably would, this would be a damaging, if not a death blow to the Tories. Therefore John (Lord John Russell) devised a plan to avoid a collision, and proposed that the House should decide on neither Bill, but should discuss some general resolutions on the subject, and have an Indian Constitution framed accordingly. Dizzy jumped with laughable alacrity at this—never was a life-buoy more welcome to a floundering swimmer."

(See Cartoon, "A Game of Foot-ball as played by certain Westminster Boys.")

A GAME OF FOOT-BALL AS PLAYED BY CERTAIN WESTMINSTER BOYS.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

(Being the Lamentable History of one Little Bill and his Brother.)

Now ponder well, my public deare,
The wordes which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall heare,
In rhyme brought forth to light.
An aged gentleman kept shoppe
In Leadenhall Street of late,
Who long in India had dwelte,
And there held large estate.

Sore sicke he was and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save;
So struggling sore, John Companie,
Addressed him for the grave.

No love, or little at the mosie,
John Bull and him did binde;
For gain he lived, to feel he dyed,
And left two Babes behinde.

The one was called Bill number one,
Not passing three weekes olde;
The other was Bill number two;
A babe queint to beholde.
The guardians of the elder Bill,
As plainly did appeare,
Would pickings have from the estate
Of millions a yeare.

So from the other Babe much gain,
In land, and place, and gold,
Should fall to whoso it did guide,
By council uncontrolled.

But if both Babes should chance to dye,
Ere they to age should rome,
Their uncle, Russell, must step in,
By law of number one.

"John Russell," said the dying man,
"If all be true I heare,
Few friends hath small Bill number one,
Number two, none I feare.
The twayne to you I recommende;
To do whate'er you may,
To fit them for the work they'll have,
When I am passed awaye.

* * * * *

"Now if you dboe your best by them,
Virtue's its own rewarde.

But if you otherwise should deale—"
With that he looked him harde;
But Master Russell kepte his face
As firme as any stone,
And tooke the Babes into his handes,
To tende them like his owne.

All with a slie and seely minde,
The Babes to him he takes,
And pats their cheeks, and sleeks their heads,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these luckless Babes
Scarce three weeks and a daye,
But, to advance himselfe, he did
Plan to make both awaye.

He bargayned with two ruffians strong,
Gladstone by name and Bright,
That they should take these little Bills,
And slay them lothe outrighte.
He tolde John Bull an artful tale,
He wished their faultes to mende,
And resolutions he put forth
That thereunto did tende.

Awaye then wente those little Bills,
The murderers at their side;

THE GOOD LITTLE ROBINS BURYING THE BILLS IN THE WOOD.

Each in its comely coat of print,
With the red tape y-tied,
With prate and prattle pleasantlye,
As smalle Bills wont to goe,
They passed the first stage of their road,
With gay and gallante showe.

Now none with Gladstone ever joyned,
But he did straighte falle out;
And Bright he was of kindred minde,
Altho' a varlet stoute.
And each of them, on both the Babes,
Did wishe to do his charge,
Expecting him that hired them
Would pay him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife;
With one another they did fighte,
For fighting 'tis their life.
And which slewe which I cannot tell,
Nor if 'tis truth I hear,
That like Kilkenny cats, both foughte
Till both did disappeare.

Meanwhile, these two poor little Bills
Went wandering up and downe;
But never found a guide to show
The way where they were bounе:
Their prettye prints with blots and staines
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And all in darke St. Stephen's woode
They rambled far and wide.

Thus wandered these poor innocents
Till deathe did end their griefe.
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due releefe.
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-Redbreasts, Diz and Pam,
Did cover them with leaves.

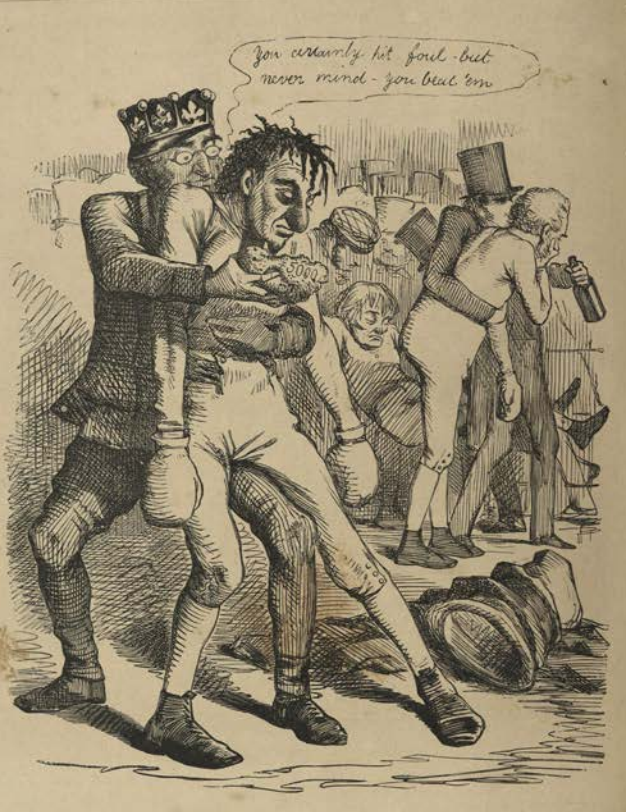
How came the heavie wrathe of Bull
On Russell, next to tell,
How he was raised to high estate,—
How low therefrom he fell;
His foes waxed hot, his friends waxed cold,
His plans were all mislaid—
All this I cannot tell you yet,
Till out the play is plaied.

(*See Cartoon, "The Good Little Robins."*)

MAY 26.

AT Slough, where the Conservatives of Bucks gave a dinner to their representative, Mr. Disraeli, that gentleman made a speech satirically descriptive of the debate on Mr. Cardwell's motion and its result. He described the combination against the Government as "a cabal which has no other object but to upset the Government of the Queen, and to obtain its own ends in a manner the most reckless but the most determined." He also made various charges against the late Government. This Slough speech excited much comment, and led to hot debates in Parliament. Both Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston attacked Mr. Disraeli vigorously, but he defended himself with vivacity if not with scrupulous fairness against their joint attacks, finishing by declaring that the country and the parties were equally resolved "no longer to be made the tools of an obsolete oligarchy." *Mr. Punch* described this encounter as a Prize Fight in which "Young Bendigo" met "Johnny Russell" and the "Bottleholder," "one down and t'other come on," and got the better of them, though not without some hitting below the belt.

(*See Cartoon*, "*The Man who won the Fight.*")



THE MAN WHO WON THE FIGHT.

JUNE 7.

LORD STANLEY announced that a Bill based on the India Resolutions (five of which had already passed) would be forthwith introduced.

This Bill passed its second reading on the 24th June, and its third on the 8th July. It passed the Upper House with some few amendments, and received the Royal assent on August 3rd.

JUNE 8.

ON this day was settled the dispute between ourselves and the Neapolitan Government concerning what was known as the "Cagliari" case. (See March 24.) Sang *Mr. Punch*:—

Three cheers for Mam,
Who has beaten Pam,
And knocked him *hors de combat*;
And has been and got
For Park and Watt
The mopuses out of Bomba.

JUNE 26.

A TREATY of Peace with China was this day concluded at Tien-tsin by Lord Elgin on behalf of the English Government.

The "Agamemnon" and "Niagara" commenced laying a cable across the Atlantic. The attempt was not successful, the cable parting when about 450 miles had been payed out.

JUNE 29.

MR. RAREY, the American horse-tamer, performed with the celebrated blood-horse "Cruiser" in the presence of the Queen. "He had" (says one of *Mr. Punch's* Notes) "created a great sensation by introducing to Europe a system of breaking and subduing horses, which while it spares that noble animal a vast amount of torture and fear, must indirectly tend to mollify the nature of its master, man." "Cruiser" had been universally regarded as a vicious and untameable brute, but Mr. Rarey made it "one of the best taught, docile, and domestic of horses."

JUNE 30.

"PARTLY" (says *Mr. Punch's* Summary) "in consequence of the unusual dryness of the season, and partly from causes connected with the drainage of the Metropolis," the Thames at this date was in a very filthy and dangerous

THE "SILENT HIGHWAY"-MAN. "*Your MONEY or your LIFE!*"

state. Its condition, in fact, almost gave rise to a panic; parliamentary proceedings were interfered with, officials became ill, the attendance of members diminished, and there was at one time talk of moving temporarily to a healthier meeting place. This excitement found issue in a Bill to authorize the cleansing of the Thames, which was introduced by Mr. Disraeli on the 15th July, and ultimately received the assent of the House.

(*See Cartoon, "The 'Silent Highway'-man."*)

TO THE THAMES.

(*After* TENNYSON.)

BAKE, bake, bake,
O Thames, on thy way to the sea!
And I would that thy stink could poison
A Bishop, Peer, or M.P.

Oh, well for the Rotherhithe boy
That he shouts with the mudlarks at play!
Oh, well for the Greenwich lad,
That he dives for the browns in thy clay!

And the swoln dead dogs go down
Through the bridges, past Tow'r Hill;

But, oh, for the touch of a despot's hand
To the works of a Board that is *sil!*

Bake, bake, bake,
O Thames, on thy way to the sea!
But the appetite which thy stink strikes dead
Will never come back to me.

JULY 1.

A COMPROMISE between the House of Lords and the House of Commons, on the oft debated question, led at last to the admission of Jews to Parliament. Lord John Russell's lates

Bill for the Removal of Jewish Disabilities had met with the usual opposition in the Lords, though passed by a large majority in the Commons. Lord Lucan proposed the insertion of a clause enabling either House by its resolution to modify the form of oath. "Lord Derby" (says *Mr. Punch's* "Essence") "announced that he detested Moses as much as ever, but would accept the compromise which admits him to the parlour but excludes him from the drawing-room." A Bill in accordance therewith was this day introduced. It passed without delay both Houses, and a little later (on the 26th) Baron Rothschild took his seat for the City. Thus in the usual dignity-saving principle-ceding compromise ended one more long fight of bigotry against reason and justice. "The nation" (says *Punch* ironically) "is now, we understand, completely un-christianized . . . A general massacre of the Jews might save us, but there is little true piety in these days."

THE TRIUMPH OF MOSES.

So the struggle of Moses is over at last,
The Jews are no more a disqualified caste,

ARISTOCRATIC AMUSEMENTS.

JOHN THOMAS. "*Confession, or Cremorne, my Lady?*"

And Moses will henceforth in Parliament sit,
If either the Lords or the Commons think fit.

In the Commons 'tis certain that Moses will meet
With no opposition in taking his seat,
Which he'll firmly endeavour with credit to fill,
For economy, measures, materials, and skill.

He will soon make his way with their Lordships, the Peers,
As his high reputation will come to their ears,
And I'll warrant they won't shut their doors in his face,
If Her Majesty makes him the Duke of Duke's Place.

Only think how 'twould be if they didn't give way;
Consider what England and Europe would say:

The Commons and Lords their old titles would lose,
This called House of Christians, and that House of Jews!

Then room for Lord Moses, ye proud Barons, yield,
With his crest on his carriage, and arms on his shield,
And his pedigree, higher than Normans can run,
And his business—which he can entail on his son.

JULY 9.

"THE fashionable world" (says one of *Mr. Punch's* Notes) "engaged Cremorne Gardens for a *fête*, which was town talk for some time. The weather proved to be very uncongenial, the rain descending in torrents." About 2,000 attended this aristocratic *fête*. It excited much rather uncomplimentary comment, and the question was raised in the House of Commons "whether the ladies had any right to turn the public out, or whether, having that right, they were wise in exercising it."

(*See Cartoon, "Aristocratic Amusements."*)

JULY 29.

THE Lords considered the Commons' reasons for disagreeing with their amendments to the India Bill. Only one of these Amendments was finally insisted upon by the Upper House. "In consideration" (says *Mr. Punch*) "of the Lords having agreed to most of the amendments of the Nether House, the latter yielded to the Lords about the competitive business, an act of conciliation which Palmerston said was 'graceful,' but of which Sir James Graham did not see the particular grace. The Bill then passed, receiving the Royal assent on the last day of the Session."

AUG. 2.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued by Commission.

Sir Colin Campbell, hero of the Indian Mutiny, received the title of Baron Clyde of Clydesdale.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—A BAD LOOK OUT FOR DESPOTISM.

JOHN BULL. "Hold fast, Jonathan." *JONATHAN. "All right, Johnny."*

AUG. 4.

THE QUEEN, Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales attended the inauguration of Cherbourg. There were grand *fêtes* in connection with the completion of that strongly fortified "place of arms," the filling of the Napoleon Docks, and the opening of the Railway.

AUG. 5.

THE "Niagara" and "Agamemnon" completed successfully the laying of the Atlantic Cable. On the 16th (says "Annals of our Time,") "an interchange of good wishes took place between her Majesty and the President of the United States." *Punch* had the following announcement:—

First Message sent by the Atlantic Telegraph.

From America to Dear Old Punch—

"*Punch*, my Boy, let's Liquor."

(*See Cartoon*, "*The Atlantic Telegraph.*")

AUG. 20.

AT this time the theories and practices of the so-called Puseyites (then the ritualising party in the Anglican Church) and particularly their encouragement of the Confessional, excited much angry controversy. The Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Samuel Wilberforce (nicknamed "Soapey Sam"), had been suspected of Puseyite tendencies and even of countenancing auricular confession, and although in a recent letter he had declared himself against it, his known

leaning to the Tractarian party caused him to be commonly accused of a disposition to coquet with the Romish Church. It was thought too that this stood in the way of his advancement at the hands of the Premier, Lord Palmerston.

Punch, always hostile to priestly ascendency and ever forward in unqualified condemnation of the Confessional, as the insidious foe of purity and domestic peace, lost no opportunity of dealing a smart blow at "Soapey Sam."

(See Cartoon, "Dangerous Flirtation, or Sam and the Scarlet Lady.")

SAM.

A MELANCHOLY BUT INSTRUCTIVE NARRATIVE, FOUNDED ON FACTS, AND ON HORACE SMITH'S "GEORGE BARNEWELL."

SAM SOAPEY stood at his Palace door,
Promotion hoping to find, Sir;

DANGEROUS FLIRTATION, OR SAM AND THE SCARLET LADY.

His Apron it hung down before,
And the tail of his wig behind, Sir."
A Lady, so painted and smart,
Cried "Pardon my little transgression,
But I know what is next to your heart,
Now, what do you think of Confession?"
Rum-ti-iddi-ti-ti.

Her face was rouged up to the eyes,
And red was her ladyship's toggery,
And folks who are thought to be wise,
Recognised a professor of roguery.
A bundle of Keys at her waist—
Says she, "I can help you, Sir, that I can,
In the South I am very much graced,
And I live at a place called the Vatican."
Rum-ti, &c.

* Hierarchical wigs have no tails, and hierarchical Oxford has no wig, but trifles must not quench the sacred fire of piety.

Her language his wits did bereave,
She proceeded to carney and gabble on,
And at last (which you'd hardly believe)
He smirked at the Lady of Babylon.
Says he, "I should get in a scrape,
Could my late and respectable Sire hark:
He'd frown should a Wilberforce ape
A sleek Ultramontanist hierarch."
Rum-ti, &c.

Says she, "Don't be frightened at names,
You've always to Rome had a tendency:
Stand up for Confession; your game's
To struggle for priestly ascendency.
Cut the priest a back-way to the house,
And you've cut through the isthmus of Darien:
Fathers, husbands, are not worth a souse
After that, my fine stout-legged Tractarian.
Rum-ti, &c.

"Let laymen surrender their rights
To the curate; he knows what his trade is:
He'll keep the wife's conscience from frights,
And he will 'direct' the young ladies.
Get the women but under your thumb,
No chance for the male interlopers,
They may talk and protest till they're dumb,
The priest has the sway—and the coppers."
Rum-ti, &c.

This counsel he took from his love,
And in Parliament's very next Session
He pleaded, with voice of a dove,
For "the excellent rite called Confession."
But Premiers are wary, and *they* can see
Whom 'tis expedient to fish up:
Lo! an archiepiscopal vacancy,
And Sam is *not* made an Archbishop.
Rum-ti, &c.

"If that woman were here, dash my wigs,"
Cried he, "I'd come Luther and Knox at her,
I'd slate the old mother of prigs,
And raise my episcopal *tuss* at her.
I fancied I'd made such a rare book,
And now I'm in just the wrong box for't;
Had I stuck to my Anglican Prayer-book,
I should not have stuck Bishop of Oxford."
Rum-ti, &c.

MORAL.

(*Too obvious to need telling.*)

AUG. 21.

On this date intelligence was received in this country of the conclusion of a Treaty of Peace with China, which, as before noted, had taken place at Tien-tsin, on the Peiho, on the

A LITTLE TEA PARTY.

BRITANNIA. "*A little more Gunpowder, Mr. China?*" CHINA. "*O—no—tan—ke—Mum.*"

26th of June. It included the renewal of the Treaty of Nankin (1842) and stipulated for the appointment of a resident ambassador at Pekin (a clause subsequently modified so as to make his presence there contingent upon circumstances), an increase of commercial privileges, and an indemnity of four millions of taels.

This treaty had only been settled after prolonged delay and many vexatious evasions on the part of the Chinese plenipotentiaries, which it was at one time feared would necessitate the renewal of active hostilities.

(*See Cartoon, "A Little Tea Party."*)

SEPT. 1.

On this day the East India proprietors held their Court as Governors of India for the last time ("Annals of our Time"), the new Act having transferred their powers to a Board controlled by and responsible to the Legislature.

JOHN COMPANY BAHADOOR.
AN ELEGY.
1st September, 1858.

EACH year September's earliest day
Wakes Eley's patent Cartridge,
And sturdy M.P.'s trudge to slay
The loud wing-whirring partridge.

This year a nobler spoil shall grace
The Parliamentary larder,
To-day 'mid dead-stock takes a place,
John Company Bahadoor.

'Tis long since first on Indian soil
He gained a trader's footing,
Empires since then have been his spoil,
And thrones have felt his "looting:"
In vain have Kings and Potentates
Essayed with martial ardour,
To keep outside their Palace-gates
John Company Bahadoor.

But time arrests with ruthless hands
Each worn-out fancy's hobby,

The Jew no longer seatless stands
Within St. Stephen's lobby;
With special pleas, and Richard Roe,
And many an old retarder
Of progress, lies in limbo low,
John Company Bahadoor.

John! Tit for tat! As you have shorn
The Hindoostanee nation,
The lion and the unicorn
Now teach your annexation!
Of lands o'er which you long have reigned,
John Bull henceforth mounts guardee,
And we'll take care of what you gained,
John Company Bahadoor!

(*See Cartoon*, "*The Accession of the Queen of India.*")

SEPT. 6.

DONATI'S Comet became visible to the naked eye. By the aid of powerful telescopes it had been discovered by M. Donati at Florence as early as July 2nd. It soon became a brilliant object in the sky, and excited much interest and some apprehension. *Mr. Punch* in a Note says, "On the 18th October the comet approached Venus, and had it been five days earlier the two bodies must have come in collision. So said the astronomers." At one time the tail covered 36 degrees, and was calculated to be eighty millions of miles in length. The star Arcturus, however, was visible through the densest portion of the tail.

ADIEU TO THE COMET.

"We are just parting with a visitor who, it is now placed beyond doubt, attracted great attention, and probably excited great alarm, at his last visit, more than two thousand years ago. * * * Among its spectators might have been not only kings and conquerors famous in story, but the so-called sages of Greece, and even the prophets of Holy Writ. Thales might have attempted to calculate its return, and Jeremiah might have tried to read its warning."—*Times, Oct.* 20, 1858.

WHAT, off so soon, for whom so long we waited!
Have we displeased you, Wanderer of the Sky?
By flippant jests have you been aggravated,
Or felt insulted that we dared to pry?

Accept apologies, we didn't mean it,
Stars must permit the tribute of a stare;
Come, shake your tail, and from that star-dust clean
Nor look as sulky as your friend the Bear.

Still savage with our earth, and turning from it?
Well, *enfant trouvé* of Donati, go:
"Welcome the coming, speed the parting" Comet,
Is, perhaps, polite above as here below.

One hardly knows, though, why you can't endure us,
For you we've taxed our eulogistic powers,
That night you stuck your tail before Arcturus
We screamed and shouted "Beautiful!" for hours.

Nor only have we hymned your matchless splendour,
But given you that with which you've nought to do:
Our fruits so plentiful, our game so tender,
Our glorious summer, all ascribed to you.

Will nothing move you to delay your moving,
And charm us longer with that radiant face,
No, the Grand Orrery, of Newton's grooving,
Twists your head round—Away! through endless space.

From the old grandsire, wondering "if that *he* you,"
With his white hair dishevelled in the breeze,

THE ACCESSION OF THE QUEEN OF INDIA.

To the quick, bright-eyed babe held up to see you,
While the fond mother fancies that it sees:

Queen on her terrace, Sage with ardour mounting
Tower whence his Galileo-glass is thrust,
Will be, in time by you not worth the courting,
Scattered and undistinguishable dust.

Dares a bold atom ask, with brain half dizzy,
What you will see two thousand years to come:
This planet still an ant's nest, black and busy,
Or an extinct volcano, white and dumb?

Will you behold, if keeping that appointment,
(Made for you, Sir, by Airy and by Hind)

Men still anointing Kings with holy ointment,
And Priests still leading, as the blind the blind.

Earth's choicest youth fierce rushing to the slaughter
That two crowned Fools may wreak their idiot pet;
Or wiser Christians' blood poured out like water,
That Jews may gamble with a nation's debt.

LAST EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.—THE EARL DOING BATTLE FOR HIS LADY.

Will that day's Patriot be a mouthing truckler,
Setting proud Freedom's hymn to Freedom's dirge:
Will Law be still the rich man's shield and buckler,
The good man's terror, and the poor man's scourge?

Will you find Life a hot and blindfold skrimmage,
Men straining, struggling, scrambling, for red gold:
And Faith still worshipping the Golden Image
Reared by King Beelzebub in days of old?

Will Europe then have ceased to "make Religion
A rhapsody of words"—and some unclean:
Asia have plucked her curst Mohammed's pigeon,
Or Yankeedom her bird of prey, obscene?

Will all that world, with coronet and phylakt
Reward Success, while Merit's scorned and passed;
Will man ignore that grand and dreadful Audit,
When Lies shall fall—the first time, and the last?

Who knows? Off, glorious Star-horse, clothed with thunder—
Thou hast no right to make a light strain sad:
Yet he wrote well, who wrote, thou parting Wonder—
"An unlevout Astronomer is mad."

SEPT. 18.

LORD EGLINTON (celebrated in connection with the Eglinton Tournament described in the Prologue to these volumes (August 28, 1839, p. 5) was at this time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He had lately administered a well-deserved snub to a Cardinal of the Romish Church in the circumstances detailed in the following lines which *Mr. Punch* published in honour of the adroitly loyal Lord Lieutenant.

(*See Cartoon, "Last Eglinton Tournament."*)

THE FIGHT OF RED LEGS.

SHOWING HOW AN HONOURABLE ENGLISH LORD HAD CASTIGATE A PRESUMPTUOUS ROMAN PRIEST.

AND ye did well, Lord Eglinton,
When ye knocked off his perch
The crowing bird called Cardinal,
The red-legged Cock of the Church.

'Twas the Cardinal, and he sat in pride,
Drinking the good red wine,
And a hundred priests and more sat there,
All kicking up a shine.

The Cardinal he looked around
With a sacerdotal wink,
And he cried, "'Tis meet, my shepherds bold,
Our Sovereign's health to drink."

And every priest he raised his glass,
And he stood in act to tope,
And the Cardinal cried, with up lifted voice,
"To the health of our Lord the Pope."

P. P.

But though they met upon Irish ground,
And in public guise, I ween,
No glass was raised for a loyal toast,
To the health of Ireland's Queen.

"'Tis well, 'tis well," quo' Lord Eglinton,
"The Popish toby we'll tickle;
I flatter myself, my boys, I've got
A very fine rod in pickle."

* * *

"A feast, a feast," cries the Dublin Mayor,
"In honour of science and pluck, [graph,
We'll drink success to the Tele-
And to its promoters, luck.

* * *

Tidings were brought to Lord Eglinton,
As he sat in his L. L.'s chair,
"You'll see a neat thing in the red leg line,
The Cardinal will be there."

Then out and laughed Lord Eglinton,
And his subs looked out for the joke,
"I think," says the Lord of the Tournament,
"My rod has had time to soak.

"Go down, my elegant aide-de-camp,
I know you'll enjoy the job;
And say I'll be jiggered before I dine [snob
Along with that red-legged

"And none of the Lord Lieutenant's court
Shall show any honour or grace
To the bloated priest who dared put the Pope
In our gracious Sovereign's place."

* * *

And the guests were met, and the feast was set,
And there was the Cock of Rome;
But the Lord Lieutenant and Quality
They took and they stopped at home.

* * *

A feast, a feast, is spread at Dundalk,
The priests are assembled there,
And the red-legged Prince of the Church has come,
And Kieran fills the chair.

* * *

"A health, a health," quo' Dean Kieran,
"To the Pope be *laus et gloria;*
And now a health, which I'm sure you'll drink
With delight, To our Queen Victoria."

"Aha! aha!" quo' Lord Eglinton,
When he read the story in print;
"It seems to me," says Lord E., says he,
"Old Red-Legs can take a hint."

So here's to the Lord who would not flinch,
But served out the Cardinal well,
We can quite afford to give Rome an inch,
While we keep such a jolly L.L.

TO THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Mr. Punch (with the Greatest Respect). "After you, my Lord."

OCT. 23.

At this time there was much talk about "Social Science," the "Social Science Association" which had lately been formed for the study of this subject having held its first meeting in Birmingham, on the 12th October, 1857, under the presidency of Lord Brougham. This year it assembled at Liverpool, and the venerable but still vigorous Lord Brougham had delivered an admirable address on the promotion of the Science it was the special purpose of the new Association to advance. A notable circumstance in the records of the Victorian Era.

(*See Cartoon, "To the Temple of Fame."*)

OCT. 26.

THESE were the days of Working Men's Colleges and Clubs, of Mechanics' Institutes, and of didactic lectures and addresses especially dedicated to "the Working Classes." To pose as the "Working Man's Friend" was becoming a favourite device of popularity-hunting peers, professional philanthropists, and would-be members of Parliament. There was doubtless some reality in this voluble devotion to the proletariat, and excellent results followed in due time. But there was also some insincerity and much fussy foolishness. *Mr. Punch* in a spirit of genial satire suggested "turning the tables" upon patronizing peers and pedagogic parliamentarians; and pictured the Working Man enlightening the Superior Classes, apparently more to their astonishment than their edification.

(*See Cartoon, "One Good Turn deserves Another."*)

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

THE WORKING MAN ENLIGHTENING THE SUPERIOR CLASSES.

OCT. 27.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT, lately elected for Birmingham, issued an address to his constituents vehemently advocating a peace policy, vigorously denouncing the territorial aristocracy, and urgently insisting upon the necessity of Parliamentary Reform, which at present, by the tacit consent of both parties in the House, was left in abeyance.

On the 29th at a banquet Mr. Bright followed up the charge with undiminished energy. He declared that his views were identical with those upheld by the most revered names in English history. "We have past experience" (he cried), "we have beacons, we have landmarks enough; we know what the past has cost us: we know how much and how far we have wandered . . . We have the unchangeable and eternal principles of the moral law to guide us; and only so far as we live by that guidance can we be permanently a great nation, or our people a happy people."

"There is no actuary" (he continued) "in existence who can calculate how much of the wealth, of the strength, of the supremacy of the territorial families of England has been derived from an unholy participation in the fruits of the industry of the people, which have been wrested from them by every device of taxation, and squandered in every conceivable crime of which a government could possibly be guilty. The more you

examine this matter, the more you will come to the conclusion which I have arrived at, that this foreign policy, this regard for 'the liberties of Europe,' this care at one time for 'the Protestant interests,' this excessive love for 'the balance of Power,' is neither more nor less than a gigantic system for the out-door relief of the aristocracy of Great Britain."

Mr. Bright hoped to find in the reopening of the slumbering question of Parliamentary Reform a means of cure for these and other national ills and injustices.

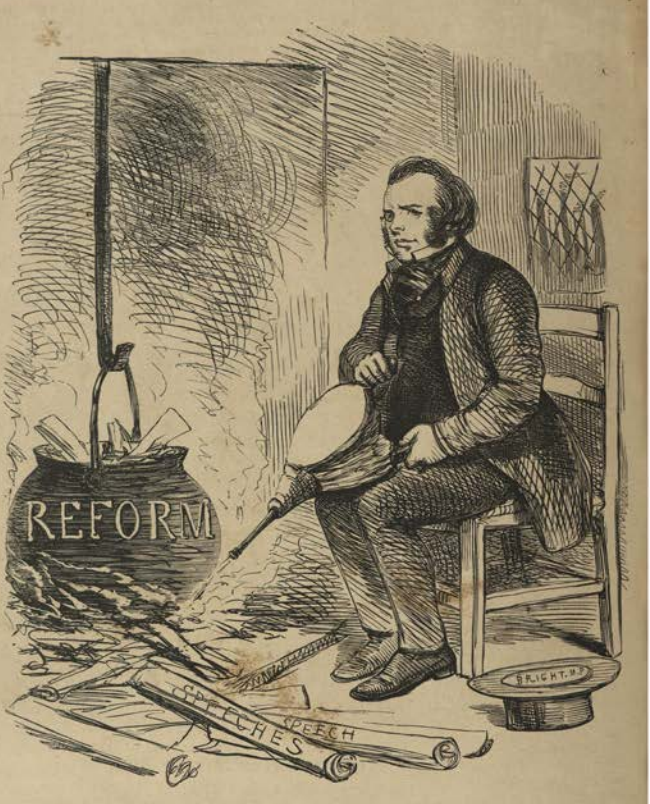
(See Cartoon, "It will soon Boil!")

Nov. 1.

A Proclamation was issued from Allahabad by the Governor-General, intimating that henceforth all acts of the Government of India would be done in the name of the Queen alone.

Nov. 25.

On this day commenced the trial of the Comte de Montalembert, for publishing a pamphlet entitled "*Un Débat sur l'Inde au Parlement Anglais*," in which he compared English institutions with French in a way unflattering to the latter. (The debate described was the great one on Mr. Cardwell's resolution censuring the Indian policy of the Conservative Government: see May 7). The pamphlet gave great offence to the French Emperor. In this memorable trial Montalembert was ably and eloquently defended by the celebrated M. Berryer, but was nevertheless condemned, sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs. On December 2nd he was pardoned by the Emperor; appealing against the sentence of the Court he was again condemned, though acquitted of a part of the charge. On December 21 the Emperor again remitted the sentence.



"IT WILL SOON BOIL!"

PUNCH TO MONTALEMBERT.

Go to thy Prison! Let the walls
(As sermons lurk in common stones)
Speak in high nervous minded tones
To him on whom their shadow falls.

Look up!—'Tis not for thee to stoop,
If, in thy bold discoursing flight,
Thou hast set forth thyself in sight
As quarry to an Eagle's swoop——

An Eagle!—Such a bird, perchance,
Once had its wings clipped in Boulogne,
Nor could a welcome eyrie own
When Strasbourg looked at it askance.

Look up! and to thy prison-cell
Let every breath of Western breeze
Murmur the warmest sympathies
Of those who in a Land do dwell,

Where Law and Right have
Giants grown,
To crush each would-be
Despot's dreams,
To foster Freedom's waking
dreams,
And make it—as thou'dst have
thine own.

Nov. 27.

ATTENTION was called at this time, by a tragic incident at Bradford, to the noxious character of many of the "Sweetmeats" popularly vended. A confectioner at Bradford received from an Apothecary's assistant at Shipley, 12lbs. of arsenic in mistake for the same quantity of "daff" or gypsum, a material used freely in the manufacture of sweets. The result was the death by poisoning of 18 persons, and the serious endangering of the lives of 200 more. Hodgson, the chemist, was indicted for manslaughter, but Baron Watson, after hearing the evidence, discharged the case on the ground that there was nothing for the jury to consider.

(*See Cartoon, "The Great Lozenge-Maker."*)

Nov. 29.

MR. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., who had been appointed Lord High Commissioner Extraordinary to the Ionian Islands, arrived at Corfu. His mission was, as he explained to the Senate, "to examine in what way Great Britain may honourably and amply discharge the obligation which, for purposes European and Ionian rather than British, she had contracted."

THE GREAT LOZENGE-MAKER.

A HINT TO PATERFAMILIAS.

Dec. 18.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT had made another fighting speech, this time at Manchester, reiterating his well-known opinion on the Aristocracy, Reform, and the duty of the Liberal party.

Mr. Punch, who held that the eloquent and aggressive Quaker went to extremes, gave the following facetious summary of his oration:—

THE MANCHESTER MANIFESTO.

IT having been announced that Mr. Bright, Reformer-Extraordinary to Her Majesty's Government, would appear at Manchester on Friday evening last, and state His intentions for the benefit of the country, *Mr. Punch* made immediate electric arrangements for receiving intelligence as to the destinies of the nation. He caused a wire to be carried from the Telegraph Office near Temple Bar to the left-hand side of his desk in Fleet Street, just between his letter-weigher and cigar case, and having ordered a number of pages to be in attendance, in case of emergency, *Mr. Punch* calmly awaited the Manchester Utterances. And this was the order in which they arrived:—

Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

¼ *past 7 p.m.*—"Mr. Bright is up, and smiling affably."

Mr. Punch dipped a pen into ink, and prepared for action.

½ past 7.—"Mr. Bright announces that he will not dethrone the Queen, whom he compliments."

Mr. Punch despatched a message to Osborne to relieve the minds of the royal party.

¼ to 8.—"Mr. Bright will not touch the House of Lords, and, indeed, considers it beneath the notice of practical men. It is moribund."

Mr. Punch wrote brief notes to the aristocracy, congratulating them.

* * * *

8·30.—"Mr. Bright abuses the boroughs."

Mr. Punch quite yawned, and sent out for some snuff.

8·35.—"Mr. Bright abuses the House of Commons."

Mr. Punch took a good deal of snuff.

8·40.—"Mr. Bright abuses the game laws."

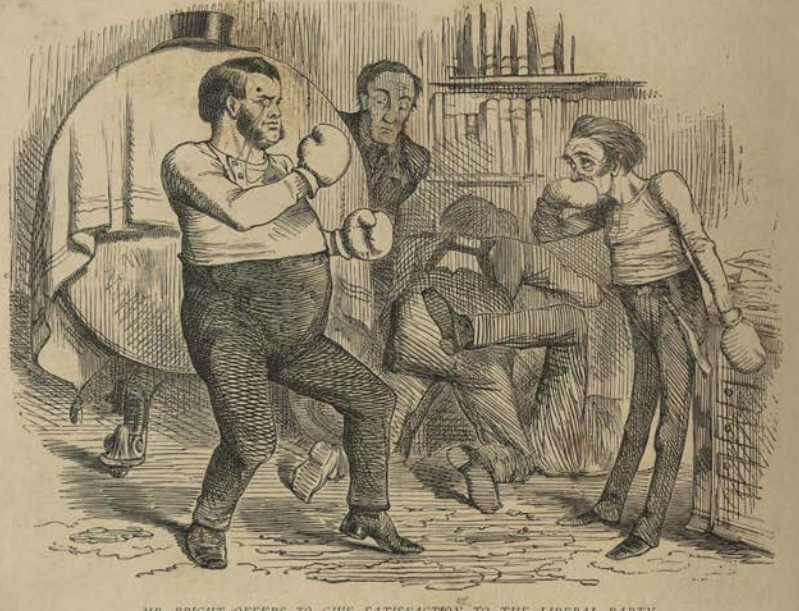
Mr. Punch agreed; but didn't see how hares could vote, even with the protection of the Ballot.

8·45.—"Mr. Bright announces that Reform is not only necessary, but inevitable."

Mr. Punch again took up pen.

8·46.—"Mr. Bright states that it is the Independent Liberals who habitually save the country by making Government impossible."

Mr. Punch smiled tolerantly.



MR. BRIGHT OFFERS TO GIVE SATISFACTION TO THE LIBERAL PARTY.

8·50.—"Mr. Bright has decided that he will grant the Ballot."

Mr. Punch took a note, but wished to hear more.

8·53.—"Mr. Bright has decided that He will grant Household Suffrage."

Mr. Punch, who only lives in splendid lodgings, felt furious.

8·55.—"Mr. Bright taunts the aristocracy with being afraid of American institutions, when they gladly paid £10 to the American, Mr. Rarey, for teaching them the secret of horse-taming."

Mr. Punch remarked "Bosh."

9 *p.m.*—"Mr. Bright compared himself to M. de Montalembert, whose praise of England was treated as Mr. Bright's praise of America is."

Mr. Punch repeated "Bosh."

9·10.—"Mr. Bright admits that He has only given the Faintest Sketch of his intentions."

Mr. Punch growled.

9·20.—"Mr. Bright strongly urges upon the people of England to consider whether they really want Reform, and if they do, what reform; and then to hold meetings, and petition, and let him know what they would like, as he sees great difficulties in his way."

Mr. Punch cast off the wire, and mixed himself an exceedingly strong glass of brandy and water, during the imbibition whereof he uttered several significant sentences, touching fish out of water, promises and performances, case of real distress, &c., &c., and finally got rather maudlin in his compassion for J. B.

(See Cartoon, "Mr. Bright offers to give satisfaction to the Liberal Party.")

DEC. 20.

On this date Lord Clyde, Commander-in-Chief, writing to the Governor-General, Lord Canning, stated that "the campaign is at an end, there being no longer even the vestige of rebellion in the province of Oude, and that the last remnant of the mutineers and insurgents have been hopelessly driven across the mountains which form the barrier between the Kingdom of Nepaul and Her Majesty's Empire of Hindostan." Thus with the closing days of the year came what was practically the end of that terrible Indian Mutiny, which had so greatly agitated its earlier months.

1859

JAN. 1.

THE year opened, as regards foreign politics, rather ominously. Some chilly words spoken by the Emperor of the French to the Austrian Ambassador, when the diplomatic body waited on him as customary on New Year's Day, gave rise to a suspicion of strained relations between the two Powers, suspicions to be verified by subsequent events. The re-settlement of Italy was the question at issue. "The sympathies of the people of England" (says *Mr. Punch's* Political Summary) "were unequivocally avowed in favour of the emancipation of all the States of Central Italy from foreign domination, and complete reform of the anomalous abuses of the Papal States." The Emperor Napoleon was suspected of interested motives in his action with regard to Italy. The following lines of *Mr. Punch* illustrate the situation:—

REFORM SNAP-DRAGON.

THE TIGHT BOOT.

Of all the ill-sewed and ill-shaped bits of leather,
That ever pinched bunions the shape of a boot in,
The Italian boot seems the worst altogether
That Emperor, King, Duke, or Pope e'er put foot in.

From the Lombardy top with Venetian binding,
Through the ancle-piece Roman and Legatine leg,
The wearer 'tis chafing, and bliss'ring and grinding, [peg.
While the foot hobbles, crippled with Bomba's sharp

* * * *

What wonder this boot so like out-bursting hooks,
That Italy's callousest corns burn and shoot in it,
When Kaiser, King, Pope (not to mention Grand-Dukes)
All alike *will* insist upon putting their foot in it.

* * * *

But while granting the fact, and in great part the reason,
This advice, poor Italia, I hope, will allow—
Of all remedies don't try Napoleon boot-trees on, [now.
Or the cure may prove worse than the pinch she bears

Let the case of her sister, Miss France, serve as warning,
Who found her shoes pinch (she'll been going too fast)
Called in Louis Napoleon to right them one morning,
And has wished ever since she had stuck to her last.

JAN. 17.

MR. BRIGHT, in an address to the electors of Bradford, sketched a new Reform Bill which he considered, if adopted, would give pretty general satisfaction, and close the question, at least for some time to come. Reform was "in the air" at the opening of 1859; it was known that the Government had prepared a Bill in consequence of which their Home Secretary, Mr. Walpole, resigned his seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Bright's advanced views, urged by him with eloquent emphasis, whilst moving some to enthusiasm, alarmed and alienated others.

(*See Cartoon, "Reform Snap-Dragon."*)

JAN. 25.

ON this day was celebrated the centenary of the birth of Robert Burns. A prize had been offered for the best Ode on the occasion; it was won by Miss Isa Craig, and this poem was recited at the "Burns Festival" at the Crystal Palace.

JAN. 27.

THE Ionian Legislative Assembly passed a resolution in favour of union with Greece.

FEB. 1.

"MR. BRIGHT" (said *Mr. Punch's* Political Summary) "had been so violent in some of his speeches that many earnest reformers became alarmed and withdrew themselves from the movement; and to those who remembered the keen excitement that pervaded the country during the former agitation for Reform, the indifference of the people at the present time presented a striking contrast."

Mr. Bright, nevertheless, both on public platforms and through the columns of his special organ "The Morning Star," continued his fulminations against the British aristocracy and in favour of Reform with unabated energy and zeal.

(*See Cartoon, "The Quaker and the Bauble."*)

On this day Prince Napoleon, cousin of the Emperor Napoleon III., married the Princess Clotilde, eldest daughter of the King of Sardinia. The match was made at the instigation of the Emperor, and was generally regarded as a political *Mariage de convenance*.

THE QUAKER AND THE BAUBLE.

"It is the Land which the territorial party represents in Parliament. . . . That is the theory of the Constitution: Blackstone says so. But it is a thing which is not likely to be respected much longer, and it must go, even if involving the destruction of the Constitution."—MR. BRIGHT, in his Penny Organ.

JEROME AND HIS CLOTILDA.

TUNE—"*Villikins and his Dinah.*"

'Tis of a certain monarch in Turin do dwell,
He has a fair child, an exceedingly young gal;
Her name is Clotilda, scarce sixteen year old,
She han't got much potion of silver nor gold.
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

Though she han't got much potion, her lineage is high,
Which causes a suitior for to love and draw nigh;
Clotilda was a walkalin' in her chamber so gay,
Ven her father came to her, and thus did he say,
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

Clotilda, go choose thyself rich bridal array,
For, behold, this young Prince, all so galliant and gay;
Behold this young Prince as I've brought with me here,
He says as how he'll make thee his bride and his dear.
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

Oh, honoured father! now, come, draw it mild,
He's a middle-aged man, and I am but a child;
Oh, honoured, dear father, this project give o'er,
For I'm sure this here Prince won't see forty no more.
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

Out, bumptious gal! Victor Emmanuel replied,
Since thou hast denied to be Jerome Bonaparte's bride,
I'll send thee to a convent where I'll have thee locked in,
And thee sha'n't have a chance to marry nobody agin.
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

Clotilda on hearing these words was afraid,
And replied to the statement which her parient had made:
Farewell hopes of happiness, for ever farewell,
How great is the sacrifice there's no tongue can tell!
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

The story that's a wallakin the Courts all around,
Why poor young Clotilda to a cove's to be bound,
Which she hates like cold pisen, is ambition and pride,
Is the causes for which this here knot's to be tied.
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

(*See Cartoon, "The Torch of Hymen."*)

FEB. 3.

PARLIAMENT was opened by the Queen in person. *Mr. Punch* summarized the proceedings in verse, as follows:—

February 3, 1859.

And what said the silver-voiced Queen of the West,
Addressing, on Thursday, her wisest and best?
With every advantage of manner and tone,
These statements came out in the Speech from the Throne.

MY LORDS AND MY GENTLEMEN,

Gladly I tell
My conviction that all things at home go on well.
There's a good deal less poverty, fewer are crimes,
And folks seem agreed they don't live in bad times.

In vain any mutinous Sepoy has tried
To confront my brave troops and my skilful Lord Clyde,
The rebels are beaten as soon as they're seen,
And I hope soon to tell you that all is serene.

I took your advice, which I do when I can,
And proclaimed myself Empress of wide Hindostan.
I explained to the millions who hold me in awe,
That my throne would be based on peace, order, and law.

Foreign Potentates, all, are uncommon polite,
But I mean to insist on their doing what's right.
For England's a kind of policeman, whose beat is
To see that all parties are faithful to Treaties.

They're making a Government (such a cabal it is)
Out of those troublesome twin Principalities.
They've got a new Prince, who seems frank and high mettled—
I hope, gracious knows, that some day they'll get settled.

THE TORCH OF HYMEN.

Alexander of Russia is pleased to agree
To an excellent Treaty of Commerce with me.
This shows that we both have resolved there shall be a
Wipe out of all memories of Pruth and Crimea.

And now an announcement that's certain to please.
Having thoroughly frightened those horrid Chinese,
We've brought them to Treat, and have actually made
An opening for civilisation and trade.

Another new treaty you'll curiously scan,—
It's made with the wonderful folks of Japan;
At present precise information is lacking
Of what it will bring to us—possibly, blacking.

Napoleon the Third, when he found himself styled
A kind of slave-trader, was awfully riled,
But has thrown up his "emigrant" scheme by which blacks [Jacks.
Quite free, embarked gagged, with hands tied behind

As long as I could—they are weak, I am strong—
I have borne with the Mexicans' insult and wrong;
But folks who won't reason you're driven to thrash,—
I have ordered my sailors to settle their hash.

My Commons,
You'll find you've no cause to be testy mates,
When you proceed to examine the Estimates;
They've been framed with a proper regard for, &c.—
It's a stereotyped phrase, but I don't know a betterer.

One point of the utmost importance I deem:
All war-ships, you know, are now managed by steam.
I must make a new Navy: you'll hear in the Budget
How much it will cost, and I'm sure you won't grudge it.

My Lords and my Gentlemen,
Several new bills
To remedy social and practical ills
Will be shortly brought forward: we've taken in hand
Insolvency, Crime Codes, and Titles to Land.

And now for the sentence that heralds the storm,—
Your attention will also be called to Reform.
I hope you'll discuss so important a scheme
With the temper and patience befitting the theme.

That is all I've to say till I meet you again
(Now, Duchess, we're moving, keep hold of the train),
I pray that your votes and decisions may be
For the good of yourselves, of my people, and me.

THE FRENCH PORCUPINE.

HE MAY BE AN INOFFENSIVE ANIMAL, BUT HE DON'T LOOK LIKE IT.

FEB. 24.

The Pope expressed his willingness to consent to the withdrawal of the French and Austrian troops from his territories.

"The mysterious conduct of the French Emperor" (says *Mr. Punch's* Political Summary) "had created considerable mistrust in this country, and towards France and its ruler the feeling in England had undoubtedly become less cordial than in the early days of the alliance."

(*See Cartoon, "The French Porcupine."*)

THE IMPERIAL FRENCH PORCUPINE.

"Walk up, walk up, gentlemen and ladies, into the Menagerie of Modern Europe. Here you will behold that wonderful animal so correctly described by the celebrated prophet Shakspeare, under the name of the French Porcupine. Fretful, according to some authors, was the original expression; whichever you please; you pays your money, and you takes your choice.

"This extraordinary creature is an animal of what the zoologists call the Napoleonic species; he is of a reserved and silent disposition; but is able on occasion to open his mouth, and show his teeth. The remarkable specimen of natural history afore you is covered with quills, which may appear inconsistent when you consider the singular animosity he is said to display against the liberty of the Press. The quills exhibit a striking similarity to swords and bayonets, together with artillery, rifles, carbines, and other firearms, by means of which, possessing the astonishing property of shooting missiles out of his self, the creature is enabled to annoy his adversaries at a considerable distance. The French Porcupine, by the sounds which he utters for to express his sentiments, apparently desirous to get the credit of being of a peaceful disposition, which you will scarcely perhaps be inclined to allow, considering the formidable weapons with which this animal is armed. Though an inhabitant of France, his inclinations, by some accounts, prompts him to extend his range over Italy, and some suspects him of intentions to carry his ravages into the Austrian dominions, while, according to others, he is disposed to be quiet, if so be as how you only let him alone. According to which, I

shall omit the usual operation of stirring him up with a long pole: which Master Walewski is at liberty to perform if he pleases. The Imperial French Porcupine, gentlemen and ladies; an admirable likeness of him, price threepence only: recollect who 'tis as keeps him out of mischief, and please remember the keeper."

FEB. 25.

LORD PALMERSTON called the attention of the House of Commons to the menacing aspect of continental affairs.

"PRAY tell us," says Pam, "are folks going to fight?"
"*Au contraire*," replies Dizzy,
"we hope it's all right.
Both armies, the Austrian and French, will go home,
And his Holiness, Pio, stand *solus* in Rome.
And we've sent off an envoy so grave and so owley,
On a mission of peace to Vienna—old Cowley."

Mr. Punch, however, advised the Queen to "keep her powder dry."

(*See Cartoon*, "*The Queen in her Store-room.*")

KEEP IT DRY.

IT is not that a small bird sings
With aught of warning voice,
And bids distrust Anointed kings,
Or chiefs, the People's Choice.
We trust them all, with all our soul,
We know their honour's high:
But still we think, upon the whole,
We'll keep our powder dry.

No Monarch ever broke his word,
Far less the oaths he swore,
Or if such things have e'er occurred,
'Twas in bad days of yore.
All kings are now so good and true,—
What, doubt a Sovereign, fie!
But still, John Bull, 'twixt me and you,
We'll keep our powder dry.

No nation lashed by dastard greed,
Or priests, or ancient spite,
Will clamour to its chiefs to lead
Its armies to the fight.
We're all a band of brothers, John,
All linked by friendship's tie;
But this one whim we'll act upon,
We'll keep our powder dry.

No statesman now is led astray
By love of place, or fame,
To urge his wavering prince to play
At war's infernal game.
They're all so cosmopolitan,
For justice each would die;
And yet it's just as well, old man,
To keep your powder dry.

No chance lest hot sea-captains clash
On far Atlantic waves,
And raise a quarrel o'er such trash
As buccaneers, or slaves.
No distant parties burn to thrust
Lean fingers in the pie;
But though we're all belief and trust,
We'll keep our powder dry.

No armed three-deckers crowd a dock,
No soldiers mass and drill;
No royal hands, on rifle's lock,
Test how the gun will kill.
No cannon stores wi'h strange increase
Pacific pledge belie:
But though the world's so lapped in peace,
WE'LL KEEP OUR POWDER DRY.

PUNCH.

THE QUEEN IN HER STORE-ROOM.

HER MAJESTY (to her faithful Servant). "*I don't know what may happen, Mr. BULL, but 'keep our powder dry.'*"

MARCH 1.

COUNT CAVOUR, in response to an inquiry on the part of the English Government, stated the grounds of Italy's complaints against Austria. His chief demands, in order to ward off war or revolution, were that there should be a national and separate Government for Lombardy and Venetia, that the domination of Austria over the States of Central Italy should cease, and that the principle of non-intervention should be proclaimed and respected.

On the 9th, Earl Cowley reported to Earl Malmesbury the result of his conferences with the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Buol. The latter professed the purest intentions, and laid the blame for the imbroglio on the French Government and Sardinia.

MARCH 21.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL moved "That it is neither just nor politic to interfere in the manner proposed in the Government Bill with the freehold franchise as hitherto exercised in the counties of England and Wales; and that no readjustment of the franchise will satisfy the House and the country, which does not provide for a greater extension of the suffrage in cities

THE SUPPORTERS OF THE "WORKING MAN."

and boroughs than is contemplated in the present measure."

As *Mr. Punch* said in an explanatory note, "Tory, Whig, and Liberal were devoting themselves *in words* to the interests of the Working Man."

(*See Cartoon, "The Supporters of the 'Working Man.'"*)

WORKING-MAN WORSHIP.

(*Popular M.P., loquitur.*)

We may differ in some things—may differ in all,
We are some for the Factory—some for the Hall
We may look up to Cotton, or on it look down,—
A President wish for, or rev'rence the Crown:
But (so long as to office assist us he can)
We all love and respect, Sir, the true Working-man—
Yes! all other titles we place under ban,
For the highest of lordships—my Lord Working-man.

Some may say that respect would by truth be best shown,
That those wish you best who your faults would make known;
That to fawn and to flatter is not so like friends,
As like those who would use you to help their own ends.

Such assertions as these class-distrusts can but fan,
Which should ne'er stand between us and you, Working-man!
Yes,—Whig, Tory, Radical—none of us can
Find a blemish in you, my revered Working-man!

You may ask, why our worship's invariably paid
At the moment our Party's in need of your aid?—
Why we leave you, unpuff'd, to your pipe and your pot,
Till, by puffing you, something, it seems, can be got?
Such questions as these let him answer that can;
We should wish to avoid them, my dear Working-man.
But we surely must be your best friends, who began,
To stand forth as your shoe-blacks and slaves, Working-man?

MARCH 28.

THIS day (said *Mr. Punch's* "Essence of Parliament,") "was the great day of the Session. This day did Benjamin Disraeli, Esq. —in other days author of a Revolutionary Epic —introduce a Reform Bill to the notice of the House of Commons. Unable to trust himself to deal in prose with such a subject, saturated as it is with all the richest gems of poetry, *Mr. Punch* has upon another of his golden leaves inscribed with pen of diamond the story of this day. . . . *Mr. Punch*, who is not always exactly at Mr. Disraeli's feet, begs on this occasion to make that gentleman a bow, and to state that his manner of introducing a most important measure was worthy of the occasion."

(See Cartoon, "The Last Pantomime of the Season.")

THE REFORM BILL.

DONE INTO HIAWATHAN VERSE BY MR. PUNCH.

If you question, if you ask him
What about this new Reform Bill,
Just brought in by Ben Disraeli,
Fluent, mocking Ben Disraeli,
* * * *
Who, in case this Bill's adopted,
Will, of all this British nation,
Have the right to vote, at poll-booth,
* * * *

JOHN BRIGHT. DISRAELI. LORD JOHN RUSSELL. PALMERSTON.

THE LAST PANTOMIME OF THE SEASON.

Punch will answer, he will tell you,
He, with forty-shilling freehold:
He who is the happy owner
Of five pounds of other tenure:
Or shall occupy, as tenant,
Aught of ten-pound yearly value:
Or shall occupy apartments
For the which he pays the moderate
Sum of twice four shillings weekly.
He whose stock, (or Bank or Indian)
Brings its owner ten pounds yearly,
He whose pension (army, navy,
Civil or uncivil service)

Is what's called a twenty-pounder:
He who in a bank of Savings
Sixty pounds hath wisely hoarded.
He, a graduate of a College,
He, a clergyman, established,
He, a minister dissenting,
He, a barrister, or pleader,
He, a proctor, or attorney,
He, a doctor, (quacks excepted)
He, a certified schoolmaster,
And all other men, if any,
Qualified by the Reform Act
Passed by Grey, Brougham, and Russell.

* * * *
For the boroughs and the counties
We have now a different franchise.
But this Bill, of good Lord Derby's,
Makes in both the franchise equal.
* * * *
Henceforth, freeholders in boroughs
Cease to have a vote for counties.
This displeases Lord John Russell,
Who, besides, proclaims his anger
That the Bill does next to nothing
For, he says, the working classes:
So declare both Bright and Roebuck,
Who are bent on giving battle.

MARCH 31.

On this night—or rather at a quarter to one the next morning—the great debate on the second reading of the Reform Bill came to an end. Mr. Disraeli wound it up with great spirit and vigour.

With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,
However near his ministerial tomb,
With hand whose almost careless coolness spoke
Its grasp well used to deal the sabre stroke,
With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,
Did Benjamin his willing weapon bare.
* * *
So Dizzy struck through brass and triple steel,
Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel,
Still to the last his battle-word he cried—
Then came the sound of doom—"DIVIDE! DIVIDE!"
* * * *
Ha! all is o'er,—the battle's lost and won:
The Noes, Three Thirty,—Ayes, Two Ninety-one.

That Friday good Lord Derby seeks his Queen:
With what result on Monday shall be seen.

On the 4th April the Government announced that in consequence of its defeat it had advised a dissolution and an appeal to the country.

APRIL 9.

A TELEGRAM from Vienna appeared in the *Times*, conveying the disquieting news that the Austrians "were moving 50,000 men into Italy and bringing 130,000 more to back them, that the Croats were entering Milan, and that the railways were ordered to be ready to transport armies." The intelligence was received with some doubt, but Consols fell from 95⅝ to 94⅝ in consequence.

The Chinese Mandarin Yeh, the truculent official who had been the cause of much of the Chinese trouble, died this day at Calcutta, where he had been detained as a prisoner since the capture of Canton.

THE REAL UGLY RUSH.

"*He feared there would be an ugly rush some of these days.*"—MR. HENLEY on the Reform Bill.

APRIL 18.

MR. HENLEY, who with Mr. Walpole had retired from the Derby Ministry owing to their deciding to introduce a Reform Bill, had prophesied what he called "an ugly rush" on the part of the populace, as a consequence of the proposed reduction of the Franchise. The phrase "ugly rush" was much quoted at the time, and *Mr. Punch*, applying it in a Parliamentary sense, said that the real ugly rush would be that of the rival parties and politicians for the Treasury Bench.

Your candidate for office cares no rush for man or measure, he [Treasury.
Values one rush, and only one—the rush that storms the

(*See Cartoon*, "*The Real Ugly Rush.*")

APRIL 19.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued by Commission.

APRIL 23.

AUSTRIA called upon Sardinia to disarm, threatening immediate hostilities in case of her non-compliance. Count Cavour, on behalf of Sardinia, courteously intimated his intention to do nothing of the sort. On the 26th King Victor Emmanuel issued a spirited proclamation, stating that Austria's insulting demand had been rejected with contempt. "The announcement I make," said the King, "is the announcement of war. Soldiers, to arms!" The French army despatched from Paris to aid the Sardinians disembarked at Genoa on the 25th, and on the 26th Austria opened hostilities by moving her troops across the Ticino into Piedmontese territory. England offered to mediate between Austria and France, but

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

IMPERIAL FRENCH EAGLE (TO IMPERIAL RUSSIAN DITTO). "Dear Brother! Oh, let us hasten to protect the poor Lamb yonder!"

France declined the offer; she and Russia entered into an offensive and defensive treaty; and on the 28th the Austrian Emperor announced his intention to invade Sardinia, "to put a stop to the hostile acts which for a series of years have been committed against the indisputable rights of my crown."

The news caused a panic on the Stock Exchange, with a fall of 6 per cent. in English, and from 8 to 20 in Foreign Stock ("Annals of Our Time"). On the 29th the Austrians crossed into Sardinian territory, and Victor Emmanuel in person took command of his army.

(See Cartoon, "Birds of a Feather.")

In this country the cooperation of France and Russia, ostensibly in the interests of Italy, was looked upon with considerable suspicion. *Mr. Punch*, in the following lines, suggested that while we should remain neutral, our neutrality should be an armed one:—

NEUTRAL ADVICE.

LET France delight to go and fight,
If 'tis her folly to;
Let Austria cry for "territory!"
With that we've nought to do.

Our shout must be "Neutrality!"
To England peace is sweet:
But, friends, that she may neutral be,
Let's MAN OUR FORTS AND FLEET!

APRIL 30.

MR. DISRAELI, speaking at Aylesbury, said "he believed the result of the elections would be a considerable gain to the Ministry." This forecast was not however realized, at any rate not to an extent sufficient to give the Derby Government a working majority, as only 302 of its supporters were returned to the new House.

(*See Cartoon, "The Anglers' Return."*)

THE ANGLERS' RETURN.

(*After* WALTON.)

VENATOR . . *Lord D.*
PISCATOR . . *Mr. B. Dis.*
PUNCH.

P. Give you good day, Gentlemen. From your trim and your tackling, I peceive you have but now returned from the country, whither, when last we met, you were, in a great hurry as I remember, going an angling. Welcome back to town! I pray you tell me how you have sped amongst the ponds and rivers, with your hooks and your plummets, your floats, your lines, and your angle-rods? What have you caught?

Pisc. Truly, Sir, a few gudgeon. They are, indeed, but a small fry; whereas we had hoped to bring home a good dish of trout, and peradventure, also, of perch and pike; but they were too wary, and would neither rise at our gold fly nor rise at our minnow of the same metal.

P. I pray you, what bait did you use to catch those same gudgeon withal?

Pisc. One of the like substance with our fly and minnow; marry, a sort of golden calls: for your gudgeon is a groundling, and you must fish for him at the bottom, with a worm or grub. But, Sir, I will confess to you,—only, mark you, this is between ourselves, and must go no further,—we did take some of them with a drag-net, whereinto we did scare and terrify them. For, indeed, to make free with the saying of the poet Horace, my maxim is, "Fish, by fair angling if I can hook them; if not, by whatsoever means, fish."

THE ANGLERS' RETURN.

P. Sir, I perceive you are a moraliser. But how comes it you caught only gudgeon, sith, from what you stick not to own to me, I suppose all to be fish that cometh into your net?

Ven. Nay, Sir; Piscator spake of gudgeon, as it were, in the gross; but our fish are mostly of that breed, and the rest are like unto them, as chub, and dace, and roach, and such-like fry. But now, here I will show you a rare fish, whereof we have caught two or three; which had not been done before by our party or some while He is a crafty fellow, and bites warily; you fish for him in troubled waters: he is called a Pope.

P. In good sooth, la! Methought that fish came never nigh an angler wearing your colours. With what bait, may I ask you, did you tempt your pope?

Ven. Truth, Sir; keep it to yourself: with a bit of the end of the Protestant pig's snout, and the tip of his tail.

P. I marvel, then, the pig hath not squeaked. As ouching him, I trow you will no longer pretend to go the whole hog; and, I fear me, that, for your bait, you will shortly kill the Protestant pig.

Pisc. Sir, I pray you, not a word about the pig: let us to some other discourse.

P. Well, Sir, at what places had you the best sport?

Ven. Marry, Sir, at Ashburton, Bedford, Berwick; also at Chester, Colchester, Devizes; likewise at Dover.

P. Pardon me, Sir; but I pray you resolve me this riddle:—Why are the men of Dover like unto *Ancient Pistol?*

Pis. Good Sir, truly I am Dizzy, and not Œdipus; and, albeit I have not resignation, I will give it up.

P. So; and the next time, Sir, you are asked this question, you may say, an it like you, Because they were made to swallow a Leeke.

Pis. Truly, Sir, a merry saying. Then, Sir, we did get some luck at Newport in the Isle of Wight; at Newry in Ireland; at Pontefract, Truro, Tynemouth, Wareham, Weymouth, Windsor, where we did tickle some small Thames trout; at Carnarron and Yarmouth, where there are no fish so good as your bloater; at Plymouth, Helston, and in a few other snug nooks, holes, and corners, where a man may have good sport for his money.

P. After that, Sir, I shall essay to sing you a little song of my own composing:—

THE CANDIDATE'S SONG.

Come vote for me, and be my knave,
And we a cask of beer will stave,
That you may drink till homeward wheeled,
As soon as you to sleep shall yield.
And in the Customs, or the Docks,
I'll put you in a little box,
To my vote-givers good luck falls,
None to those odious Radicals.
Hark, how these yellow sovereigns ring
For thee, if thou wilt do this thing;
If thou wilt only conscience waive, [knave.
And vote for me and be my

Pis. A choice song, Sir, quotha! Commend me to the nightingale; but methought that in your ditty I heard somewhat of the note of the mocking bird.

P. Yea, Sir, sayest thou so? Truly thou hast a nice ear.

Pis. Seest thou, good Sir, aught of green in this mine eye?

P. How, gentlemen, may you be off for soap?

Pis. and Ven. Doth your mother know you are out?

P. Nay; but her son doth know that you very soon will be.

Pis. and Ven. Sir, I salute you!

P. Sweet Sirs, the same to you!

ADMIRAL PUNCH. PRINCE ALFRED OF THE EURYALUS.

MEN FOR THE FLEET!

ADMIRAL PUNCH. "There, Boys! There's an example for you."

MAY 1.

PRINCE ALFRED, second son of the Queen, had been appointed on board H.M.S. "Euryalus."

[*See Cartoon, "Men for the Fleet!"*]

This day was set apart for a General Thanksgiving for the restoration of peace and order in India.

MAY 3.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, in announcing to the Corps Législatif the commencement of war with Austria, said that Austria, in causing her army to enter the territory of the King of Sardinia, France's ally, had violated treaties and justice, menaced "our frontiers," and so virtually declared war against France. "Austria (he added) "has brought matters to this extremity, that she must either rule up to the Alps, or Italy must be free to the shores of the Adriatic." France should arm, and resolutely tell Europe, "I respect the territories and rights of neutral Powers, but I boldly avow my sympathies for a people whose history is mingled with our own, and who groan under foreign oppression."

R R.

MAY 10.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON, having constituted the Empress Regent, left Paris to join the army of Italy. King Victor Emmanuel met him at Genoa on the 13th.

(*See Cartoon, "Babes in the Wood."*)

MAY 12.

THE British Government formally and officially declared the neutrality of this country in the pending war between Austria and Italy.

MAY 20.

ON this day was fought the Battle of Montebello, the first engagement between the French and the Austrians. The French were victorious, assisted bravely by the Piedmontese cavalry. Two hundred Austrian prisoners were taken.

BABES IN THE WOOD.

MAY 31.

THE Battle of Palestro, between the Austrian troops and the army under command of Victor Emmanuel and General Cialdini, was won by the latter, 1000 prisoners being captured.

JUNE 4.

THE Battle of Magenta was fought this day. "The Austrians" (says *Mr. Punch's* Introduction) "were again defeated, after a brave resistance." General McMahon (says the Emperor's dispatch) "made himself master of Magenta." It was a sanguinary fight, 2000 men being placed *hors de combat* on the French side, whilst the loss of the Austrians was estimated at 15,000 killed and wounded.

Mr. Punch addressed the Emperor of the French in the following lines, in which "the wish was father to the thought," and the rather doubtfully expressed hopes of which were not to be justified by results. Those who, like Mrs. Browning, believed in the Emperor's disinterested desire to emancipate Italy from the yoke of the Austrian and the Pope soon had occasion for misgivings.

THE FINGER-POST FOR LOUIS NAPOLEON.

LOUIS NAPOLEON—what a game
'Tis at thy hand to play!
If to achieve eternal fame,
And gain an everlasting name,
Blest for all ages, be thine aim,
Before thee lies the way.

Thou wilt but have to keep the word
Of honour thou hast spoke,
And seek no further with the sword [to afford
Which thou hast drawn, than
The aid by Italy implored,
And rid her from her yoke.

That done, thy sword if thou wilt sheathe,
And fight not on for spoil,
The world thy victor's crown will wreathe
Of flowers that ever sweet will breathe; [queath,
A noble name thou wilt be-
Redeemed from every soil.

But if thou take that meaner line
Tradition would suggest
To low ambition—not divine—
Of common conquest with design; [thine
Then, surely, will an end be
Contemptible at best.

More land, more slaves thy highest prize
To win—against what odds?
A race whose every man will rise,
And fight against thee till he dies,
Or his last farthing sacrifice,
To guard his household gods.

Then, shouldst thou lose—enough to know
The world will not again
An age of anguish undergo
For nothing; to the vanquished
The penalty of overthrow [woe!
'Twere odious to explain.

No more of that. Too wise thou art
To miss so bright a chance:
And thou wilt to the high goal start,
Louis Napoleon Bonaparte,
And glory, from each honest heart,
Win for thyself and France.

(*See Cartoon, "The Giant and the Dwarf."*)

THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

"Bravo, my little fellow! You shall do all the fighting, and we'll divide the glory!"

JUNE 7.

PARLIAMENT WAS opened by the Queen in person. *Mr. Punch* thus summarised the Royal Speech:

"I AM grieved, my dear Lords, and dear Gentlemen too,
To state, as I now most reluctantly do,
That poor Malmesbury there (though I'm sure he's had clue
Has failed in suspending the conflict in Europe.

"The French and Sardinians have joined in alliance,
And bid Francis Joseph the fiercest defiance;
All parties declare that they're friendly to me,
So I shall be neutral, till ——well, we shall see.

"I have faith in that pledge and that promise of peace,
And, therefore, my navy I'm begged to increase;
Ready votes of supplies I perceive on your lips,
And I know you will help me in manning my ships.

"King Francis informs me his father is dead,
And that he is the Sovereign of Naples instead,
(We renewed the relations (he *may* turn out well)
Which I broke with the wretch who is now—in his shell.

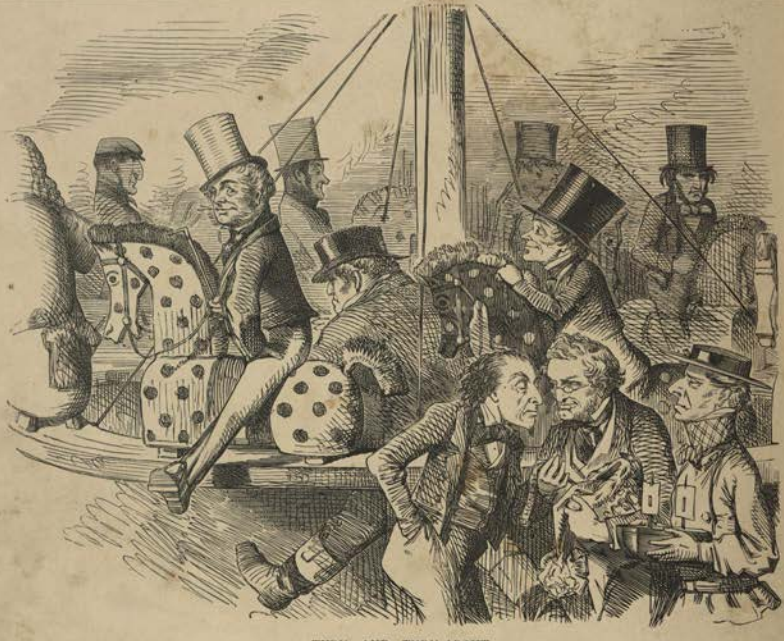
"If you think, while preparing for probable storm,
You have time to attend to the thing called Reform,
Why, do; but if not, make no needless delay;
The affair should be settled and out of the way."

The Marquis of Hartington moved a vote of No-confidence in the Ministry. "On the day before" (says *Mr. Punch's* "Essence of Parliament"), "between two and three hundred Liberals had met at Willis's Rooms, and Lords Palmerston and John having there and then sworn eternal friendship, it was arranged that the Derby Cabinet should be floored." After a

lively debate it *was* floored. Disraeli made a dashing defence, hitting out right and left at his opponents, old and new. The debate was resumed on the 9th instant, when Sir James Graham said he regarded Mr. Disraeli as "the Red Indian of debate. By the use of the tomahawk he has cut his way to power, and by a recurrence to the scalping system he hopes to prevent the loss of it." Again on the 10th the debate was continued, when on a division in a House unusually full, there being 637 members present, the Government were placed in a minority of 13. Mr. Disraeli at once moved the adjournment of the House.

JUNE 17.

THE EARL OF DERBY officially announced the resignation of his Ministry. It had leaked out surreptitiously that the Queen had requested Lord Granville to form a Ministry, but he has been unable to do so. Lord Derby referred



TURN AND TURN-ABOUT.

with surprise and disapproval to a report in the *Times* of the conversation between the Queen and Earl Granville. Earl Granville disclaimed responsibility for the indiscretion, but added that "he could not see that any injury had resulted from the publication, seeing Her Majesty appeared therein as desirous as ever of walking in the spirit of the Constitution." Lord Palmerston ultimately succeeded in forming an Administration, with himself as First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Campbell as Lord Chancellor, Earl Granville President of the Council, Lord John Russell Foreign Secretary, Sir G. C. Lewis Home Secretary, the Duke of Newcastle Colonial Secretary, Mr. Sidney Herbert Secretary for War, and Mr. Gladstone Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lord Derby, on resigning, was made Knight of the Garter.

(*See Cartoon, "Turn and Turn-about."*)

JUNE 24.

THE Battle of Solferino was this day fought between the Austrians and the united French and Piedmontese armies. The Austrians, who had crossed the Mincio to attack, were compelled to retire defeated to the left bank of that stream, leaving the Allies again victorious.

JUNE 25.

IN his Preface to the current Volume *Mr. Punch* thus metrically summarised the leading incidents of the first half, just completed, of the year 1859.

HERE you will find the true story, here, and in no other quarter,
(For all the historians but *Punch* are windbags, and [blockheads, and boobies,
And further to quote T. Carlyle, Apes from the Sea called the Dead Sea,)
Of six most eventfullest months, first half of the year Fifty-Nine.

Year of the War in the South, and the winning the Derby by *Mustfid*;
Year when the Oxford boat won, and Cambridge was merged in the billows;
Year Mr. Millais came out with those terrible sins in the graveyard;
Year the great Ebrew composer, Beer, gave *Le Pardon de Ploermel*;
Year the first fountain for drinking was set up by Gurney, near Newgate;
Year Alfred Tennyson uttered a trumpet-tongued warning to Arm us;
Year that King Bomba departed from out of the world he polluted;
Year that the Daughter of England gave a nice baby to Prussia;
Year that Miss Craig took the prize for her Ode at the London Burns Festival;
Year that the young Prince of Wales was received by the Pope in the Vatican;
Year *Mr. Punch*, the Avenger, kicked Mr. Cox out of Finsbury;
Year that the new Temple Chambers were marked with the name of Sam Johnson;
Year that the fashion broke out of abusing our wives for bad dinners;
Year Queen Victoria announced that India, subdued, was Her kingdom;
Year Mr. Owen, Professor, expounded the dreadful Gorilla;
Year that the Tories, in office, brought in another Reform Bill;
Year that such Bill was rejected, and Derby appealed to the Country;
Year when the General Election ejected his Lordship from office;
Year that Lord Palmerston found himself Premier again on Whit Sunday;
Year that Sam Warren the Poet was raised to be Master in Lunacy;
Year that the Westminster Clock began to have thoughts about going;
Year that the gay Floral Hall rose alongside of the Opera House;
Year the Welsh child in the Gallery howled while Lord Stanley was speaking;
Year that the Emperor Napoleon the Third entered Milan in triumph;
Year that the Thames smelt as bad as it did in the year antecedent.

Such the events which occurred in one-half of the year Fifty-Nine; [are noted.
Such, and ten million beside, in the Volume before you
Noted, but not in the fashion of Apes from the Sea called the Dead Sea;
But made texts for uncountable wealth of wit, ever blended with wisdom.

FREE ITALY (!)

JUNE 31.

MR. GLADSTONE, despite the opposition of the ultra-Conservatives, was once more returned for Oxford University, polling 1050 votes as against 859 recorded for his opponent, the Marquis of Chandos.

JULY 5.

RUMOURS of the proposed annexation of Savoy to France caused some disquietude in this country. Lord John Russell, writing to Lord Cowley, said that Her Majesty's Government had heard these rumours "with extreme concern." Lord Cowley in reply said he had received assurances from Count Walewski that the Emperor had abandoned all idea of annexing Savoy to France.

(*See Cartoon*, "*Free Italy (!)*.")

JULY 7.

ON this date an Armistice was agreed upon between the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Austria.

(See Cartoon, "The Armistice.")

JULY 11.

THE preliminaries of a Treaty of Peace between Austria and France were signed at Villafranca on this day. The bases of peace were as follows:—

"The Two Sovereigns will favour the creation of an Italian Confederation.

"That Confederation shall be under the honorary presidency of the Holy Father.

"The Emperor of Austria cedes to the Emperor of the French his rights over Lombardy, with the exception of the fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera, so that the frontier of the Austrian possessions shall start from the extreme range of the fortress of Peschiera, and shall extend in a direct line along the Mincio as far as Gezzo; thence to Scorzarolo and Luzzara to the Po, whence the actual frontiers shall continue to form the limits of Austria. The Emperor of the French will hand over (*rimettra*) the ceded territory to the King of Sardinia.

"Venetia shall form part of the Italian Confederation, though remaining under the crown of the Emperor of Austria.

THE ARMISTICE.

EMPEROR NAPOLEON. "Well, Brother, haven't they had almost enough of this?"

"The Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena return to their States, granting a general amnesty.

"The two Emperors will ask the Holy Father to introduce indispensable reforms into his States.

"A full and complete amnesty is granted on both sides to persons compromised in the late events in the territories of the belligerent parties."

"This Treaty" (says *Mr. Punch*) "greatly disappointed the Italians, and the Assembly at Romagna at once threw off its allegiance to the Pope, and declared fealty to Victor Emmanuel." Lord Derby said, "In my opinion . . . the late war was commenced upon insufficient grounds, and on false pretences; for, of all the purposes which were put forward to justify it, there is not one which has been supported or attained by the struggle which has taken place, while there are several which are placed in greater jeopardy than before."

This was indeed the prevailing opinion, it being felt that the campaign, opened avowedly to free Italy "from the Alps to the Adriatic," had come to a lame and impotent conclusion.

JULY 16.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON returned to Paris after his Italian campaign.

JULY 18.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, Mr. Gladstone, introduced his Budget in a long and eloquent speech. There was a deficiency, mainly owing to military and naval expenditure, necessitated by continental disturbances.

Estimating the expenditure for the coming year at £64,340,000, and the expenditure at £89,207,000, he calculated that there would be a deficiency of £4,867,000, which he proposed in the main to provide for by adding 4*d.* to the income tax, for all incomes over £150, thus raising that tax from 5*d.* to 9*d.*

Mr. Punch, fresh from reading the first instalment of the Poet Laureate's "Idylls of the King," neatly summarised the Gladstonian Budget in Tennysonian verse, beginning *à la* "Elaine":

Gladstone the good, Gladstone the eloquent,
Gladstone the Chancellor of the Exchequer,
Rose in the chamber on the Moon's warm night,
And gave long talk to the perspiring throng,
The while the Thames stank like the very deuce,
Lime vainly striving with his tainted slime:

and ending:

"Then my Deficiency, you see, comes down
To just Four Millions. Now, I tell you what,
At present we pay Five Pence in the Pound
Upon our Incomes. We'll pay Four Pence more.
All have desired the tax were laid more nicely,
In future it shall be as nice as Ninepence."

He gave the blow, but ere they well could feel it,
Followed it up with one more cruel yet.

AN UNPLEASANT NEIGHBOUR.

Mr. Bull. "*Here have I got to pay double* Insurance, *all along of your confounded Fireworks.*"

"I must have money *now*. I cannot wait.
The word must be—fork out upon the nail:
Upon the very first half-yearly payment
I'll charge the whole year's Fourpence, which I add
To twopence halfpenny already due,
And the next time that the Taxgatherer comes
With his ill-omened face, John Bull must pay
As if the tax were Sixpence halfpenny
In every pound he earns by sweat of brow,
Or takes from bank, or from his father's land.
Adjustment is of course impossible,
But those whose income is exceeding small,
Under One Fifty, but above One Hundred,
Shall pay three halfpence only. I have done.
Let my Four Millions be at once made up,
I trust your loyalty and patriotism
And to herself that England will be true."

"O Masters, do you love my tender Tax?"

Mr. Punch (in his "Essence of Parliament") said, "Lords John Russell and Palmerston made ridiculous protests against the newspapers, saying that our enormous armaments were to protect us against possible invasion by Louis Napoleon. Now what *is* the good of sensible men talking such twaddle? And who is going to be silenced? Not *Mr. Punch* for one. Look at his big cut in this very Number."

The Cartoon here referred to is the one entitled "An Unpleasant Neighbour," in which it is not indirectly suggested that the Emperor's "firework" policy was the cause of our increased Income Tax.

(*See Cartoon*, "*An Unpleasant Neighbour.*")

JULY 19.

COUNT CAVOUR withdrew from the Sardinian Ministry, being succeeded by Ratazzi.

PUNCH TO CAVOUR.

"COUNT CAVOUR * * * has retired in disgust from the proud position he has so long filled."—*Times*, *July* 14*th*.

COUNT O'CAVOURNEEN, the bubble is breaking,
You've had the last scene, Solferino's red hill,
The cannons no longer the echoes are waking,
Count O'Cavourneen, what, Minister still?
O hast thou forgot the diplomacy clever
In which thou didst bear so distinguished a part,
Thy vow to clear out all the Hapsburgs for ever?
The vermin still linger, Cavour of my heart.

Cavourneen, Cavourneen, the dead lie in numbers
Beneath the torn turf where the living made fight:
In the bed of My Uncle the Emperor slumbers,
But Italy's Hapsburgs continue to bite.
Well done, my Cavour, they have cut short the struggle
That fired all the pulses of Italy's heart:
And in turning thy back on the humbug and juggle,
Cavour, thou hast played a proud gentleman's part.

PEACEFUL—VERY!

JULY 26.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, defending his action in the Italian Campaign to his Ministers, said, "If I have stopped it was neither through weariness nor exhaustion, nor from abandonment of the noble cause which I desired to serve, but for the interests of France. I felt great reluctance to curb the ardour of our soldiers, to withdraw from my programme the territory from the Mincio to the Adriatic, and to see noble illusions and pathetic hopes vanish from honest hearts. In order to serve the independence of Italy, I made war against the mind of Europe, and as soon as the destinies of my country were imperilled I concluded peace."

(*See Cartoon*, "*Peaceful—Very!*")

A DUET AT ST. CLOUD.

Louis. WHEN a little farm we keep,
With little girls and boys,
And little subjects, mild as sheep,
And guns for little toys.

Louis. Oh, what happy, merry days we'll see,
Eugénie. While Europe to our sceptre bends the knee! (*Bis*).

Eugénie. In costume, I'll engage,
The Court shall be splendescent:

Louis. By phrases, I presage,
Kings will be kept quiescent.

Eugénie. The *mode* I'll conduct!

Louis. The world I'll instruct!

Eugénie. "Mesdames, your Queen obey."

Louis. "L'Empire," Sire, "c'est la paix."

Both. Oh, what happy, merry days we'll see,
While Europe to our sceptre bends the knee! (*Bis*).

Aug. 8.

The Emperor having proposed a Conference on Italian affairs, a great debate took place in the Commons on the subject, on the motion of Lord Elcho. "The Conservatives" (said *Mr. Punch's* "Essence of Parliament") "pretended to wish to pledge the Government not to go into any Congress about Italian affairs, and Government pretended to be indignant at any notion of being fettered, but declared that they had no intention of congressing. Of course there was no division—why, it was only two days from St. Grouse."

Victor Emmanuel on this date made a triumphal entry into Milan.

Aug. 13.

Parliament was prorogued by Commission. *Mr. Punch* thus summarized the Queen's Speech—

You may go. You have been good boys.
But next Session you must really do Something.
Foreign folks are trying to get Me into Congress.
I scarcely know whether I ought to consent.
I should be glad, of course, to promote peace and quietness.
I have sent a Plenipo to Pekin.
I am unaware that I am going to be quarrelled with.
India is pacified. She must be reformed,
Especially in regard to money matters.
I am extremely obliged for Military and Naval reserves.
Also to you, Commons, for all money voted.
I am rejoiced that the country is happy and content.
Now go home, and continue good boys.

Aug. 14.

On this day the Army just returned from Italy made a triumphal entry into Paris. The Emperor said he was sorry to part with so formidable and well organised a force. "If," said he, "France has done so much for a friendly people, what should she not do for her own independence?" On the 16th the Emperor published an Amnesty "to all Frenchmen imprisoned or in exile for political offences."

(*See Cartoon, "The First Lesson."*)

THE FIRST LESSON.

NOT SO BAD FOR A BEGINNER!

Aug. 17.

Blondin, a French acrobat, passed over the Falls of Niagara on a rope stretched across them. He performed thereon many feats of balancing and posturing, including carrying a man over on his shoulders.

Sept. 3.

On this date the Assembly of the Romagna expressed by resolution their determination to

live no longer under the temporal rule of the Pope, and Tuscany sent a deputation to King Victor Emmanuel proposing the annexation of that State to Piedmont.

SEPT. 15.

ISAMBARD KINGDOM BRUNEL, the distinguished engineer, designer of the "Great Eastern" Steamship, died this day, aged 54, of paralysis, caused, it was suspected, by the difficulties connected with the launching of the huge ship, and especially by a disastrous explosion which had taken place on board her on the 9th inst., during her trial trip.

SEPT. 21.

CAPTAIN M'CLINTOCK reached this country, bringing tidings of the fate of the Franklin Expedition.

"At Point Victory, upon the north-west coast of King William's Island, a record has been found, dated the 25th April, 1848, and signed by Captains Crozier and Fitzjames. By it we were informed that Her Majesty's ships 'Erebus' and 'Terror' were abandoned on the 22nd of April, 1848, in the ice, five leagues to the N.N.W., and that the survivors, in all amounting to 105 souls, under the command of Captain Crozier, were proceeding to the Great Fish River. Sir John Franklin had died on the 11th June, 1847."

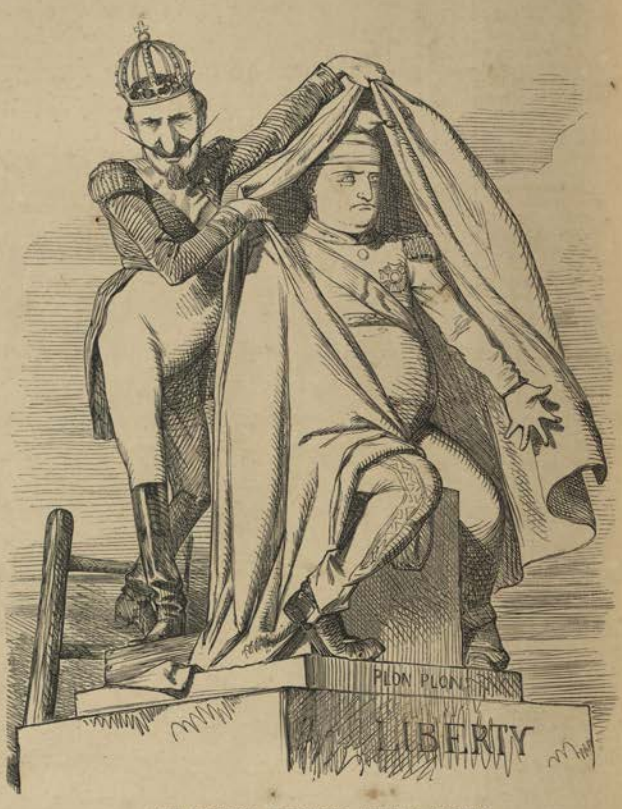
Mr. Punch sorrowfully sang:—

The Polar clouds uplift—
A moment and no more—
And through the snowy drift
We see them on the shore.

A band of gallant hearts,
Well ordered, calm, and brave;
Braced for their closing parts—
Their long march to the grave.

* * * * * *

But warm, aboard his ship,
With comfort at his side,
And hope upon his lip,
The gallant Franklin died.



THE EMPEROR UNVEILING ITALIAN LIBERTY.

SEPT. 28.

AT this time it was believed that the Emperor of the French had hopes of seating his cousin Prince Jerome Napoleon, known in Paris by the contemptuous nickname of "Plon-Plon," upon the throne of Italy.

[*See Cartoon, "The Emperor unveiling Italian Liberty."*]

NAPOLEON AS AN ITALIAN IMAGE-BOY.

(*Speaking to the Italians.*)

"BUY my fine Image! Plon-Plon! *Little* Plon-Plon! Pretty King! *Corpo di Bacchо*, beautiful King! Real Plaster of Paris! Buy my fine Image! Buy! Buy! Cheap—cheap. You shall have him for nothing!"

Oct. 1.

The new "Big Ben" at Westminster was found to be more badly cracked than the one it superseded. The construction of it had been entrusted (says a note of *Mr. Punch*) to Mr. Denison, an amateur in campanology.

THE LAMENT OF THE WESTMINSTER CLOCK-WORKS.

Oh! Barry and Denison, ne'er shall we get a
Good pair of hands to exhibit our paces,
So long as you two only double your meta-
Physical fists in each other's faces.

If Barry would make them so weighty no baro-
Meter could weigh them,—no barrow could carry:
As Time will not wait, but flies on like an arrow,
'Tis meeter that we should not wait for Charles Barry.

At Ben Rhydding, Denison seems to be bidding
For lightness of hand—as though old Time would linger;
But Big Ben, himself of his Denison ridding,
Still tolls a lament for the loss of his finger.

Each writes to the "*Times*," while the time's flying on:
At each letter the ire of each seems to wax hotter;

BLONDIN OUTDONE.

Sir Charles gives his deep digs, while warm Denison,
From out his cold sheets, throws Sir Charles in hot-water.

Oh! Barry and Denison, let us alone;
Or put hands to the work—not of writing a letter—
But as both of you have so much face of your own,
Each take to a face; show which does it the better.

Or let some one else, who's a little less wroth,
Give us hands, that are not only handsome but strong,
While you two—many cooks only spoiling the broth,—
May prove to the world that you're both in the wrong.

Oct. 8.

In his Number of this date *Punch* had a Cartoon entitled "Blondin Outdone," showing Lord Palmerston propelling Lord John Russell in a wheelbarrow along a rope marked "Palmerstonian Politics" across a Niagara whose waters display the Reform, American, Italian, Chinese and Indian difficulties with which the Government at the moment had to deal. The reference is to the feats recently performed (on the 17th August) by the French acrobat M. Blondin, upon a tight rope stretched above and across the Niagara Falls.

(*See Cartoon, "Blondin Outdone."*)

Oct. 16.

On this day occurred a critical incident in the great Abolition struggle in America. John Brown, the famous Kansas Abolitionist, headed an anti-slavery outbreak at Harper's Ferry, a town on the borders of Virginia and Baltimore. Brown was captured, tried for high treason, and

eventually executed (on the 2nd December). But his death only stimulated the Abolitionist cause, and precipitated the great struggle shortly to come off between North and South, of which struggle the question of Slavery was at least the leading motive. "Gentlemen," said John Brown, "make an end of slavery, or slavery will make an end of you." Although thus executed as a law-breaker, John Brown did much towards "making an end of" the "Domestic Institution" he so ardently hated.

Oct. 20.

The Emperor Napoleon advised Victor Emmanuel to form an Italian Confederation, a scheme which the latter declared to be impracticable. On the 31st of the month the newly constituted kingdom of Italy was divided into seventeen provinces.

Oct. 22.

Speaking at Bradford on the subject of the continued prevalence of bribery at parliamentary elections, the veteran reformer Lord Brougham had said, "There was no stopping the Slave-trade until I made it felony, and so it will be with election bribery." *Mr. Punch* signified his approval of the proposal.

(*See Cartoon, "The Old Real Reformer."*)

Nov. 30.

At this time there was again much wild talk about a French invasion of this country. Four Liverpool merchants took upon themselves to write to the Emperor Napoleon asking him his intentions. The Emperor in an ironical reply said,—"Great fear or great confidence can alone explain the step you have taken." He told them that the cause of their apprehensions was "found only in the din excited among your countrymen by the most chimerical alarms," urged them to rest "completely reassured," and to "combat an error which is too extended."

The ill-advised action of these well-meaning but foolish persons earned for them much ridicule at home as well as a severe snubbing from the Emperor.

Mr. Punch dealt with them in the following satirical lines:—

THE OLD REAL REFORMER.

"*There was no stopping the Slave-trade until I made it* FELONY, *and so it will be with Election Bribery.*"—Lord Brougham at Bradford.

THE FOUR FISHERS.

(WHO CAUGHT NOTHING.)

Four Merchants who thought themselves wisest and best
Of all the folks in Liverpool town,
To the Emperor Loocy a letter addressed,
Intended to do him uncommonly brown:
"We'll sound his plans so dark and so deep,
From Liverpool brokers no secret he'll keep,"
Said they, in their Lancashire toning.

Four Boobies went sniggering round all day
Among the folks in Liverpool town,
And thinking that none were so clever as they,
And how they should come to a great renown:
"We'll strike Lord Palmerston all of a heap,
And show we can catch a French weasel asleep,"
Said they, their impertinence owning.

Four Asses they hung down their loppopping ears,
When the post came in to Liverpool town,
And brought them a letter whereof it appears
Those donkeys couldn't translate a noun.
For Looey knows well how his secrets to keep,
And the Liverpool brokers unluckily reap
A harvest of jeering and groaning.

These vague war rumours, if they had no other good effect, aroused this country to the need of self-defence, and stimulated the Volunteer movement, then in its infancy.

(See Cartoon, "Dogs of War.")

OUR FRENCH FRIEND.

"It's coming is he?" quoth our John,
"I've heard that talk before"—
And then his eye fell straight upon
His stick behind the door.
"I wonder if 'twould suit Our Friend
(John's face was rather grim)
For me to save his coming here,
By going there to him."

"Because you know, old girl," says he,
"I'm hearty, strong, and hale,
And I'd be all the better for
A little bit of sail.
I fancy, too, he thinks I'm not
Quite sound in wind or limb.
I've really ha'f a thought, old girl,
Of going there to him.

"Besides, you know, I shouldn't be
A stranger to the way.
I visited the spot before
In Bonyparty's day.
That very stick I took with me—
It hain't grown more slim:
I swear, old gal, I'm half inclined
To go across to him.

"I hate to give a gentleman
More trouble than there's need,
And crossing water makes Our Friend
Uncommon cross indeed.
And if, as these lege letters say,
To meet me is his whim,
Why, dang my buttons, Mother Bull,
I'll go across to him.

"Mayhap he'd like to have a crack
About old days gone by,
Egypt, and Spain, and Trafalgar,
If *he* would, so would I.
About those days I rather think
His memory's getting dim,
And that's another reason, dame,
Why I should go to him.

"There's Master Jack may mind the house,
I'm glad he's bought a gun,
If he don't keep you safe and sound,
He's not his father's son.
So fill a mug, Our Friend's good health,
Yes, fill it to the brim:
If he'll but say he means to come—
By George, I'll go to him!"

DOGS OF WAR.

MR. BULL. "Invasion, indeed! That's a game two can play at!—Why, to hear them Poodles talk, one would think my Bull-dog was dead!"

DEC. 1.

FRENCH speakers and writers in the French press continued to comment copiously upon the subject of the relations between ourselves and France. The *Débats* had an article "on the causes of our increased armaments, formation of rifle corps, state of uneasy expectation and double Income Tax." It contradicted the supposition that the menaces of the French press had caused us to involve ourselves in all this trouble and expense. The *Débats* said, "In that country which holds war in so much abhorrence, they are now making a hundred thousand rifles, and everybody is learning to use them."

Mr. Punch ridiculed both the bluster of the French fire-eaters and the arguments of those who twitted us with superfluous apprehensions and needless military preparations. Both in his eyes were "Bow-wow."

(*See Cartoon, "Bow-wow."*)

The *Débats'* assertion about our "hundred

BOW-WOW!!

thousand rifles," however, *Mr. Punch* admitted the truth of. How approvingly he viewed that particular "preparation" may be gathered from the following lines, which he published about this time.

THE RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

AIR—"*The British Grenadiers.*"

Some talk of Alexander,
And some of Hercules,
But John Bull's rising dander
Needs no such aids as these.

He shoulders his long Enfield,
And at his drill appears,
Till "*ping-wing-wing*," the bullets sing,
Of the Rifle Volunteers.

And when he is commanded
To find himself in clothes,
Like a trump unto his tailor
For a uniform he goes.
With his easy Knickerbockers,
And no stock his neck that queers, [mand,
For a run, jump, stand, they're the boys to com-
Are the Rifle Volunteers!

Let the Horse Guards trust to pipe-clay,
And General Routine,
Till the Lineman's shakoed, belted,
And pack'd to a machine,
With winds and waists unfettered,
And the use of eyes and ears,
In wide-awake file come the rank and file
Of the Rifle Volunteers!

They mayn't be up to marching,
A hundred legs like one,
Or in coming to the shoulder
To the moment with each gun:

But for hitting of the target,
Or the foeman—have no fears,
He must shoot mighty spry that
could wipe the eye
Of the Rifle Volunteers!

At dawn to drill or practice,
Blow high, blow low, he goes;
And what a breakfast afterwards
He eats, you may suppose.
For shooting, marching, wheeling,
Not alone chase invasion's
fears,
But they also drive out dyspepsy
and gout
From the Rifle Volunteers!

The lovely maids of England,
The comely matrons too,
Rain smiles upon the Rifles,
And applaud their aims so
true;
For they know while each stout
marksman
His unerring Enfield rears,
No invader comes to the hearths
and the homes
Of the Rifle Volunteers!

Monsieur Michel Chevalier, writing with much moderation and sound sense (for which *Punch* gave him every credit) on the same theme, admitted "*that the English fleet ought to exceed the united fleets of France and Russia.*" Cried *Punch*, "Excellently said, good Monsieur Chevalier! Bravo, good Monsieur! *Punch* thanks you for the hint. The French and Russian fleets are not united now, but there's no knowing when they may be. And when they are, they ought to find themselves outnumbered by the English. Lord Palmerston, we trust that you will look to this."

(*See Cartoon*, "*Britannia—The Unprotected Female!*")

BRITANNIA—THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE!

DEC. 14.

DIPLOMATIC relations were re-opened between the courts of France and Austria, Prince Metternich, Ambassador for Austria, appearing at the Tuileries this day. The Prince said:—

"SIRE,—The Emperor my master, in deigning to appoint me his Ambassador to your Imperial Majesty, particularly impressed upon me to convince you of the value of your personal friendship."

Which "nice thing" *Mr. Punch* thus translated into undiplomatic language:—

"SIRE,—In sending me to kiss your Imperial Majesty's foot, the Emperor my master particularly desires me to signify the deep impression which it has made upon his person, and the conviction which he feels in consequence of your having so well kicked him, that he had better endeavour to keep on good terms with you."

DEC. 20.

A PAMPHLET entitled "Le Pape et le Congrès" was published in France and attracted much notice. Although bearing the name of M. de la Guéronnière, it was suspected to be inspired if not actually written by the Emperor himself, and to indicate the Imperial policy.

DEC. 24.

MODENA, Parma, and the Romagna, all hostile to the Pope's temporal rule, formed themselves into a new Province under the name of Emilia.

DEC. 24.

MR. PUNCH, still doubtful about the aims of the French Emperor, had in a late Cartoon represented him as the clown in the Christmas pantomime, with a goose marked "Italy" hanging from his pocket, and a huge pistol in his hand, assuring Mrs. Britannia that, in spite of appearances, his intentions are strictly honourable. This week he conveyed a seasonable suggestion to the Emperor in a genial Christmas Cartoon, representing himself presenting a Tree of Liberty as the best Christmas Tree, to the young but already armed Prince Imperial.

(See Cartoon, "A Christmas Tree for the Young French Prince.")

CHRISTMAS TREES.

COME fog—come frost—who counts the cost
Of wood and coal at Christmas-time?
Bring winter in, to warm his chin,
And thaw his coat of rime.
Let those that have help those that lack
To food and fire—to game and glee—
Pile high the screen of kerried green,
And plant and deck the Christmas-tree.

The tree that like this blessed time
Of peace, good-will, on earth, on high,
Through frost and snow green boughs doth show,—
Hope's hue, 'neath winter's sky.
In wealth's warm room how brave they bloom,
Hung with child-treasures, bright to see!
But let us think, that cold and gloom
Should also have their Christmas-tree.

A little pains will plant it there,
A trifling cost will deck its boughs.
The rare full meal of common fare,
The once-a-year carouse,
Coarse means of warmth for back and bed,
A blaze where cold lurs wont to be—
Such are the gifts we'll help to spread
Upon the poor man's Christmas-tree.
And if that nations have a life
That may collective mercies own,
In Britain's heart what thanks were rife,
For God's hand o'er her shown!
What boughs were broad enough to bear
The gifts she takes by land and sea?

Small wonder hungrier lands elsewhere
Should envy England's Christmas-tree!
As we are rich let us bestow
A thought on poorer nations round;
Letting our fulness overflow,
Giving, as we abound.
Till lands show bright where now is night,
And Europe's borders see
Arise for them, that no'st stem—
Undying Freedom's Christmas-tree!

A CHRISTMAS TREE FOR THE YOUNG FRENCH PRINCE.

MR. PUNCH, "There, my dear, put away that nasty thing, and plant this."

DEC. 28.

ON this day the country experienced a great loss in the sudden death of Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay, the graphic historian and eloquent politician, at the somewhat early age of 59. He was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 9th of the following month.

[END OF VOLUME I.]

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